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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

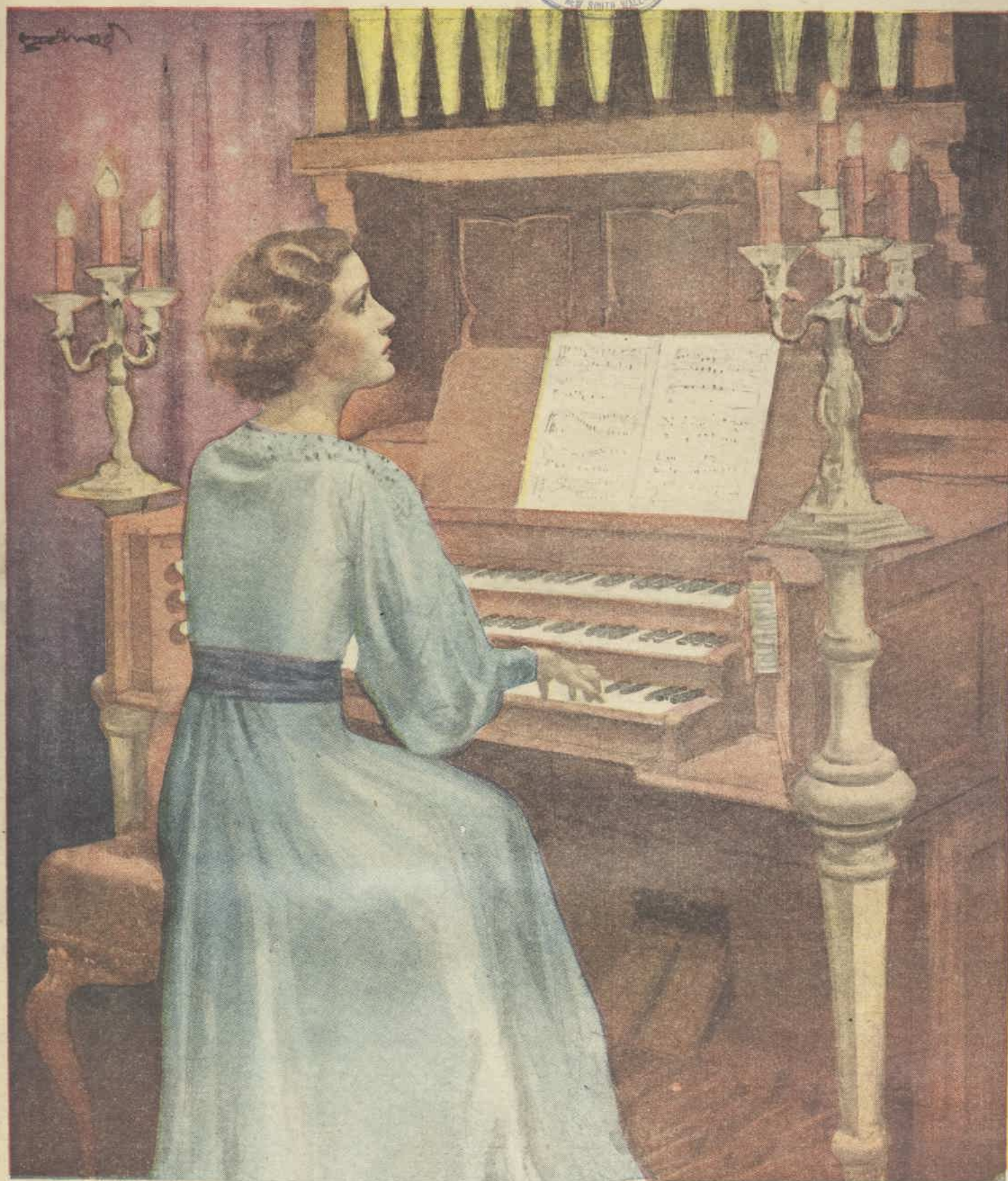
Vol. III. No. 45. Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1936.

64 PAGES.

PRICE 3d.

SYDNEY



I heard you play your Easter hymn
Beneath the candleshine,
And as you played, my eyes grew dim
And yours held dreams divine.

EASTER REVERIE

By Louise Montrose

All things at Easter find rebirth
And broken hearts grow whole . . .
Your hymn above this weary earth
Has raised my yearning soul.



This pretty girl is wearing earrings of fresh gardenias and a posy of the same fragrant flowers on the crown of her head.



The Juliet Cap, worn by the model photographed above, is made of fresh lilac blossoms in a mauve shade.



Fresh scarlet anemones were used by Moyse Stevens to form the bolero jacket shown at right. It is worn with a frock of white matt crepe.

—All Mail photos.

THOUSANDS OF BLOOMS Used for Court Florist's FASHION PARTY Girls Frocked in Flowers Cause Society Sensation!

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

Jaded though it is, London's appetite for parties has been well whetted by the unique floral-cum-fashion show just staged by Moyse Stevens, Court Florist. The affair caused a sensation, and more of its kind are bound to come.

What a party! Tens of thousands of fresh flowers used to clothe or otherwise adorn London's loveliest mannequins . . . Flowers to eat, drink and be merry with . . . and the setting a bower of flowers.

The gala occasion was the opening by the host of a new branch of his business in Lands-downe House. At the door was posted one of the picturesque old flower vendors from Piccadilly with boutonnières for each of the guests.

Among the interesting new ways of using fresh flowers (even if they were not particularly economical) was a petticoat of lilacs which showed beneath a raised and draped silver and mauve lame evening gown, with a Juliet cap of the same flowers to crown the ensemble: a white waistcoat of gardenias worn with a simple black silk tailored suit (all the costumes, by the way, were designed by Xenia, of Bruton St.) and a widow's bonnet and trimmings of snowdrops for a black cloque frock.

There were also a black taffeta evening gown with three rows of gardenias sewn on the wide, full skirt and a barrel-shaped muff into which the hands were slipped: an evening gown of silver and white brocade with shoulder straps and a buckle of purple and blue tuberoses; a white crepe evening gown with a sleeveless bolero of vari-colored anemones; a black lace with a large Spanish comb, ear-rings and a ring of gardenias; and bracelets and hair ornaments made of spring flowers closely massed together.

Moyse Stevens told me that it took over thirty girls working three days to make all these lovely flower accessories, each flower being stitched to canvas patterns, and about 15,000 separate blooms being used. They were kept fresh in their special air-conditioned vaults for the party.

London uses fresh flowers throughout the year as decorations more than any

other city I know. The windows in Bond St. bloom like a spring garden even in the winter, with large beautiful bouquets in huge vases set in the windows with goods displayed for sale, while many department stores set off their merchandise with banks or bouquets of flowers.

In Paris, Too!

BUT this is not the end of the flower story. They bloomed in Paris, too! Biotously in the prints that were used for afternoon and evening dresses, and coyly at the necks of simple little frocks.

On the whole, white organdie biosomes were less favored than artless posies of field flowers, and Molyneux tucked into the narrow belts of his evening gowns stiff rows of tulips, all standing straight like soldiers on parade.

Mainbocher went one better, and made huge sleeves of poppies on an evening coat of black net. He also edged the neckline of a very youthful model with wheat and poppies and cornflowers.

Altogether a year when Fashion's footsteps tread pleasant and flowery paths.

FOR Natural LOVELINESS



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In 6 Shades at all Chemists and Stores.

Black Tulip

FACE POWDER

29.28.37

THERE were flower cakes and sandwiches for tea, while tiny posies of violets and mimosa on tooth-picks decorated the vari-colored cocktails in place of the conventional cherries.

And all the time, in the large, airy shop with its great expanse of windows filled with luscious spring blooms mannequins displayed novel ways of using flowers as personal decoration.

Flowery Shorts

ONE of the most amusing incidents was when flower-bedecked ballet girls danced, and a fanciful bathing costume, consisting of shorts and a brassiere made of anemones, figured in the floor show.

AUSTRALIAN DEBS. May Bow to King THIS YEAR

Debutantes of 1936—some 3000 in number, including many well-known Australians—will probably have the novel experience of making their bow to Royalty in the gardens of Buckingham Palace instead of in the Throne Room.

The Lord Chamberlain felt that if these girls had to wait till another year to be presented with this year's "debs.", and those of 1937 as well, the number of debutantes for the Coronation season would be quite unwieldy.

THE Royal Courts which usually take place in April, May, and June had to be cancelled owing to the Court mourning following the death of King George.

This necessary cancellation created something of a panic in the Lord Chamberlain's office. Only four "Drawing-rooms" were held at Buckingham Palace

instead of the usual six last year, owing to King George's delicate state of health and the number of functions the Jubilee caused him to attend.

Thus many applicants for presentation were asked to wait until this year. Something had to be done. The Lord Chamberlain sought an audience with the King, and it is now practically decided to give two Royal garden parties

in September at which debutantes, dressed in half-mourning, may make the curtsy to their King and Society.

Although the Court will still be in half-mourning these garden parties will not be somber affairs, for the Lord Chamberlain has decreed that half-mourning may be expressed in white, cream, oyster, mauve, grey and silver if touches of black are used.

An alternative suggestion of holding afternoon Courts, such as were the fashion in Queen Victoria's reign, was put forward, but the King did not appear to be very favorably impressed with the idea.

However, this year's debutantes can rest assured that their plight is being very carefully considered and that some sort of function will undoubtedly be given to mark their entrance into Society.

The Lord Chamberlain's office states that the functions at which members of the Youngest Set may be presented will be announced very shortly.

HIGH CURLS Reveal BEAUTY OF HEADS

★ ★ ★ Demure yet sophisticated styles with nonchalant fringes and bangs

This year's slogan is, "Up goes the hair."

TRESSES sweep up from your neck and show your face in loose waves, with curls—bunches of them—soft as thistledown piled high on your forehead or the top of your head, something in the style Queen Alexandra favored.

Ears come into their own! You must show them. If they are the shell-like variety they will be an adornment. "If you are under 20, you must look naive," say Paris and London. You can affect the "little girl" or "angel" coiffure and be right. This has a centre parting with little curls rolled on either side of your face. You may wear a ribbon or flower bandeau for evening.

For grey hair you can get a special rinse which will give it a steel-blue tone for evening. For white hair the rinse is pink and imparts a rose-pink tone. These look wonderfully attractive under artificial light.

A HALO of soft curls (right) continues across the nape of the neck. The front and back are sleek and shining.

The twenties and young-marrieds can really let themselves go in bangs, swatches, high-piled curls, and croquignol ends. If you have long hair, or like a coronet effect, you will wear a hair twirl. In this the hair is twisted in two ropes to form a coronet, superseding the plaited coronet, and looking enchanting.

The Duchess of Kent recently adopted a charming style. The hair, parted at the left, is off the forehead in a slight flat wave, with the side pieces rolled in soft curls which touch, but do not cover, the ears, and the whole of the back of the head is rows and rows of soft, small curls.

Sparkling Ornaments

WITH a swathe dressing where the hair comes up in long, flat waves from the neck to end in curls on the crown, the parting may run right over the top of your head to your neck. It is most effective.

Golden blondes and auburn redheads will be much in evidence, but platinum blondes are definitely OUT! As witness that glamorous lass Jean Harlow, who is reverting to her natural coloring.

Whatever hair style you choose it cannot go unadorned for evening wear. Juliet caps, coronet bandeaus, trails of flowers, jewelled pins and clips, feathers, scintillating stars and clusters should be used to glid and enhance the lily. It depends on your type and hair style, but the smaller ornaments may be used with lavish hand by young and old.

Soft curls and loose waves are going to suit the small hats milliners prophesy for the winter, so you would be wise to go into conclave with your hairdresser before you start out on your Easter shopping.

BELOW, a demure head-dress, showing a combination of fringe and bang. The top is sleek and the back curls tight and upward bound.



FOR LITIAN-HAIRED beauties. The partly-covered brow, with curled fringe. Soft curls completely cover the head.



PROVOCATIVE coiffure showing unusual placing of tiny, tight curls on temple. Crown is smooth, but back a profusion of small curls.



CURLS RISE upward in regal manner suggesting height. The back treatment harmonizes. Flat waves high over the ears show their shapeliness.



FANTASTIC head-dress of unusually arranged long curls. TWO VIEWS of loose vertical curls encircling the side of the head. The hair is swished across the back of the head in a bias wave.

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MODERN Wedding Etiquette CRITICISED

Archbishop and Y.W.C.A. Secretary make plea for simpler ceremonies—but others differ

"Modern marriages are too theatrical," says the Brisbane secretary of the Y.W.C.A.

"Brides could dispense with pre-wedding teas and give the money to the poor," suggests Archbishop Duhig.

These two outspoken opinions of modern brides and marriage ceremonies have provoked comment throughout Australia.

ARCHBISHOP DUHIG, in a recent address, said:

"Would it not be a beautiful thing for a young woman about to be married to give the money to be spent on the wedding breakfast, and pre-wedding tea to the poor? To my mind it is an un-Christian way to prepare for marriage to think only of the secular or social side of it."

His Grace added that the custom of giving money to the poor instead of having a wedding breakfast was not uncommon in the Old Country, and it was a pity that such Christian customs did not flourish in Australia.

The Archbishop found an eloquent supporter in Miss Dorothy Bass, secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of Brisbane, who

emphatically held that present-day marriages were becoming too theatrical. She held that apart from the suggestion of giving to the poor money saved by eliminating pre-wedding teas—which was commendable—there was the need for recognising the future financial calls in married life.

Not Too Theatrical

"A GREAT deal of money is spent unnecessarily without giving a thought to the many financial problems that might be encountered in a year or two," she said.

Miss Rose Winter, secretary of the Y.W.C.A. in S.A., does not agree with the statement that marriages are becoming too theatrical.

"It is true that some people will always

go after the spectacular," she said, "but I do not agree that in general this is the case. I know of quite a number of weddings celebrated lately where the young couples have had a very much quicker ceremony than that which their parents would have insisted upon in previous times."

Miss Grace Carr, secretary of Y.W.C.A. Melbourne, said she did not think it was universally true that weddings were becoming too theatrical, though it might be the conclusion reached in other States.



MISS VIOLET SKUTHORPE, famous show-ring performer, has an amazing gift for taming wild horses. And it's all done by kindness and the magic of a friendly understanding. In the picture Miss Skuthorpe is seen fraternising with "outlaws" who have decided to be good.

The Sydney secretary of the Y.W.C.A. would not make any comment.

Day of Happiness!

OTHER opinions are in favor of brides maintaining the custom of wedding breakfasts.

"As far as I can judge, pre-wedding functions are usually given as an expression of good will and happiness to a

given to the poor apart from Government subsidy, and people should be thinking more and more of employment and less of the dole."

Miss A. M. McCaul, one of Adelaide's busiest workers for others, does not think it is necessary for brides to give up their wedding breakfasts.

"I think that the wedding is usually a great event and thrill in a girl's life, and that she should have some celebration with her friends."

"Girls and women are already doing a lot of work for others, and it does not seem necessary for them to give up this celebration."

"Her wedding day is the one day in a girl's life when everything should be done for her," said Mrs. Norman Brookes, president of the Queen Victoria Hospital. "In any case a wedding puts money in circulation, providing employment for dressmakers, florists and caterers. There are lots of other ways of giving to the poor that are better than the way the Archbishop suggests."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE COMPETITION

THE winning names in our unprecedentedly popular Shirley Temple competition will be found on Page 34 of this issue.

The judges, in selecting the best letters on the subject, "Why I Like Shirley Temple," were faced with a terrific task, but it has at last been completed, and winners of beautiful Shirley dolls will find their names among those listed as having written the best hundred of the entries received.

girl just venturing upon the responsibilities of life," says Mrs. Matt Sawyer, president of the C.W.A.

"Weddings and entertainments in connection therewith help to circulate money and bring about better conditions all round. It has been said that laughter is God's gift to the world, and surely our future homemakers are entitled to their one day."

"A girl," says Lady Gordon, wife of the former Judge in Divorce, Sir Alexander Gordon, "has only one wedding day in her life, and it is entirely a matter for her whether she has an ornate wedding or not."

Mr. T. F. Parker, general secretary of the Brisbane Social Service League, said the Archbishop's suggestions that the money now being spent on pre-wedding teas might be handed over to charitable institutions were commendable. "If the money came to the League," he said, "we could make good use of it."

Feted and Petted

MRS. CUMBRANE STEWART, who speaks with authority for the National Council of Women, says: "If people can afford to give wedding breakfasts it should be done, because if the breakfast is deleted from wedding ceremonies the money would not be given to the poor."

"Marriage is the one time in a girl's life when she is the central figure. She is feted and petted by her friends before the great occasion, and justly so, for who knows in the ensuing years she may have to work very hard."

"Besides, wonderful assistance is being

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This beautiful car has "all that's best of all that's new"—tall, narrow-fronted radiators and aristocratic length of bonnet—high mounted streamlined headlights—no-draught ventilation—dual electric windshield wipers—steel wheels—armourplate safety glass in windshield—the latest and most up-to-date wireless. Any reader would be proud to own it, and may get it for 1/-.

This "Pontiac"—the most beautiful thing on wheels—is the second prize in the New South Wales Golden Chest No. 4 in which the first prize is valued at £2000.

Readers, over 18 years, who want to win either the Pontiac car or the first prize, valued at £2000, are invited to clip this paragraph and send it, with a Postal Note for 1/- and a stamped addressed envelope, to the Honorary Secretary, The Golden Chest, Desk WW4, Box 4065VV, G.P.O., Sydney.

By return mail the ticket which can win the first prize or the Pontiac will be sent. DON'T DELAY! MAIL TO-DAY! LET THE PONTIAC COME YOUR WAY.

FIVE Little HEIRESESSES

It was to be an educational tour, but Brenda's girls were interested in romance!



WHEN Brenda Angell's uncle dies after having squandered her fortune, she decides to make money by taking five wealthy girls to England and Europe. Brenda, although still young and beautiful, is chaperon of this vacation tour.

Soon after the Cornucopia sails from New York complications set in: Gretchen Barnhardt receives a shade too much attention from the assistant purser, Herbert Dixon, and before the crossing is over Stella, a predatory female who resents any attentions not directed at herself, steals him from Gretchen; the Countess Bertini, an old friend of Brenda's—and who, before Brenda lost her fortune, tried to make a match for her son, Bruno, with Brenda—becomes quite interested in the Oliver girls, particularly Celestine—object, again, matrimony; aboard ship, also, is Tom Whalley, who has been in love with Brenda for years, and who seizes the opportunity to renew his suit; once more Stella, bored with her easy conquest of Gretchen's assistant purser, goes on a raid, and—er, at least, so she believes—succeeds in stealing "teacher's beau."

It is a very worried, tired, and much relieved Brenda who whisks her party ashore in London. She then finds that Bruno, who meets them, is definitely in love with Celestine Oliver, the quiet, serious girl of the party.

The story continues—

THE evening was devoted to composing and sending long cables to the Oliver.

Later Brenda reproached herself, because her mind was so concentrated upon Celestine that she had not sufficiently guarded against the dangers lurking for Gretchen. The next after-

Values

The trees upon the hill are tall;
Their branches brush against
the sky—
I think they cannot see at all
So small a thing as I.

And so I find it is, indeed,
A salutary thing for me
To climb a hilltop now and then
And match my inches with a tree.

—A. Cresson.

noon at tea in the rooms of a Don to whom Walford had given them letters, they met the Dowager Duchess of Maxx.

The dowager duchess, as everyone old enough to remember the scandals of the Edwardian era will remember, was the second wife of the great racing Duke. She had been the daughter of the village schoolmaster, sent up to the castle to read to the old man; and like Francesca da Rimini's Violet Buglins' reading had led to love-making. In spite of the opposition of the grown sons and daughters of the first marriage, Violet had succeeded in marrying the Duke, and had even produced a son—Lord Claude Purvys-Vynes.

After the old man's death, finding herself without either money or social prestige, she had taken to literature. For some years now she had been edit-



Illustrated by
BOOTHROYD

ing a magazine of modern verse, called "The Beating of Wings." Her method was simple. She paid two pounds for every poem she accepted, but made it clear that she expected the author to buy a share in the magazine, because it made it so much more democratic for them all to own it together. As these shares cost ten pounds, the Duchess, unlike most editors, was really making a pretty good thing of it. The Don in whose magnificent eighteenth-century study they were having tea had made some translation from the Slavonic which the Duchess had published, and he was grateful.

She was a large woman with hair that was—or looked as if it was—dyed. She wore flowing robes, a hat perched on the top of her head in the Edwardian manner, and she walked with a cane—not that she was lame, but she had once discovered when she spinned her ankle that a cane was useful. One could point with it, and rap on the floor when people weren't listening.

She had not been five minutes in the room when, looking round the circle, she said, "Now, I'm sure some of these girls write. Such wonderful things

are being written now in America—all those vital young poets we admire so much over here—"

"Just which poet had you in mind?" said Brenda, who felt sure the Duchess had never read a line of American verse.

The Duchess brushed this question aside, and fixing her eyes on Stella—Brenda had already discovered that the Converse fortune was the only one universally understood—said, "That young lady looks to me as if she wrote."

"No, not even Joyce-letters," said Stella. "I'm too lazy."

But Gretchen was already stammer-

ing that yes—she tried—she was afraid they weren't much good, and the Duchess caught her up.

By Alice Duer Miller

"You must let me see them, my dear. They may be better than you know."

Before she left she had invited Gretchen to have tea with her the next day, and bring her manuscripts. Brenda refused on the ground that they already had an appointment to see the Peppy manuscript at Magdalene, but the Duchess answered, "Oh, Miss

Angell, I shall be much better for Miss Barnhardt than Peppy—a horrid, low-minded little man, I always thought, I'll come for her myself at four o'clock, and bring her safely back after tea."

Brenda might have been able to withstand the Duchess, but Gretchen was determined to go, and pointed out that her family would enjoy knowing that she had had tea with a Duchess. So the next day at four the Duchess came in a small rattling open car driven by

her son—Lord Claude Purvys-Vynes, a languid young man, good-looking in a pallid, almost translucent sort of way.

Brenda was not much surprised to find, when they met again just before dinner, that one of Gretchen's poems had been accepted for immediate publication in "The Beating of Wings." It was a sonnet, called "Despair at Sea," and began: "As the sun sinks upon my agony . . ."

"I was afraid it would be too old-

fashioned for the Duchess' magazine," Gretchen explained, with the slightly glib enunciation that joy occasioned, "but she says it won't seem old-fashioned in a modern format."

"And did you buy a share in the magazine, Gretchen?"

"Yes, two; she let me have two—one for myself and one for my parents. I'm doing it out of my own allowance. And oh, Miss Angell, she asked me to come and stay with her. She said I would be a great help in editing the magazine—can you imagine what bliss that would be? Do you think my father would consent? He has always been so against my having a literary career."

"Well, you can talk it over with them when you go home," Brenda answered.

But Gretchen and the Duchess had no intention of waiting until the autumn. Another flock of cables was despatched across the Atlantic. Brenda, feeling rather treacherous, sent a secret message of her own to Mr. Barnhardt:

Disapprove Gretchen's plan. Grave danger of exploitation for absurd magazine. Strongly advise against.

Please turn to Page 42

Long, complete
story of a thrilling
romance!

Illustrated by
FISCHER

By ---
Eleanore
GRIFFIN

"Are you still carrying the torch for that
Welford guy?" Denny demanded.

THEN Came Dawn at WILLIE'S

Success, love, failure and despair
came to Mary Fox, but happiness staged a
"come-back" at the birth of a new day.

Escape

Some day I will escape from you,
And all the links that bind me
so,
And out across a new sweet world
With young and blissful step I'll
go.

Some day, because you are not
there,
My heart will learn to sing
anew,
And all the windows of my soul
Will open on a wider view.

Where eyes will cease to follow
me
With their disturbing tender-
ness;
Some day I will escape from you
And leave behind my loneliness.
—Yvonne Webb.



ALMOST everyone in Hollywood had an opinion about Denny Fitzgerald. There were many who insisted that Denny Fitzgerald never had a spark of genius; that he was a particularly obnoxious wastrel and prodigal. Then there were those who main-

tained that Denny had the biggest heart in Hollywood; that he was the maddest, merriest soul that the film capital had ever known. But whether one stood with Denny or against him, the long line of box-office smashes that had been flashed on the screen following the announcement "Story and Direction by Dennis Fitzgerald" couldn't be completely ignored.

But the breaks didn't stay with Denny, or perhaps Denny didn't stay with the breaks. He made several talking pictures that were pretty bad. The technique that had made Denny great couldn't match up with the new tempo, for the pictures that had made Denny rich and famous weren't at all like Denny. They were mainly very simple stories of very simple people leading very simple lives and loving each other much in the silent pictures. It had all seemed tender and real, out the talkies involved a new sophistication, and what had brought tears in the silent days might now provoke guffaws. Then one day Denny got drunk and when he returned there was another director making his picture.

So, in a whirl of attachments, law suits, stock crashes, and a thousand petty annoyances with which he couldn't be bothered, Denny shook the glittering dust of Hollywood from his erring feet. Hollywood said, "Good riddance!" and then took it back. No one could stay mad long with Denny. But Denny didn't return. Newport, Palm Beach, and Park Avenue grabbed him to their hearts. Denny broke was still very good company.

AFTER three years Denny appeared again. But not to make pictures. He came back on a yacht almost as big as a battleship, one of a very gilded party making a world cruise, planning to dally in Hollywood for a few weeks before taking off to Honolulu. The yacht belonged to a Mrs. Krause, a widow. She was not as young and not as slim as Denny used to like them, but the movie

columnists intimated that Mrs. Krause was almost certain to become Mrs. Fitzgerald.

One night Denny dropped in alone at Willie's. Willie's is a little place on Sunset, not at all smart, where one can stop for a drink.

Denny had nearly finished his drink before he was aware of a girl sitting alone at the bar. The girl was staring at him with moody eyes and the cloudy gaze of three or four highballs too many.

"Hello, you," she said.
For a moment Denny could not place her. "Mary Fox! You little cat! What are you doing out all by yourself this time of the morning?"

"Getting drunk! It's the only way I can go to sleep."

Denny looked her over from head to foot. Denny could do that very thoroughly and with beautiful precision. Mary Fox had been such a lovely thing just a little more than three years ago. There had been a kind of glow about her. She wasn't lovely now. Her blonde hair was a mousey brown at the roots, the bright scarlet of her nails needed renewing, and there was something different about her face.

"What do you want to get drunk for?" Denny demanded.

The girl shrugged. "Do I have to think up a good reason? I guess you did a pretty good job yourself while you were at it."

"O.K." Denny said. "Let's have a drink together."

They had another drink and Denny reconstructed what he could recall of the story of Mary Fox. He had played a minor part in it. She had been playing bits on the stage in New York and Denny had seen one of her tests and had wanted her for a part in a picture. It was one of the latter ones that weren't so good. The studio brought her out on a six months' con-

tract with an option for five years. She was a cute kid. Denny was delighted with her. And she could act.

Of course, Denny made love to her. Almost the first day. He always did. Sometimes it meant much, and sometimes it didn't mean a thing; but this girl drew away, and that seldom happened. There was no display of outraged virtue. She looked at him with eyes that were like smoked pearls. "I like you, Mr. Fitzgerald," she said, "but there's a boy in New York. I don't know that there's another man in the whole world. Do you know what I mean?"

So Denny learned about two stage-struck kids... a girl who had been born Mary Fox, and a boy who had named himself Welford Keyes.

"We're terribly in love," Mary told him, "with each other and with acting. There couldn't be anyone else for either of us. I nearly killed us when I got this chance to come to the coast, and Welford had to stay in New York, but we want to be really great. To do beautiful things together, and after all this was too big an opportunity to pass by. But they'll be sending for Welford one of these days, and then make way for the biggest thing since Valentino."

"That's grand," Denny said. "It's beautiful. It's perfect! But it can't happen to everyone. You know that, don't you? You've got something, so hang on to it!"

Mary, young confident glowing na-

smiled at him almost pityingly. "Don't you worry about Welford and me."

Sure enough, they did send for Welford Keyes one day after Denny had left Hollywood and about the time that they were referring to Mary Fox as one of the most promising young people recruited from Broadway. Mary met the train at Pasadena.

There were reporters at the station; not to welcome Welford Keyes, but because Gwen Parrish was on the train. The rest is Hollywood history. Gwen Parrish graciously insisted that Welford be photographed with her, and so they posed, with Gwen clutching a great armful of crimson roses and gazing up at him with her tragic, hungry eyes. Then to the Press she enthusiastically expressed her confidence in the brilliant career of the young man who had so successfully brightened the weary miles between New York and Los Angeles. All this time no one was paying the slightest attention to Mary Fox, all dressed up in the new fur coat on which she had paid the first instalment because Welford liked girls who wore fur coats and looked sleek and successful. Of course it wasn't much of a coat compared with either of the two Gwen Parrish's maid was carrying, and there was Gwen herself, exquisite and romantic in silver fox and the softest black broadcloth, clinging to Welford's arm and bearing him off to where her town car waited.

It was then that Mary cried, "Welford," in a funny choked voice, and it was rather embarrassing all round. Miss Parrish chose not to remember that she and Mary Fox had been intro-

duced on three previous occasions, but she gave Welford one slim white hand with fingernails and a square-cut diamond that were equally incredible and said something in husky tones about "lunch" and "to-morrow."

Welford got into Mary's little coupe out, he didn't kiss her until they were three blocks from the station and Gwen Parrish's car was out of sight. It was all very different from the way Mary had planned it.

Welford lunched with Gwen Parrish the next day, and Mary said that it was very wise of him to make important contacts from the start. Three days later Miss Parrish demanded that he be given the romantic lead in her new picture. Mary worked hard at being elated.

Please turn to Page 14

COUNTRY LULLABY

A family, struggling to live, almost lose a fortune because a millionaire remembers the happy days of his youth.

By . . .

ANNE WORMSER

Illustrated by FISCHER



Long Complete Story

DOROTHY rubbed the yellow soap on the seat of Bick's rompers and wondered what had sustained farmers' wives for generations. It was not the work she minded so much. Bridge luncheons and matinees can be dull, too. But it was the sensation of defeat the realisation that what had seemed to be an answer had presented only another question, and a question more baffling than any that had preceded it.

When one's husband—one's charming, adorable, hard-working husband—is an engineer, and everything he might be engineering simply vanishes; when one proceeds for two years from economy to more desperate economy; when older and prosperous relatives begin to act sceptical and reluctant about loans—well, then, when a kind friend with a cottage and twenty reasonably fertile acres comes along, it looks like salvation, no less. Particularly as the friend never under any consideration sets foot on the land or in the cottage—it's really a favor to him to take over the farm for a while. She flung the rompers into the rinse water and regarded it doubtfully. It was beginning to have a depressingly opaque aspect. Which meant that she would have to put the clothes through another tubful. Which meant, in turn, that two more trips to the well would have to be made before the end of the day. One had never anticipated economising in water!

A conversational squawk sounded close to her ear. Those idiotic pullets. "Shoo!" she cried, and darted at the intruder. The wire-netting fence Bill had put up round the chicken-run underestimated by at least a foot the elevation possible to a white leghorn. If anyone ever spoke to her about raising chickens again—

She wrung out the clothes and laid them in her basket, wondering how it could be that a more-than-average bright adult so often failed in tasks apparently simple of accomplishment to people of presumably lower intelligence. Millie, back in London, had turned out a job of laundry that fairly sparkled with cleanliness, in half the time it took Dorothy, and managed to accompany herself agreeably with jazz selections all the while.

The door banged, Bill came in and dropped into one of the chairs. She said, hoping she sounded bright and conversational: "Any letters for us?" He did not answer.

She looked round quickly. There was a queer expression on his face. Under the almost sullen look it had worn of late, was a gleam of desperate excitement, a wild hopefulness. "Why, Bill!" she cried, alarmed. "What—has something happened?"

"Yes," he said remotely. "A letter

from Aunt Pat. It says—here—"

"Some charming people have been staying with us—the Bramleys. They are motoring back to London, and I have told them about you. He is in your business. I gather, something about buildings. I thought you'd like to meet them. Meeting the right people is so important for young people nowadays. He promised they would look you up—perhaps spend the night, if it was convenient. He loves the country

There was a lot more, but this was enough.

DOT held the letter tightly. She looked up at Bill, then round the disorderly room, absorbing every cheerless detail. She started to speak, but Bill said tersely: "This is the Bramley. I tackled about a job—or tried to—just exactly nine times last autumn. He's got one of the biggest firms of consulting engineers. They've always plenty of work."

"Well, look," Dot said. "Can't we—why—"

He looked at her then and her voice died away. After a minute he said: "Of course, we can put them up for the week-end—let them see a real taste of country life—our charming small home—the chauffeur can sleep with the pullets—our butler will just have to finish weeding that row of beans while I run into town for another case of Chateau Yquem. They'll see that it's simple—just birds in our nest, but we call it home."

"Bill!" she said, horrified at the bitterness in his voice. "Why, darling, they won't be expecting—your Aunt Pat knows we haven't—"

"Not that lady—she carries her own cotton wool about with her, like a snail with its shell. She's got Bramley expecting a nice place—pedigree Herefords, kitchen gardens—that kind of thing." He stopped a minute and looked out the door, his face bleak. "He'd never give me a job, visiting me here—big men like that aren't engaging any failures."

She watched him, sick with helplessness. She could do nothing.

She heard a brisk remark from the bedroom. Although it was uttered in a tongue as yet unknown to linguists, its meaning was clear. Bick had waked up and was ready for his lunch.

Bill did not come in again until late afternoon. By that time she was ready for him. No power on earth, she told herself, was going to defeat her. The problem was perfectly simple. Difficult, yes, but simple in its elements. It was merely a matter of providing for two guests—guests who were, after all, merely people—a comfortable place to sleep, washing facilities—two or three palatable meals, cheerful, easy companionship.

Resolutely she shut her mind to the fact that their house had three rooms, one of which was so small that it hardly counted—to the fact that they had no beds except their own and Bick's cot. (The divan bed in the living-room would have denied oblivion to the Sleeping Beauty herself.) She stifled the wish that they had kept their china and silver, and reminded herself that they had turned their backs on possessions, except necessities.

They had everything they actually

Out on the road a bicycle stopped, and a boy got off. A telegram. Dot tore open the envelope. "Bill!" she screamed, "Bill . . ."

the drops adhering to her surface along with most of the soap, on those towels, or whatever they are. . . . Gosh, I haven't had all the soap off me since we went swimming that time in the river."

Dorothy laughed. "You're—wait! I have a thought. A beautiful gorgeous thought! Tony's cottage!"

Bill looked unenthusiastic. "You don't mean go over and live there as if it was our place?"

"Oh, no," she said quickly. "But we could ask him if we could put the Bramleys up there for the night. They could eat over here and all, and just sleep there—we could just simply tell them we haven't a guest-room."

Bill considered. Tony Shores had a summer cottage, very trim and convenient, less than a quarter of a mile down the road. It ran to two bath-rooms, electric lights, box springs, and other effete symbols. He was a good friend—a good sport. Bill looked again at Dorothy. She saw that his eyes were smiling, friendly—the frantic, empty look was gone. "Do no harm to ask," he agreed at last. "You know Dot, it would be terrible not to invite them after what Aunt Pat said."

two pounds a month to reliable tenants. If they spent the two pounds things would be fairly lean for the next week or two; but, on the whole, it seemed worth while. If necessary, could one live on tomatoes?

Dinner on Saturday night was the important meal, of course. She considered a picnic supper beside the river, but rejected the idea at once. Ladies who are habitually propelled through life on the upholstery of saloon cars are not as a rule eager to eat their dinners from a rock. Besides, it would probably rain. It did, at inauspicious moments. For a moment she recalled bitterly the shower that had left a shallow puddle in the chicken-run, and the marital enthusiasm with which fourteen baby chicks had rushed to tumble into it and give themselves fatal attacks of pneumonia.

Well—the vegetables, of course. Rolls—her specialty—though Mrs. Bramley would undoubtedly be dieting—little spherical potatoes simmered in butter—some kind of fish.

Cocktails were not for the likes of them, but Harry at the market garden down the road made a beautiful white wine, under no legal sanction whatever. It was almost like Sauterne, really, and it would be grand with the entrée. For half-a-crown he would let her have enough for their dinner.

Now what would she absolutely have to buy for equipment? Thoughtfully she fingered her money, then set off for the village, Bick trotting helpfully at her side.

ON Friday it rained unintermittently. The ground under the chicken-house got soaked, and Bill dug an elaborate drainage system on the slope behind it, so that the water would be deflected from its course. The roof of the cottage developed several new potential openings, but fortunately the ceiling of the living-drawing-dining-room-kitchen-library remained dry.

There was a Santa Claus, after all, because Saturday was lovely.

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It's not all fun on a farm

required. They could eat three meals a day and sleep under shelter at night. They had clothes to cover, if not to adorn, them. And they could offer hospitality to friends. The best they had—that was all anyone could do. "Bill," she began, "I'm going to send them a wire. We can't get out of inviting them now; we'll just do the best

Bill said: "Well, I see it like this. I see Mrs. Bramley removing the Paris model and whatever goes under it, and standing in that bath—I'm not being coarse—I just see her standing there, soaping herself with the aid of the regulation one quart of water, and rinsing off with the regulation second quart. I see her attempting to remove

"Of course," she said happily. "Go down to the village right now and telephone Tony."

Bill came back soon and said Tony had been glad to do it. Get the key from the woman at the grocer's, and use the place as if it was your own, he said, and he wished them luck. Later there was a wire from the Bramleys. It would be a pleasure to spend the night with Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler. They would leave Sunday in time to make the run in to London before night.

Dot had been figuring carefully. There were two pounds in the exchequer. Bill's grandfather had left him a huge, entirely unsaleable old house in Manchester, which was let for

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Laif,
sketched by Petrov

Be Demure or Dangerous

TWO distinctly opposing ideas are noticeable in the winter evening mode. On one hand there are sophisticated draped dresses revealing white shoulders by daringly low-cut décolletés. These you wear with rich jewels and ornaments in your hair. On the other, there are demurely simple chiffon and lace dresses worn with pearls. For these the hair is softly and naturally done.

THESE two types of dresses make your choice an easy one. Decide whether your face and figure look best in the girlish or elegant type. A few of you will be able to wear both styles with equal success. Remember that to make the best of any dress you must be well-groomed from head to foot, and you must have a good carriage. Sloping shoulders, careless standing, and a bad walk will spoil the effect of the most expensive model, as will untidy hair, badly-shod feet, and uncared-for hands.

Winter Evening Mode Offers Wide Choice for Either Type!

The sophisticated type of dress will be skillfully draped so as to outline the figure, but added to these sheaths will be looped panels—panels that hang from the waist or shoulder and are looped under the hem of the skirt, or coming from the neckline and twisting round the shoulders or arms.

Belts Jewelled

WAISTLINES will fit. Their smallness may be accentuated by wide jewelled or kid belts. Lumps of colored stones, beads, spangles, pearls, and diamonds are embroidered all over these wide, stiff fabric belts. You may wear a wide belt in a contrasting colored velvet to the dress.

If you have any jewellery, either real or artificial, wear it. Huge clips at the

neckline, earrings, bracelets, brooches that are almost plaques, at the base of your low décolleté. Necklines vary—either very low front and back or high in front and low in back.

Beaded dresses and fringe-trimmed dresses are highlights.

Dull crepe and velvet are rivals for these draped models, and there is a lot of satin. Uncrushable, transparent velvet is a favorite, and two-tone shot velvet. Dull flat crepes and drapable cloques are good. Black satin is especially smart.

Colors will be white, black, bright to dark red, dark brown, purple and violet, rich dark blue, green.

You will probably wear something in your hair—a little spray of ostrich feathers, a coronet of feathers, flowers, jewelled clips, a velvet ribbon band or bow. Brush your hair upwards and if you have curls keep them high. If you wear a hair ornament, have it in the color of the dress, and do not wear earrings or flowers. Flowers are still worn for evening. Big, soft chiffon roses in a pastel color on a dark dress or in a contrasting vivid color on a bright dress. If you wear flowers, don't have too much jewellery.

Nine out of ten evening dresses are trainless. The hem touches the floor all round or is instep length in front.

• **MAUVE CHIFFON dress.** The bodice is accordion-pleated and shirred at neck and waist. The skirt is entirely sunray-pleated.

• **MAGGY ROUFF model in blue velvet or dull crepe.** The décolleté is split nearly to the waist and held by a huge diamond clip. The fronts extend into two long scarves.

The most popular unsophisticated type of dress is the pleated chiffon. This is seen in white and pastel shades—especially orchid-mauve and pink. The entire skirt is sunray pleated, which means that the pleats narrow down to nothing at the waistline and gradually widen out towards the hem. The bodice can also be pleated. Other skirts are accordion or knife pleated from the hips down, or from the waist. These can be of chiffon or crepe. Pleated bodices are bound in Grecian manner with cord, pearls or braid. Other chiffon dresses are shirred and have loose floating panels, scarves and capes. Full skirts hanging in folds are kept in place by wide jewelled belts.

Especially good is the dress with a wide gathered panel centre-front. The rest of the skirt is straight and tight. The bodice is cut very low with narrow straps and a gold kid belt is worn. The material is dull crepe. Taffeta, plain or shot or dotted with velvet or silk spots, suits frocks with very full skirts and tight fitted bodices. Some of these have puff sleeves.

There are many tulle, net and lace frocks made in softly feminine styles—floating skirts and scarves, low décolletés, flower trimmed.

The Dinner Suit

THE dress that in Paris is called the dinner suit should be a useful addition to an Australian woman's wardrobe. This costume is ideal for dining out, going to the theatre, or playing hostess. It consists of a tailored dress and jacket, or a skirt, blouse and jacket. If you choose a dress it will be dark blue, black or brown, and the jacket will be a color. The jacket may be fitted and tailored if hip-length, or loose and a little longer. In any case it will have long sleeves. If you have a skirt and jacket they will be in the same fabric and the blouse a contrast. Velvet, dull crepe and sheer wool in dark colors—black, royal-blue, brown, bottle-green, wine-red for the skirt and jacket, chiffon crepe or satin in a vivid or pastel shade for the blouse. The blouse may be gold or silver lame—or perhaps a lame jacket over the dark dress. The dress or skirt must be plain—either cut on the bias or straight—and as narrow as possible. The correct length is just to the instep.

PARIS Snapshots

BEADED flowers are the latest in floral trimmings. For the button-hole, pinned at the base of the décolleté or tucked into the waist, these bunches of flowers are made of fabric which is embroidered all over with colored beads.

BEADS again come into their own when they are sewn all over wool sweaters. With a navy suit goes a hand-knit sweater with little white beads about three-eighths of an inch apart.

HEARTS of fur or fabric are amusing trimmings on winter clothes. Flat fur hearts on the sleeves of a topcoat, or suits or dresses they are cut out of the fabric and stitched on.

STRIPED taffeta or satin ribbon about ten inches wide can be used for neck scarves. Fringe the ends of a piece thirty inches long—or longer—and the scarf is made. Three-color combinations, dotted patterns, roman stripes crossed with silver or gold threads are effective with all dark wool or velvet outfits.

BRAID, yards of it, trims smart daytime clothes. It makes frogs. You find rows of braid making epaulettes, on cuffs, on collars, on pockets. Next in popularity is the trimming of astrakhan or persian lamb—narrow bands of it around cuffs, collars, across shoulders, banding capes and jackets, making collars or entire jackets and capes.



• **WHITE CREPE DRESS** showing classical drapery. Two loose panels hang from the shoulders at the back, three cords, pearl-embroidered, form the neck.

• **DINNER SUIT** for informal evening. Instep-length straight skirt of black velvet, split. Silver lame tailored jacket; velvet flower; black velvet blouse.

• **RED TAFFETA** with huge red velvet spots fashions this striking model. The sheath-like skirt has an enormous godet set in centre-back. Jewelled belt.

Tailleurs... Tipped For Easter Race- Wear!



• **TWO MAN** tailored suits of sporting appearance. The model on left is a spotted affair of cigar-brown, beige, and black. The nubby suit, at right, is dark navy, with red flecks, and has a cravat finish to the neck.

• • • • •

• **SMART** race coats are worn by the smiling couple at the top of the page. That with the fox collar is in one of the new black woollens. The accompanying little felt hat has a chou of satin ribbon in front. The other coat is of black flat cloth collared with pieced moleskin.

• • • • •

• **AN UNUSUAL** effect is achieved with this cinnamon-brown suit, which features the short swagger coat trimmed with a wide moleskin collar and combination muff and bag of the same material trimmed with moleskin. The pointed velour hat is a matching brown, simply trimmed with grosgrain.



• **FRAYED EDGES** give smartness to this coat and skirt of dubonnet tweed. A velveteen jumper of the same shade is worn with the ensemble, and the upturned hat of dubonnet felt has a sportive tilt.

• **A COSSACK SUIT** of bottle-green cloth heavily trimmed with moleskin. The smart little cap is closely braided, and is adorned with a thick short tassel (left).



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EASTER weather being what it is, the safest of all bets for race wear is the tailored two-piece. Then, come rain, come shine, one can be both smart and fortified.

If the weather is good and golden a well-chosen blouse and accessories give the necessary touch of light-heartedness to the ensemble. If the skies lower and one is tailor-clad—well, who cares?

An Editorial

APRIL 11, 1936

ATHLETICS AS A
"CAREER"

WITH the Olympic Games in the world's limelight just now, and our women's representative, Pat Norton, on the eve of departure with the team, patriotic Australians may be forgiven for temporarily losing a sense of proportion, and regarding women's athletics in the nature of a "career."

No doubt thousands of girl athletes have envied Miss Norton her ability, and the opportunity of making this trip. On every side we hear of promising juniors being "taken in hand" and trained strenuously, with the ultimate aim of forcing them along into championship class.

It is just here that a true sense of proportion is in danger of being lost. A trip to the Games is not a pleasure jaunt in any sense of the word. It is rather a combined physical and mental ordeal.

Nor is the trip educative, or even formative of character; for, after a brief round of formal receptions and sight-seeing, monetary considerations necessitate an immediate return home.

No doubt the Olympic trip is an exciting experience for a young girl; but after the brief heyday of excitement and adulation is over the career of a champion soon comes to an end. Younger athletes are clamoring for recognition in "Olympic class"; the champion stands down, and one asks what exactly has she gained by her "career" as a preparation for adult life?

"A gain in physical health" might be cited, and no one can challenge the value of physical exercise to girlhood; one has only to contrast the healthy athletic girl of to-day with the moping nervy specimen of the Victorian era.

But the physical benefit gained by attaining Olympic rank is no more than is gained by the thousands of healthy sports girls who participate, without visions of Olympic glory, in women's games throughout Australia at every week-end.

Glory apart, and with all due honor to those women athletes who have "placed Australia on the map" overseas, some protest is due on behalf of young girls, now at the critical growth age, who are being forced along, intensively "prepared" physically, with the elusive aim of "athletics as a career."

For, in sober truth, athletics is no true career, but a dead end; it is little more than a side-issue in the preparation for an actual career in the business, professional or domestic spheres of life.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

What's in a Name?

DR. DUBIG, Archbishop of Brisbane, recently criticised women for their treatment of servants when he said that domestic work for girls was usually a condition of slavery which they avoided on that account.

But that isn't all the story. For one thing, domestic workers these days are too scarce to be treated as slaves, and behind this scarcity is a remarkable kind of snobbery. Many domestic workers are paid better wages than they would get at shop or factory, but a girl hesitates (heaven knows why!) to admit that she is in service.

Perhaps they balk at the word "service"—which, after all, is a mid-Victorian survival. So why not term them domestic scientists, since good house-keeping is a science and one of the first requisites of life?

Wasn't it Meredith who summed things up very nicely when he wrote:

"You can live without poetry, music, and books;

But civilised man cannot live without cooks."

Homework Problem

SHOULD parents do their children's homework?

This hardly annual of controversy among educationists was given another airing recently, and it was disclosed that the majority of parents who assisted their children did so as a sort of "kick back" at teacher for the "sweated labor" of homework imposed on a child, who, they contended, got enough "sweating" at school.

The advocates of homework claimed, however, that it was a great encouragement of individual thought. Still, it remains a moot point. Father is looked upon as martyr if he brings work home from the office, while Junior, ploughing through his maths, every night, is expected to take HIS homework as a matter of course.

Lesson in Humanity

THAT dreadful social anachronism, the pauper's funeral, will soon pass into the limbo of forgotten ugliness if the example of the miners in Helensburgh (N.S.W.) is followed. These mute, inglorious members of the community may have, but for the freakish tricks of fortune, carried with them the germs of greatness, and it is barbarous in the extreme to write the idiom of failure on their last sad progress through a world which could find no place for them.

Realising this, the miners have decided to build up a little fund for decent and respectable funerals for the needy. Since social services of every kind are so extensive these days, their action might be taken as a sort of unofficial recommendation to the powers-that-be on the subject.

Lyric of Life

The Goal

In some far time posterity will reach
The ultimate purpose of mankind,
And reaching that will shed his long unrest
And the blindness of the puzzled mind.
Then all the doubt of yesterday and now,
The darkness through which we blunder on,
A search for understanding of our being
In that dawn of knowledge will be gone.
Man will have learned his life's predestined bent,
And, learning that, will rest and be content.
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

Disaster Averted

SCIENTISTS are queer fellows. After working for years on the freeing of women from the enslavement of household drudgery, by the discovery of labor-saving devices in the home, the Osteopathic Society of Boston goes back on it all.

This body, which does a tremendous amount of semi-scientific research, announced the other day that, the bony structure of the human frame being what it is, the only way women can obtain a perfect figure is "by going down on one's hands and knees with a brush, soap, and pail, and scrubbing the floor."

Still, the physical culture experts seem likely to save the day. They state that it is exercise that matters. You needn't bother to scrub a real floor. That would be too much zeal. One



MISS SAIDEE MANCHESTER, pretty and clever sister of the captain of the All Blacks Rugby football team, which recently concluded a successful tour of Great Britain. Miss Manchester is a trainee of the Karitane nursing scheme initiated by Dr. Truby King. She has just concluded a two years' holiday in Great Britain and on the Continent, and, with her brother, returned to New Zealand last week.

needn't join a circus troupe to perform hygienic somersaults.

Sober Soldiers

THE old libel about the excessive drinking of soldiers has been challenged from an extremely sober source—the Police Department, the records of which show that the amount of drinking on Anzac Day among soldiers is negligible.

Another interesting point evolved was that the soldiers did not treat Anzac Day solely as a day of mourning. It was to them a day of quiet rejoicing, marking the entry of Australia into nationhood.

It is a tribute to the good sense and moderation of the Diggers that the day is so observed.

Spirit of Easter

A FINE gesture in the truest spirit of a broad Christianity was made by the Church of England when prayers were said at St. Andrew's Cathedral in Sydney for the success of the Roman Catholic ceremonial on Good Friday.

The beauty and significance of Easter was symbolised in this action. In fact, it is in its way an epitome of the true spirit of Christianity which occasionally is obscured by less worthy considerations of everyday life.

A Fairy Tale
in QuaversEileen Joyce, Who Has
"Missed Her Girlhood"

By KATHLEEN LESMURDIE

I went aboard the liner, Moreton Bay, at Fremantle a few days ago to meet a world-famous musical celebrity. Instead, I met a shrinking little girl—Eileen Joyce, over whom the world's leading critics rave and for whom they predict great things.

SHE cannot weigh seven stone, is well under medium height, and slim, too slim, one thinks, for the artistic soul burning within her, using up almost every ounce of vitality at times.

I had imagined meeting one who knew her own value, conscious of her place in the great world of music and demanding to have it recognised by every word, every motion of others. Instead, there she was, nervous almost to speechlessness, palpably trembling, and so afraid of the ordeal ahead of her that she confessed her night's sleep had been sorely troubled.

It is well said the path to greatness lies along the bitter, humiliating, disappointing, self-sacrificing by-path of intense personal concentration.

It was a far call from the little, frightened goldfields girl who set sail over the seas for Leipzig eight years ago, to the pronouncement of Mr. Leon White, concert manager for the Australian Broadcasting Commission, a few days ago: "Miss Joyce will appear in public in all six cities and also in the principal country towns. Miss Joyce will not be associated with any other artist throughout her four months' tour of Australia, as we have complete confidence in her ability to carry an entire programme by herself."

Missed Girlhood

SHE does not give the advice of the average self-made man: "Do as I did to become as I am." She told me on the liner: "Now I am back in Australia and eight years have gone, perhaps they have been worth while."

"But I couldn't go through them again. I have missed all my girlhood. There has been no time for parties, for dances, for the thousand other things any girl's heart cries out for. It has been work and sleep, with grudging time for meals and travelling."

"I have to sleep two hours every afternoon and go to bed early every night in order to keep going. I would not advise any other Australian girl—no matter how successful she was in examinations, gaining scholarships and the like—to want it. It sounds easy to 'drop everything and devote yourself to your art,' but in order to be successful you must give up all—relatives, friends, and everything that seems worth while to an ordinary girl—to come good."

Eileen is fragile, and not quite in perfect health. Wherever the stamina comes from in that small frame is a puzzle. But it is there. I said something to her as to taking things a little easier for her short stay in this homeland. And out shot that determined little chin—the chin that holds the secret of her success. "I must work as usual, even here. Not that anyone has told me to, but simply that one must keep always practising to keep up."

Anyway, though the little, plump, black-fringed and bobbed, tanned young Australian of 1927 has been merged into an absolutely charming yet youthfully shy young woman, Eileen Joyce will gain the highest Australian popularity. For she is still Australian in speech, although long residence in English and foreign climes has toned down what is called abroad "the Australian accent."

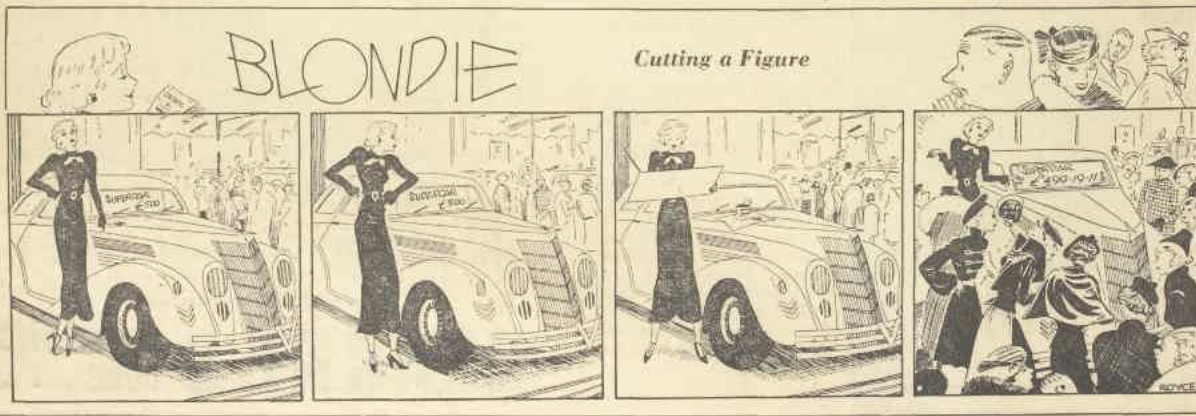
Thank heavens, the London powers—that be were unable to transform Eileen into a platinum blonde to tone with the black piano, as they truly wanted to. She has her own individuality, and it's absolutely safe to say that firm, pretty little chin insisted that she be left alone.

Her Music

SHE has not included many small-scale modern solos in her lists, but works by Haydn, Brahms, Hummel, Glazounov, Chopin, Bach, and Liszt will figure. A recently discovered rondo by Mozart, recorded for the gramophone just before she left England, will be heard.

Following the four Perth concerts, Miss Joyce plays at Kalgoorlie on April 11, and will then travel through to Sydney, where two solo recitals will be given, and one concert with the New South Wales State Symphony Orchestra under Dr. Edgar Bainton. Hobart will be visited next, for two recitals, followed by one at Launceston, three in Adelaide, and then four concerts in Melbourne, one being with orchestra, Professor Bernard Heinze conducting. The series of public recitals ends in Brisbane (two recitals) in June; then the studio recitals begin.

May her physical strength stand to her in the days to come against the burning, passionate love she gives to music, which, in return, demands her all.



BEING POPULAR is Not Always WHAT IT SEEMS

"Your Loving Gracie," and the Wife who Searched for Holes in a Pocket! Titbits from L.W. Lower's Fan Mail

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

Illustrated by WEP

I'm in a bit of trouble at home.

A reader of the Women's Weekly, whom I have never met, sent me a letter beginning, "Darling Lennie," and winding up with "Your Ever Loving Gracie." That was O.K. with me because I've been kidded to by pastmasters at the game, but the trouble was that I left it in my coat pocket.

The wife was looking to see if I had any holes in my pockets (that's HER story) and found the letter. Then the fun started.

WHEN I tried to explain that it was merely part of my fan mail, and that I got quite a lot of letters like that from flip-pant females, the answer was "Oh, yeah?" and a lemon. Now I'm going about wearing one of those hunted looks, for if I come home late I am greeted with, "And how's your ever-loving Gracie? Looking well, I hope?"

It just shows you letter writers that you ought to be a bit more careful. I was always a bit scared of letters.

During the height of the depression (Just a minute! Just a minute! You can't have the height of a depression!)—well, during the depths of the depression, if I got a letter I used to walk around it for a while and smell it and hold it up to the light.

Then I'd have a couple of glasses of lemonade and give it to a friend to open. Nearly always it was a note from some bloke who bitterly regretted that he would be reluctantly compelled to take legal action if payment was not made about something or other.

So you can see that with the big mail I get, my heart's in my mouth permanently.

Right now I have before me a message from Mr. E. J. McMahon, who says he desires to inform me that I have not yet paid the State income tax for 1932. You'd think they'd forget a little thing like that after all that time.

I also get insulting letters from people who are convinced that I am either partially or wholly mad and should be put away. I was

once sent a gorgeous box which I thought contained flowers. In it was a bunch of carrots, with a note: "I hope you like them; most asses do."

Consequently I have contemplated getting a number of forms printed with "Go and buy yourself a dose of poison." "So's your old man," "Go away and die," and things like that on them.

Etaoin shrdlu! And dammit! I've just put the wrong end of a lighted cigarette in my mouth. Very disturbing. I was going to tell you something and I've forgotten it. (You mightn't believe me, but since I wrote that last line I've had a cup of coffee and two ham sandwiches.)

Marked-down Bargain

THERE was a gentleman in the country who wrote to me some time ago saying that he was a ventriloquist and he wanted a screamingly funny dialogue for himself and doll, the dialogue to last about twenty minutes. For this he was prepared to pay me three shillings. To my sorrow, I dismissed this kindly offer with a vulgar sneer. I could do with that 3/- now. If this should meet the eye of the gentleman concerned, I would like him to let me know if this is all right:

Ventriloquist: Say "Hello" to the audience.

Doll: What audience?

Ventriloquist: The gentleman sitting in the corner.

Doll: That's the caretaker. Looks like a pretty poor house to me. Still, what can you expect for three bob?

Ventriloquist: Shut your mouth!

Doll: Well, you opened it! Say! Can you throw your voice very far?

Ventriloquist: Sure I can.

Doll: Well, what about throwing it away?

Ventriloquist: Did Lower tell you to say that?

Doll: No; it was an idea of my own.

That's just a sample, marked down from 3/- to 2/11, sale price.

Wep's Craving

THEN there was the kind lady who invited me to "a bright, intellectual party." That's one of the letters I have kept. "We are all Bohemians, and we usually sit on cushions on the floor and drink cocoa while discussing the Arts," she explained.

Crikey! I mean to say "What Ho!" for the dangerous downward path and the lure of the fleshpots full of cocoa!



L. W. LOWER offered to solve the Federal Government's problems (for a consideration), but Joe Lyons didn't take him seriously.

Being a simple lad, I didn't go, but I was highly flattered by the lady's assumption that I knew anything about the Arts and lived on cocoa.

I like getting letters from people, and as for Wep (he's the bloke who does the drawings), he simply adores people who send him autograph books. He loves

drawing things in autograph books. Holds his breath and stamps his feet if he's prevented from drawing in autograph books. Bear this in mind if you've got an autograph book you want disfigured.

And it's a dirty trick enclosing a stamped addressed envelope in your letters. It means that a man's got to answer them.

Our Dance, I Think



YOU might well say to yourself "She's lucky to be so slim, so attractive and popular with the men." But luck doesn't enter into it, for if you asked her she'd tell you her secret—Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable; they tone up the system, purify the blood, and daily counteract fat-forming foods, thus making you healthy, happy and slim.

If you want a fashionable slender line, a clear complexion, and that irresistible charm which only comes from perfect health—remember your nightly Bile Beans.

SHE KEEPS HAPPY, HEALTHY & ATTRACTIVE

"My wonderful health, happy disposition and vivacity, I owe to Bile Beans. I get full enjoyment out of life, and whenever I go to a dance or party I know I shall look and feel my very best. Bile Beans also help me to keep my youthful figure. My advice to everybody is take Bile Beans regularly as I do."—Miss L. Mackenzie.

BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU LOOK AND FEEL YOUR BEST.

OUT O'NIGHTS



'A Wheezy Breeze!'



A GOOD idea if warned by a slight "wheezy" chest—or bit of BRONCHIAL irritation—before going out—sip some Bonnington's Irish Moss. This rich warming linctus covers the throat with a protective ANTISEPTIC film. Its keen aromatic pungency searches out and soothes CATARRH. IMITATIONS: Avoid all such! Get Bonnington's—1/9 & 3/-.

Bonnington's IRISH MOSS

FOR COUGHS and COLDS

This woman endured 10,000 hours of Stomach Pain!

Even one hour of acute indigestion is more than enough to prostrate any man or woman, yet in six years Mrs. H. R. suffered 10,000 hours of stomach torture. It was needless—as her vivid letter tells you. Read her own words of this harrowing experience:—

"After what I have gone through, it is nothing short of a miracle to me, being able to enjoy and digest anything set before me. For nearly six years, after every meal, I used to get severe pains which lasted for a couple of hours. Then I decided to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial. That was about two months ago, and apparently my stomach is healed for good, as I have had no pain since then." H. R.

If you also have stomach trouble, don't give up hope; remember that all this



suffering is quite needless. Prove it by getting 'Bisurated' Magnesia from your chemist to-day; you will be amazed at the quick, sure relief you get. 'Bisurated' Magnesia is the quickest-acting stomach remedy known, and it is used, prescribed and recommended by doctors and hospitals all over the world.

The package bears the 'Bismag' Trade Mark

BISMAG

'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

"DAMP-SET" your own wave

It works on hair of any texture. On any wave, natural or permanent. And takes but four minutes! Without even rearranging your coiffure, "damp-setting" will revive your wave, and give your hair dazzling new lustre you never thought possible!

America, from New York to Los Angeles, is wildly enthusiastic over "damp-setting"—the amazing treatment of a famous American chemist and adviser to the smartest New York, London, and Paris beauty salons. You will be, too. For it saves hours spent in beauty parlors. Keeps the wave, and keeps the hair fastidiously fresh. And is so easy! So quick!

All you need for "damp-setting" is brush and comb and an ounce of Velmol. (If you have no Velmol in the house, a bottle costs you only 2/1 at any chemist shop.) Then just brush the Velmol through your hair and simply press the waves into place.

What a glorious change this four-minute treatment makes! Instantly it revives the original ripple of your wave. And never any grease—for delightful, crystal-clear Velmol liquid must not be confused with heavy, messy, "brilliantines."

Take four minutes a week to "damp-set" your hair this way. Then even a light finger-wave will last ever so long. You'll not need a "permanent" half so often. And your hair will always have that fresh, lustrous appearance.

(If you usually set your waves or curls with "bobby" pins or clips overnight—brush Velmol through hair first, and you'll be quite amazed at the results.)

JUST THREE STEPS IN "DAMP-SETTING"—

(1)—Comb hair with comb moistened in water until all your hair is damp (never wet!).

(2)—Pour a little Velmol into palm of hand, run hairbrush over liquid until bristles are all evenly coated, and brush it right through

hair. (3)—Now press the waves in—just where you want them—using fingers and comb. Press backward where the waves go back; forward where they swirl in toward cheeks and forehead. In four minutes your wave is revived—set; your hair has a glorious new sheen you never believed possible.



(Copyright)

CUT THIS OUT
SO YOU'LL
KNOW WHAT
TO DO

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Ion Idriess Writes Sincere Biography of a Cattle King

Life of Sir Sidney Kidman

Despite the fact that Ion Idriess has chosen to write the biography of cattle king Sir Sidney Kidman in the "From Log Cabin to White House" and the "Eric, or Little by Little" tradition, nevertheless he gives us a romantic and authentic yarn—perhaps the best he has yet written.

THE early pages tell us that the future cattle king left home with 5/- in his pocket and riding a one-eyed horse; the youth saw drunken men and decided never to drink; he drove bullock teams for years but never said "a big, big D—". When moved to the greatest exasperation he called his bullocks "Jolly tinkers." Of course that is not given by Idriess as the

formula to follow in order to be a cattle king.

We glimpse the real Kidman in succeeding chapters. "The kindly bushman—discover squatter who was to die possessed of station properties greater in area than the whole of the British Isles. Kidman owed his prosperity and his place in the development of Australia to a strenuous outlook, an eye for good country, and an unerring sense of the national requirements in relation to livestock."

Typical Bushman

HE was a man with one idea—cattle and big runs—and he betrayed a genius in this direction which made of him an outstanding figure—honest, rugged—a typical bushman of his time and circumstance. It is in this part of the novel that the author is at his best. The Kidman he presents is a very human figure, remaining through all his successes a bushman at heart and a lover of his own country. Kidman's loyalties were fixed and definite. He loved horses. So it is that we see him in London in the declining days of horse-drawn transport.

He travelled exclusively on the horse-buses as a sort of gesture and farewell



MISS WINIFRED BIRKETT, whose novel, "Evelyn's Quality," after proving a success in Australia, is being published in New York. This is the first locally-published novel since Penton's "Landtakers" to reach the American public.

SHORT REVIEWS

"HUMBLE SERVANT." Doris West-wood. Kingship held only terror for the son of a European house, so he runs away from an English public school and, as John Humphrey, is sheltered by a beautiful lady in Cornwall. He pretends to be dumb, but the loveliness and kindness of the lady in question make him articulate. It's a May and December affair, however, and soon the Royalists come to seek their Prince. But romance will not be denied, and the book ends on a strange note which is really the making of the story. (Methuen, 7/6.)

"SHOW DOWN." M. Escott. When two young people marry in haste to repent at leisure there is the inevitable show down. In this novel a New Zealand farmer and an Englishwoman are the main characters, and the triangle is completed by a handsome stranger in love with Anne. The story is told in the first person, and is a vigorously-written and entertaining novel. (Chatto and Windus, 7/6.)

"ATMOSPHERE FOR GLORIA." Maribel Edwin. There is an evasive quality about this book as if the author were afraid to get to grips with her characters. For compensation, however, the yarn is charmingly told. It is a story of a self-made martyr who nurses the mother of the man she should have married, but did not owing to the opposition of her father.

Into this scene is thrown an excitable French girl whom Bill, the man in the case, has married. The atmosphere which develops seems to have had the greatest effect on Bill, who goes mountaineering and meets his death while climbing. The womenfolk then sort out their lives, sobred by the shock of tragedy. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6.)

"POLE STAR." Stewart Edward White. In which Baranov, the small man of great character, head of the Russian America Fur Company in Litka, frustrates all attempts to remove him

from office, especially by one Count Nicholas Seldova. The story depicts life in the north very colorfully, and while written in popular novel form contains considerable value in the historical facts of Alan A. Love. Interest is provided by Ivan son of Baranov, and Vadia Andreavna, niece of Seldova. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7/6.)

"ALL I DESIRE." Dorothy Lambert. A light novel about an authoress who settles in the country for peace and quietness. Instead, she falls into romantic adventures which have a happy ending. Ideal train-journey novel when you haven't to think of a thing. (Collins, 7/6.)



PRIMROSES AND PEACOCKS.

Catherine Wright.

PHILLIDA forgets she is a lady and marries a Greek god of a fellow, with copper-colored face, a cleft chin, and a "Come Sunday" accent.

LATER she decides that her farm-hand lover has feet of clay, which, after all, is only to be expected.

SHE flies to London to forget, and makes a very tradesmanlike job of this, and she is the gayest of the gay.

ALONG comes true love in the form of clever young barrister, and everything ends happily for everybody except the Greek god. Excellent yarn, but it's not a book for the old-fashioned. (Hutchinson, 7/6.)



THE LATE SIR SIDNEY KIDMAN, who is the subject of a splendidly-written biography by Ion Idriess, reviewed on this page.

to familiar things. He did more than that. Out-of-work drivers were offered jobs on his stations in far-off Australia. Many accepted and made good.

The story is not altogether a saltbush saga of one man's life. It deals with adventurous experiences in the inland, which in many ways are the highlights of the tale. It adds, too, another portrait to the gallery of the pioneers in the days when the world was wide.

"The Cattle King," by Ion Idriess. Angus and Robertson, 6/6.

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A.W.W.336

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked, or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orifex Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.*** Copyright.

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FASTTEETH-VASCLYN, a new, greatly improved powder, to be applied on, above or over plates, holds false teeth firm and comfortable. Can not slide, slip, rock or pop-out. No gummy, sticky, pasty taste or feeling. Makes breath sweet and pleasant. Get FASTTEETH-VASCLYN to-day from any good chemist.***

A Complete Short Story

It Wasn't LEAP YEAR



YOU'VE been a long time," said Ronny Smith, when David and Kathleen drove up to the Country Club at last. It was the monthly carnival night. "The rest of us got here an hour ago."

"Sorry. My wind-screen-wiper gave out on the way."

"Have you any sticking-plaster, Ronny?" interrupted Kathleen.

"Sticking-plaster? There's the first-aid box in the hall. But why sticking-plaster?"

She dashed into the lounge without replying. David got out of his car, and felt an apparently tender spot on the crown of his head.

"Hallo," said Ronny, inspecting the place. "How did that happen?"

"It's nothing."

"But listen. I don't see how a busted screen-wiper need have held you up. You could work it by hand, I suppose?—or even drive without it. Or did you get dazzled and get that crack on the head through running into a ditch, or something?"

"No. As soon as the gadget stopped working I pulled up. You know why." David gazed after his fair passenger. "I told you I didn't think Kathleen

By
JOHN FAIRFAX

five minutes she suddenly switched on the car wireless."

"Well, naturally. I expect she thought you were neglecting her."

"I suppose you're right. But with that thing squawking away it was still more difficult to start the subject. I took the screen-wiper to bits and couldn't see anything wrong with it, so I put it together again, and still it wouldn't work. I'd decided by that time that I might as well give up the idea of proposing and drive on working the thing by hand."

Ronny nodded.

"Well, I tried to drive on. But we must have stopped on a muddy verge, because the near-side wheel just whizzed round and wouldn't grip, and the off-side one, as usual, didn't budge. I asked Kath to take the wheel while I got out and shoved. She—she smiled at me. And she said she'd rather sit and wait until we could send somebody for a rope to pull us clear."

"OH?" said Ronny.

This was quite astounding. Kathleen by that time ought not to have cared about anything so long as they pushed on; unless—It seemed incredible, but since there was nothing else—

"Why, you ass, she must have wanted you to propose to her! And did you?"

"I'd never seen her smile like that," said David, "at me or anyone else. I went all dizzy, and lost my nerve. All I could say was: 'I may as well see if I can't do something to improve the tone of that wireless.'"

"Well! You potty ditherer! You poor dumb fish!"

"I realise that now. And after the encouragement she'd been giving me, nobody ought to blame her for what she did."

"What did she do?"

"Well, to get at the screwdriver I'd had to bring out a tyre-lever and a couple of spanners first. And you can quite understand her in the bitterness of the moment trying to fetch me a crack on the bean with one of them, can't you? I ducked the worst of it and only got a glancing blow." He felt his head again tenderly.

Ronny felt rather awed. "Well, not every girl would have gone as far as that." He was going to add consolingly that Kathleen would never have turned out to be David's kind of girl, anyway when in a whirl she reappeared.

"Poor darling," she said, as she fussed over David's injured scalp. "Poor dear old thing. Does that hurt much now?"

"Not a bit, dearest."

"All it needs now is just a light dusting with antiseptic talc." She kissed the spot with tenderness and then perceived Ronny's blank astonishment. "David and I are going to be married," she explained, before departing again in search of talcum powder.

"Is this true?" asked Ronny dazedly.

"Ahem. Yes. After being clumped on the bean, the next thing I was aware of was Kath stroking my face, and begging me to say that she hadn't hurt me. She had decided to give me the chance of proposing to her on the journey here. Not knowing anything about cars, the only thing that seemed to her to offer the chance of a bit of delay on the way was the rubber tube leading to the windscreen-wiper, so she stuck a nail-file into that. Like a fool I spent the time repairing it, and then when she practically invited me to say my piece, I wanted to tinker with the wireless instead. As you say, Kath's got a swift temper. But she would never have acted so impulsively she says, if the tyre-lever hadn't been just handy. Well, I could still see stars, but I got the question out, there and then. And we're going to have our honeymoon in the autumn. So everything's O.K."

(Copyright.)



Legs, from £200,000 to £5000; smile, £50,000; hands, £2000. These are the values set by Miss Fay Marbe, American dancer, on the assets with which nature has generously endowed her—to judge by the amounts for which she has at different times insured them.

Now Ronny had always asked himself how a fellow so very mild and unassuming as David could even think of marriage to a brilliant, proud, rather hot-headed girl like Kath. He began to wonder if possibly she had dotted him one for even suggesting such a thing.

"You pulled up and popped the question to her?" he prompted.

"Er—no. When at last I had the chance, it seemed outrageous for an insignificant beggar like me to propose to such a girl as Kath. So, hoping that time would give me a bit more courage, I got my screwdriver out of the tool-cupboard. But the more I meditated the idea of proposing the more unthinkable it seemed. And when I'd been niddling with the screen-wiper for



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of this
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All	Fair	Blue	BLONDE	Dry
		Grey	Light Dark	Oily
	Creamy	Hazel	BROWNETTE	Normal
	Medium	Brown	Light Dark	LIPS
ADDRESS	Buddy	Black	BRUNETTE	Moist
		LASHES	Light Dark	Dry
	Olive	Light	REDHEAD	AGE
	Sun Tan	Dark	Light Dark	



JUST COULDN'T SLEEP

Night after night the same story

I wonder why I can't sleep!




Then—he took Two **ESTERIN** Tablets with a glass of warm milk and **SLEPT LIKE A TOP**

IF YOU ARE LONGING FOR RESTFUL SLEEP—HERE IS WONDERFUL NEWS!

Night after night you lie awake . . . and you are puzzled and troubled because sleep evades you. But medical science has now solved the problem of sleeplessness, and you need worry no longer. Sleeplessness and insomnia arise from mental unrest. Through some nervous disturbance or, possibly, pain, the brain and body cannot relax. The actual source of sleeplessness, therefore, is in the nerve centres. Once the nerve centres are calmed you will become physically and mentally composed, and quiet, peaceful sleep will quickly follow.

How To Soothe The Nerve Centres

There is one sure, safe and rapid way of soothing your nerve centres—take Nyal **ESTERIN**! Nyal **ESTERIN**

contains a new, effective but non-habit-forming sedative, known as Esterin Compound, which acts directly on the nerve centres, soothes them, causes pain to disappear, gives complete relaxation—and brings the sleep you are longing for. It is because of this direct action that Nyal **ESTERIN** works so quickly. It goes straight to the root of your trouble.

The SAFE Sedative

Nyal **ESTERIN** contains ingredients which are regularly prescribed by doctors for the prompt relief of pain. It can be taken with absolute safety. If you are troubled with Headaches, Neuralgia, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Muscular Pains, etc., let Nyal **ESTERIN** banish the pain for you. Know the joy of perfect sleep, of complete freedom from pain and nervous unrest! Go to your chemist (every chemist sells Nyal **ESTERIN**) and get the handy 1/3 tin of Nyal **ESTERIN** Tablets.

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The 'QUICK-WIN' WEEKLY PUZZLE

MUST BE WON

FILL IN A FEW LETTERS AND WIN BIG MONEY

Don't miss this splendid one-week competition! It simply consists of nine ordinary, everyday words, only each has some letters missing—for YOU to find. This is how to enter: For the purposes of the puzzle we number the alphabet 1 to 26 to make the code below, and, in addition, we give you nine word-clues which you also see underneath. NOW, THE PUZZLE IS TO MAKE THE LARGEST SCORE OF LETTER NUMBERS YOU CAN IN WORDS ANSWERING THOSE CLUES AND EXACTLY FILLING THE FRAME.

For example, clue No. 1 is "Used for writing." You are given the first letter, "P," and can complete the word by adding "EN," making the word "PEN." The letter values of this word, reading from the code below, are 16, 5, and 14—a total of 35.

Now carry on with clue No. 2, in which you are given the last letter. THE SECRET IS TO FIND NINE SUITABLE WORDS WITH THE LARGEST LETTER VALUES. Only recognised words suitable to the clues and contained in Chambers' Dictionary will be permitted. REMEMBER, YOUR WORDS MUST ALL FIT IN THE SPACES OF THE FRAME STRAIGHT DOWNWARDS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. Thus the letters given you for each word are sometimes at the head and sometimes at the tail of the word.

When you have completed the nine words, work out the letter value for each word as in the above example, write out a list of the words IN INK on a sheet of paper, place opposite each word its total letter value, add up the nine totals, and this will give you the final total value of your solution. Add your name and residential address, and post the entry to: **HEADS OR TAILS, No. IV, Box 4155X, G.P.O., SYDNEY.**

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY:

All entries must be postmarked not later than FRIDAY, APRIL 17th. The First Prize of £35 will be awarded to the competitor who submits the solution with the largest total letter value, and the other two prizes in order of merit. In case of ties, the total prize money will be divided, but the full amount will be paid. A prize money has been deposited with "The Australian Women's Weekly." A postal note for 1/- must accompany each entry (1/4 in postage stamps accepted if postal note not obtainable). Post Office addresses not accepted. Results will be published on MAY 2nd.

RESULT OF HEADS OR TAILS, No. 1

1st PRIZE, £35—Mrs. A. E. Davis, Liverpool St., Scane, N.S.W.
Solution—Arm, Rynd, Strop, Usser, Busting, Turvel, Flash, Wool, Cur. Total points, 621

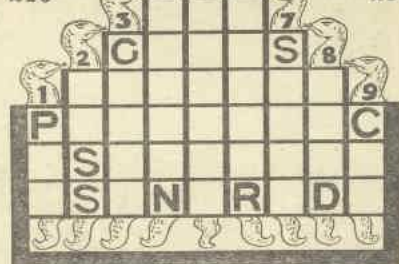
2nd PRIZE, £10—Miss Rita Rowe, 236 Sloane St., Goulburn, N.S.W.
Solution—Arm, Rynd, Strop, Rutter, Busting, Wisket, Flash, Wool, Cur. Total points, 606

3rd PRIZE, £5—Miss C. Jacobson, Hudson Rd., Woolloomooloo, Brisbane.
Solution—Arm, Gowed, Strop, Suttler, Bowling, Turvel, Flash, Wool, Cur. Total points, 601

PRIZE MONEY WILL BE POSTED ON FRIDAY, 24th APRIL.

FIRST PRIZE - £35

SECOND PRIZE £10



THE CODE:

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18
S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z	
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	

THE CLUES:

- Used for writing.
- To make love.
- To rub.
- A bird.
- A fish.
- Found in the home.
- A food.
- A girl.
- Holds milk.

THEN Came Dawn AT WILLIE'S

Continued from Page 6

"WHAT did I tell you?" she demanded of everyone, but there are certain things about which Hollywood can't be fooled.

Then came a night when the sky was criss-crossed with lights and people had been standing for hours, in spite of a silvery veil of rain, that they might witness the glittering spectacle of a Hollywood premiere. Mary Fox, listening over the radio, heard the wild cheers that greeted the arrival of Owen Parrish. Then she heard Gwyn, her voice tremulous to the point of tears as it always was when she faced her public, introduce her escort—that promising young New York actor, Mr. Welford Keyes.

She smiled at Denny across the bar at Willie's . . . a defiant, sad little smile. Now in Hollywood if you would like to know anything about a person that anywhere else in the world would be sacredly personal, the simplest and most successful method is a direct question. "Are you still carrying the torch for that Welford guy?" Denny demanded.

THE smile faded, and Mary Fox looked a little more defiant, a little less drunk and very sad. With her eyes on Denny she finished her drink. "Yes. What about it?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all, but what does it get you?"

She shrugged and gathered up her gloves and worn little purse, and Denny followed her out of Willie's. Denny put her in her shabby little coupe with the bent fenders and drove behind her to her apartment "to ward off ghosts, banishes and desperate characters." He squeezed her hand when he left her, but he didn't say anything because there was, after all, so little to say to Mary Fox. Welford, by this time, was one of Hollywood's most popular leading men, with eyes for no one but Gwen Parrish. It was a jig-saw puzzle into which Mary Fox couldn't fit.

But the next day at lunch, sitting across from Mrs. Krause, Denny was silent and thoughtful. There were people who hadn't met Denny before . . . important people . . . and Mrs. Krause wanted Denny to be entertaining. "Whatever are you thinking about, Denny?" she asked at last.

Everyone at the table looked expectantly at Denny. They had heard so much about this mad and amusing person Enid had annexed. "About a girl who's crazy about a guy. Really loves him. I mean," Denny explained solemnly. "A girl who doesn't ever want to get over it."

The people who had just met Denny laughed uncertainly. They weren't sure but that it might be a sample of the man's peculiar and famous wit. But Denny didn't laugh. He didn't seem to remember they were there. "You know, Enid, I'd like to make just one more picture. Just one."

Then suddenly Denny banged a hat on the table so hard that everyone jumped. "Solly Weisenstein," he shouted exultantly. "Solly Weisenstein!"

And before anyone knew what had happened Denny was gone, still repeating the name, "Solly Weisenstein," as if it were a magic formula. Mrs. Krause turned to her bewildered guests murmuring inadequate apologies.

IN his spacious and richly furnished offices at Solly Weisenstein, a very busy and sorely troubled man. The churches were clamoring for clean pictures. There had been meetings, and two of the super productions, on which the studio of which Mr. Weisenstein was president had planned its highest hopes, had come under the ban. At lunch Mr. Weisenstein had deviated from the rigid diet insisted on by his physician. He had a dozen appointments to keep, not one of them pleasant, and he had just been informed that his youngest daughter had established a residence in Reno. So it added little to Mr. Weisenstein's happiness to be told by a harassed-looking secretary that one Dennis Fitzgerald was in the outer sanctum proslamming to the high heavens his unshakable determination to see Mr. Weisenstein.

Mr. Weisenstein tossed the sheaf of discouraging statistics he had been studying into the air.

"On such a day as this," he groaned, "that drunken loafer should come belowing at my door! Tell him for me that five years ago I passed a law saying that never again should Denny Fitzgerald set as much as one of his feet on invincible property. Tell him that as long as there is an inch of invincible property left, or a stick or stone of invincible studio standing for him, Denny Fitzgerald, there still holds such a law."

It was too much to expect that Mr. Weisenstein had forgiven and forgotten . . . yet here was Denny Fitzgerald pushing his secretary aside and embracing the little old man as if he were a long-lost father and the fatted calf was done to a beautiful turn.

"Solly, I've got an idea," Denny burst out. "A beautiful idea! You'll be crazy about it!"

Stoically Mr. Weisenstein regarded his erstwhile favorite. "If you have an idea, Denny Fitzgerald, I guess you know maybe what you can do with it. I have a chief of police six and a half feet high to handle such people like you, so get out of my office before I have you thrown out!"

But Denny wasn't listening. He pushed Mr. Weisenstein down in his chair. "I come to you, Solly, because you know what I always said. 'Solly Weisenstein is the sweetest little guy in the business.' Even when you passed that law against me and wouldn't as much as speak to me I never said anything else."

There had been a time when Solly Weisenstein had loved Denny like a son. Denny had started his career on the invincible lot. But Mr. Weisenstein had determined not to weaken. "Did you ever hear of a picture called 'Daphne's Dilemma'?" Then with shame bow your head, Mr. Denny Fitzgerald, and take yourself out of my office!

"Let's remember 'Miss Rosie Jones,' instead," Denny grinned. Mr. Weisenstein softened almost imperceptibly. He liked to remember 'Miss Rosie Jones.' "Miss Rosie Jones" had been made by Denny at his zenith. The picture had grossed almost two million dollars.

Denny's bright blue eyes met the shrewd little nose-buttons through which Mr. Weisenstein gazed at the world. "You'll take a chance on me, Solly, because you're not only a swell little guy but you're a smart little guy. I've got a grand idea!"

Please turn to Page 16

The creme of happiness

" . . . and then, Lo and behold, my skin began to change. I could see it with my very eyes. Creme Charmosan, of course."

"My skin grew younger and prettier, many faults disappeared entirely from it. Signs of my years were no longer there. Think of that. Something came into my skin that made it look young again. I can't just explain it, but look at me."

"Oh, bless Creme Charmosan. Am I happy? Dear goodness, am I happy?"

Creme Charmosan holds a secret. No other creme has it. It brings charm, youth, loveliness to the spirit or old or ageing skin. It clears and beautifies. It's grandness.

Creme Charmosan

Quite graceless. Holds powder for hours. A charm against sun, dust and winds. Favorite of stage and film stars. Big jars for your dressing-table. 2/6. Handing tubes, 1/6. Sold everywhere.

P.S. Charmosan face powder gives instant charm to your skin. This powder comes from France. It stays on for hours and hours, no matter what you are doing so that you can forget all about your powder pad. You can dance play tennis, golf, motor . . . do what you like. Charmosan face powder stays on with sweetest witchery. You get it in all shades and tints. A box costs only 2/6, so that not only is it the best powder you can buy, but also the most economical.

CLEANS & POLISHES ALUMINIUM

Steeelo

Does it quickly . . . in one operation . . . and more easily than ever. Steelo restores the natural brightness and smoothness of the metal.

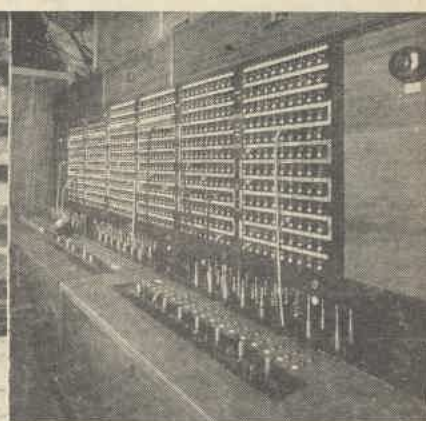


PAT NORTON—the Girl Who Makes RECORDS



PAT NORTON, Australia's 17-year-old swimming marvel, who leaves next month for Europe to participate in the Olympic Games to be held in Berlin in August. The five special studies above, taken by The Australian Women Weekly's photographer, give interesting glimpses of the simple daily life of our Olympic hope. Early morning exercises, breakfast, instructing a friend in the swimming art, typing letters to pen-friends abroad, then a run down to the beach—that

is part of the round between her school lessons. Collecting mascots is her chief hobby. Her ability to make new records on nearly every occasion she enters Australian and State championships is earning her the sobriquet of "The girl who makes records." "Good luck and more victories" is everybody's wish for this young sportswoman, who will be our sole woman representative at the Games.



MISS MARIAN ("BROWNIE") LUNN, attractive South Australian airwoman, who has been mentioned as a possible entrant in the proposed women's air race associated with the South Australian Centenary. —Rembrandt studio.

AN EGG-GRADER and packer which selects four different grades of eggs according to weight and packs them at the rate of 140 dozen an hour. It was exhibited at a New York poultry show.

THE PHONE BOARD on Britain's new mammoth liner, the Queen Mary. "The Hello Girls" will have a busy time dealing with the calls.



A LONG FAMILY LINE. Fifteen grandchildren with their grandparents, Capt. and Mrs. Fitzherbert Wright, a well-known Derbyshire family. The children's names make an interesting directory. From left to right: Capt. Fitzherbert Wright, Clemency and Felicity Elwes, Charles and Anthony Leaf, Jeremy, Prudence and Nicholas Elwes, Elizabeth, Cathryn and Bill Rinde, Tamara Imeretinsky, Brigid Wright, Natasha Imeretinsky, David and Brian Fitzherbert Wright, the latter seated on his grandmother's knee.



SNOW SPORTS FOR SOLDIERS. Italians on manoeuvres in the Alps at home. This is their training ground before they are sent to Abyssinia—where the climate is a little different.

She deserved the applause!



Learn Syncopation and get yourself a real welcome everywhere—always! Advanced classical pianists, medium players—even absolute Beginners can learn (no matter where they live) by means of my complete Personal Postal Course in MODERN PIANO SYNCOPATION.

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FILL IN COUPON BELOW.

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NAME (Print in Block Letters)

ADDRESS



Look After Your FEET WITH Zam-Buk For a Happy Holiday

WHATEVER your holiday plans—it's going to mean a lot of extra work for your feet. At the seaside or in the country—walking, cycling, playing games and dancing—you cannot enjoy yourself if your feet are letting you down. Therefore be kind to your feet, for they are the foundation of a good holiday.

Don't forget!—every night, especially during the hot weather, bathe your feet in warm water, dry thoroughly, then devote a few minutes to massaging Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles and toes. As the refined herbal oils are absorbed and reach the underlying tissues.

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation are quickly relieved. Hard skin, corns, and bunions are softened, joints ankles, toes, and feet are made easy and you can again walk and wear shoes in comfort. Start using Zam-Buk now and make sure of a happy and enjoyable holiday.

1/6 or 3/6 a box. Of all chemists & stores.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



PRESENTING THE THRILLING, NEW

SAVAGE LIPSTICK

Warm, enthralling, exciting SAVAGE colour . . . tempered to the subtlety of sophistication for fascinating lips. SAVAGE . . . actually indelible . . . the clear, transparent colour clings, pastes itself smoothly and temptingly. As smart as the lipstick itself is the clever Savage case with its whirling dancing figures. Know the thrill of savage loveliness on your lips. One of the four stirring shades of Savage Lipstick is rose shade.

TANGERINE • FLAME • NATURAL • BLUSH



THIS GLAMOROUS black satin pyjama suit relies on a gaily embroidered shield-shaped motif as its sole decoration. The bare trousers and shoes seem to require a jashmak to complete the Eastern illusion. It is worn with a georgette wrap in a contrasting shade.

THEN Came Dawn AT WILLIE'S

MR. WEISENSTEIN

pressed his palms to his aching temples. "That the day should come when I should listen to you again, Denny Fitzgerald. The man does not live who can twice make a fool out of Solly Weisenstein. So you say you've got a story?"

Denny nodded. "Well, let's have it. Let's have it. I'm a busy man."

"Well, it's about a girl who loves a guy . . ." And at that point Denny paused.

"Go on," urged Mr. Weisenstein suspiciously. "Such an idea I never heard before in my twenty-three years in the business. Hardly can I wait to know what happens next! Or is it a serial you want to make?"

"Well, I don't know just what happens," Denny confessed. "I just have an idea . . . anyhow, I want to make a picture."

Solly Weisenstein collapsed. "Please, get out of my office, Denny Fitzgerald," he begged weakly.

"I can't stand any more . . . with my stomach and the heat and censorship and my daughter in Reno. Don't forget I am an old man."

But Denny was not to be daunted. "I'll be here in the morning, Solly, with a story that will tear your heart out, make a new man of you! So long, Solly, and thanks! You're the same swell little guy!"

DENNY was as good as his word, which hadn't always been the case. He broke the engagement he had with Mrs. Krause, and all night Denny's two typing fingers x'd out words and phrases on his typewriter. By five o'clock he had a story . . . a little like "Rosie Jones," a little like two others he had made, and a part that was brand new. He felt so good about it that he called Mrs. Krause. But when Mrs. Krause discovered that he wasn't ill she was ever so delicately annoyed and suggested that he really owed her, and particularly her hostess, an apology for disturbing the household with an unnecessary call at such an ungodly hour.

Denny was waiting, smug as a schoolboy who for once has his algebra done, when Mr. Weisenstein arrived the next morning.

For a space there was silence while Mr. Weisenstein read. Now and then he made a little cluckin' noise. Once he nodded his head and twice he shook emphatically. Then Mr. Weisenstein was finished.

"It's good, Denny. It's so good it makes me mad, and it's so clean I can't believe it. I hate to say it, but it's a better story than 'Rosie Jones.' You were the Denny Fitzgerald you are ten years ago it might be terrific.

Continued from Page 14

I'll buy your story, Denny, and pay you high, but you I don't want!"

Denny picked up his manuscript and started for the door, but Solly Weisenstein called him back. "What's your hurry, Denny? Give me a chance to change my mind. I've done it before. Give me an argument. Money we haven't talked about yet. No one can say that Solly Weisenstein is a little man except when he is standing up. All right, one more chance I give you to wreck my studio. More than that I will do for you. . . . Sari Sorel will play the girl in your story! . . . Sari Sorel, I give you, Denny, the biggest star I got!"

Denny didn't move from the door. "Sari Sorel you won't give me even if she comes all wrapped up in platinum gauze and tied with diamond ribbons. I've already chosen the girl for this picture."

Mr. Weisenstein rocked back and forth in his chair, a very angry man. "Already who is giving the orders in my studio? . . . Listen to him! Excuse me, Mr. Fitzgerald, but can I find out from you who is to play in my picture?"

"Sure. Mary Fox. I can't see anyone else in the part."

"Mary Fox? Who is Mary Fox? Ain't she a girl who got her nose broken?"

"Mary Fox," said Denny, "is a crazy little kid who got her heart broken, and it's sticking out of her eyes in a way that's worth a million dollars, and Hollywood's too dumb to see it."

"Except you, Mr. Fitzgerald. Always you are smarter."

When Mrs. Krause heard the news she accepted it very calmly. "We might cruise up to Alaska," she said. "Leonard said something about shooting bears. I suppose you'll be ready to join us by the time we return?"

Denny said that would be perfect and that he was sorry he had disrupted their plans . . . but he just had to make this last picture . . . and did she understand how he felt?

The next morning he called Mary Fox. "Go down to the beauty parlor," he ordered, "and have your hair dyed that nice plain shade it is at the roots and have them take all that murderous red stuff off your finger-nails. Then come down to Invisible Studios so that we can make a test of you."

Mary hadn't seen the morning papers. She hadn't read the sentimental blurb that announced Denny's return to the Weisenstein fold.

Please turn to Page 18



Now! LONG, LOVELY LASHES so fascinating to men!

From America comes the secret of this super-mascara. Wins. Instantly, it gives your lashes a natural accent. It makes skinny, pale lashes look luscious, sparkling, alive! You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Wins—the perfected mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with lashes darkened by Wins—will have new mystery, new charm.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smearing, tear-proof! Yet so quick to apply—an application lasts 12 hours.

In two convenient forms—the Cake (in a box) and the new Creamy (in a tube).



WINX for Lovely Eyes

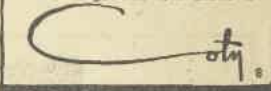
INTERNATIONAL CHEMICAL CO.
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ARE YOUR LOOKS WORTH 1d. A DAY?

Strange, isn't it, to learn that you CAN afford the finest of fine French powder! For everyday—for so very little!

A box of Coty powder . . . finely sifted and delicately perfumed . . . will last you for 13 weeks. You will only pay 3/6 for that smart large box . . . 1d. per day for the most exclusive of powders. Coty Powder accentuates your personality more effectively than you can ever expect a cheap cosmetic to do. You can enjoy Coty Powder, in an individual perfume, at a price that will put dubious, cheap powders out of your thoughts for ever.

Large Box 3/6; Small 2/3



Catarrh Causes Head Noises and Deafness

GREAT EUROPEAN REMEDY OPENS UP CLOGGED NOSTRILS AND RELIEVES CATARRH OF DEAFNESS.

Few people realize what a serious disease catarrh really is. If neglected, the damage it does is often irreparable. Deafness, lung troubles and head noises that drive the sufferer nearly frantic are frequently due to this insidious disease, whilst neglect of catarrh often makes its victim into a worn-out, run-down, catarrhal wreck. What is catarrh today may soon be something far more serious. It is more than a trifling ailment—more than a disgusting disease. It's a dangerous one. Unchecked, it frequently destroys smell, taste, and hearing, and slowly but surely undermines the general health.

If you have catarrh in any form, go to your chemist and get an ounce of Parment (Double Strength). Take this home and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 1 lb. of ordinary crystal sugar. Take a tablespoonful four times a day. Parment is the great concentrate for catarrh that is now being so extensively used here in Australasia, where it is giving satisfaction even under our own trying climatic conditions.

Catarrh being a disease of the blood, the only possible way to cure it is by treating the blood itself. Drive the catarrhal poisons from the system by treating the blood, and the disease itself must vanish. Parment has proved successful in so many cases because it acts directly upon the blood and mucous membranes.

To be able to breathe freely, to hear plainly, smell, taste, and urinate in the morning refreshed and strong, and with the head and throat free from phlegm, are conditions that make life worth living. For your own sake give Parment a trial—and with your whole system crying for relief you should start the treatment now.*** Copyright.

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen. When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



GOLFER: I suppose you're the world's worst caddie.
CADDIE: You don't come across coincidences like that in real life.



"Play him, yer fool! Do yer want the dern thing ter get away?"



HE: Why date your letters the 20th when it is only the 15th?
SHE: I thought of asking you to post them.



DOCTOR: How much do you weigh?
PATIENT: Fourteen stone.
DOCTOR: What is the least you have weighed?
PATIENT: Seven and a half pounds!



HENPECK (to policeman): Did the wife say I could go?

For a happy
"CAT-AND-DOG LIFE"
USE

"KF" KILLS FLEAS
and Vermin on
CATS, DOGS and BIRDS

Kills Ants & Silverfish

As well as killing Fleas in Carpets and Rugs, KF will be found wonderfully effective in killing Ants and Silverfish. Simply sprinkle it around the places they infest, in kitchens, bedrooms, cupboards, etc.

1 1/3 tin
Double Size, 2/-
(1lb. tin, 4/-; 1lb. tin, 6/-)

AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES
Manufacturers: HOUGHTON & BYRNE, Specialists in Pest Destruction—Offices in all States.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

BENEFACITOR: There you are, my poor man, here's a shilling.
Tramp: Thank you, lady. Now could I use your phone to ring up my book-maker?

"SANDY," said the vicar reproachfully, "you promised me faithfully that you would mend your ways, and I can't see any difference in you."
"Ha! ye no heard of invessible mending?" asked the sinner by way of reply.

GOLFER: My word, it's good to be back on the links again, Caddy! I've been away for six weeks, you know.
Caddy: Yes, sir, and the fairways have almost healed up.

BOSS: That bell at the end of your typewriter, Miss Jones—
Miss Jones: Yes, sir?
Boss: Well, it isn't there to remind you to powder your nose.

"I've been married 20 years, and I spend every evening at home with my wife!"
"Ah! That's love!"
"No! It's gout!"

CANVASSER: You put down a small deposit, and then there are no more payments for six months.
Lady (traculently): Who has been telling you about us?

"WHAT happened when the boss caught you reading a novel instead of doing your work?"
"I lost my place."

Amazing VOICE DISCOVERY!

YOU can develop a splendid resonant voice of great range and purity of tone, by practicing simple SILENT exercises in the privacy of your room. This method is invaluable to singers or speakers, a complete remedy for weak voice, harshness, limited range, and all vocal defects. Invaluable to all who suffer from STAMMERING or STUTTERING. Hundreds of astounding testimonials. SEND 5/- FOR COMPLETE COURSE TO—
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DON'T BE BULLIED!

Learn to fear no man. The BEST self-defence ever invented, namely JUDO-JITSU, by Judo Master, Japanese Champion, Blay to Learn. For women as well as men. SPLITTING LESSONS, 5/- Special Photographs—and 1 knockout blow without using fists.
Full Course, 5/-
Write from ST. GIR BOKITA, King Street, Box 108, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Height Increase GUARANTEED!

four straight positively increased in 14 days or your money back! Note that this amazing system is GUARANTEED to make you taller. This unique system will quickly bring you (guaranteed) and extra, as well as a permanent gain in height of 4-5 inches. No drugs, no appliances, no extras! W.L. writes Jan. 1936: "I am 25 years old. I am 5' 8" tall. I am 5' 10" tall. I am 5' 12" tall. I am 5' 14" tall. I am 5' 16" tall. I am 5' 18" tall. I am 5' 20" tall. I am 5' 22" tall. I am 5' 24" tall. I am 5' 26" tall. I am 5' 28" tall. I am 5' 30" tall. I am 5' 32" tall. I am 5' 34" tall. I am 5' 36" tall. I am 5' 38" tall. I am 5' 40" tall. I am 5' 42" tall. I am 5' 44" tall. I am 5' 46" tall. I am 5' 48" tall. I am 5' 50" tall. I am 5' 52" tall. I am 5' 54" tall. I am 5' 56" tall. I am 5' 58" tall. I am 5' 60" tall. I am 5' 62" tall. I am 5' 64" tall. I am 5' 66" tall. I am 5' 68" tall. I am 5' 70" tall. I am 5' 72" tall. I am 5' 74" tall. I am 5' 76" tall. I am 5' 78" tall. I am 5' 80" tall. 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Margaret Vyner writes:

"People say I'm lucky—
but I say "Aren't we all?"

"I couldn't tell you how much I admired the delicate complexions of English girls. Their skins were like milk and roses. I asked a lovely London debutante the secret. She just had time to whisper 'D. & R.' before one of her admirers whisked her away.

"I soon found out she meant Daggett and Ramsdell's Beauty Creations—and I've been for them ever since. They acted like magic on my skin, and then I realised why they were quite the fashionable thing in Europe and America. So when anyone says I'm lucky, I simply say, 'Aren't we all?—we can all use these marvellous aids to beauty.'"

Margaret Vyner

The ideal mat-finish powder base that's so kind to the complexion is Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Vanishing Cream. Tenderly, but surely, it shields your skin from sun and wind and dust. The fine texture and clinging quality of Daggett & Ramsdell's Face Powder will appeal to you. Use it regularly with Daggett & Ramsdell's Vanishing Cream, and, like Margaret Vyner, you'll be delighted with the loveliness that comes to your complexion. Why not complete your toilet with these other popular Daggett & Ramsdell's Creations—D. & R. Lipstick, 6/6;

D. & R. Rouge, 6/6; D. & R. Cold Cream, 2/6. Margaret Vyner uses them all. Lucky for you—you can use them too!



Daggett & Ramsdell

Secret of Hair Growth Discovered at Last!

Scalp Specialists' Remarkable
Formula Grows Hair in 30
Days!

Good News Even for Many People Who
Think Themselves Hopelessly or
Incurably Bald.



If you would have a thick head of
hair with the glossy lustre that be-
speaks good health—a CLEAN scalp—
ask your chemist for

CRYSTOLIS

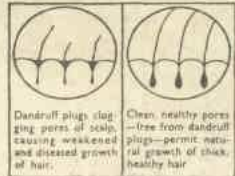
Recognised by the Pharmaceutical Pro-
fession as the World's most Effective
Scalp Treatment and Hair Restorative

DR. JACKSON and McMurtry—Col-
lege of Physicians, Columbia, this
variety, have endorsed the essential of
the Crystolis Rapid discovery as "the
only agent we know of that will grow
hair."

Crystolis Rapid—by virtue of its un-
usually penetrative power—a scientific
property of its extremely low surface
tension—swiftly absorbed deep down
into the hair roots. Here it dissolves
and expels all hidden foreign matter—
and stimulates the papillae (hair-grow-
ing organs) with the very elements
they need to revive their natural hair-
growing functions.

Dandruff is not—as many imagine—
simply the white scaly flakes that fill
the hair. It is a germ—hidden in the
hair roots—and these white flakes are
but a symptom. The insidious germ
plugs up the pores—another the hair
roots—then comes baldness. It is the
peculiar action of Crystolis Rapid in
cleansing the scalp of these plugs that
is the secret of its remarkable effec-
tiveness. Many have reported new hair
growth at a rate of an inch in 14 days!

It is highly endorsed by world-famous
scientists—it is positively guaranteed
to produce actual—visible—results or
money promptly refunded.



THEN Came Dawn AT WILLIE'S

Continued from Page 16

"WHAT is the idea, Denny?" she inquired sleepily. "Any-
how, it isn't funny. I have just
twelve dollars in the world, and
that is to be spent in keeping
the soul and body of Mary Fox
from parting company. I can't
afford to go to a beauty parlor, and I
don't care whether you like the co-
tized effect of my hair or my murder-
ous paws. And now I'm going back to
bed."

"You get down to that beauty parlor
and you be at the studio at one o'clock.
If you aren't there I'll send the whole
Los Angeles fire department after you."

Small and plain and furious, Mary
sat waiting for Denny at one o'clock.
She hated herself with brown hair. She
hated Denny Fitzgerald for tricking
her into doing such a thing to herself.
And her hands! After the vivid polish
she was accustomed to, they looked like
dead hands.

Denny took one pleased look at her
"Perfect! Absolutely perfect!"

"Perfect is right," Mary sighed. "I
look just the way I feel."

That night Denny and Mr. Weisen-
stein and three executives of the
company viewed the tests in the
projection room. First there was
Sari Sorel, glamorous and exuding
sex appeal, even in the prim garb of
Denny's heroine. Then tests of two
other girls prominent on the lot were
shown, and last of all, came Mary
Fox, her little face plainly a problem
for the cameramen.

The lights went on. Denny turned
to the guiding powers of the studio.
"Well?"

"It will be something new for Sorel,"
one of the executives remarked. "I
think it will do her a lot of good."

DENNY ignored the
executive. It was to Solly Weisenstein
he appealed. "You got what I tried
to tell you, didn't you, Solly? That
kid's got something in her face you
can't forget. She's carrying her
own little bitter-sweet ball around
with her every minute. Let me make
the picture my way, Solly. I don't ever
intend to make another one. I'm get-
ting out of Hollywood the day it gets
its final O.K."

Pointed, personal, and bitter were the
arguments that lasted far into the
night. But a producer and three exec-
utives were no match for Denny. In the
end Mary Fox was chosen to play the
little school teacher who falls for a
travelling salesman.

At first Mary refused to believe
Denny when he told her. When she
found that it wasn't a joke, she was
frightened. "What do you want to do
it for, Denny? You can't depend on
me. Something's gone. I don't have
to tell you. This is your chance to
come back. . . . you mustn't ruin it!"

Denny pushed her funny little nose
flat against her face. "I don't want to
come back. You're the one who's going
to do that."

Within the next two weeks, Mrs.
Krause sailed for Alaska and produc-
tion started on Denny's picture. An
aura of suspense hung over the set.
Everyone waited for Denny to fail to
appear one morning, or to indulge in
some maddening and costly prank.
Mary Fox, sitting from her dressing-
room to the set, was an almost austere
little figure that failed to impress many
people. Even Denny waited for her to
thaw out and get a grip on the part.

THEN one Sunday
afternoon came a cocktail party.
Denny brought Mary. She wore
a white organdy dress with a blue
sash and big white hat. She seemed
no more than sixteen, and Denny
said there was a sort of "scrubbed and
village choir" look about her.

The party was in full swing when
they arrived, overflowing on to the
terraces, the gardens, the tennis court,
and the swimming pool. Pictu-
resque as a gipsy in a big black hat and a
trailing gown of scarlet print, Gwen
Parish sat under a tree that flouted
great white blossoms. She stared with
fascinating, tragic eyes at the untasted
drink in her hand, and at her feet
languished Welford Keyes. They didn't
look like real people. They were both
flamboyantly beautiful, like the litho-
graphs advertising their pictures.

Mary Fox saw them and stop-
ped short. Denny could feel her nervous
little fingers on his arm, and he could
guess at the pounding of her heart.
"Steady now," Denny whispered. "It's
all part of the plot. You wanted to
see him, didn't you? Take it big."

Gwen smiled sleepily, intriguingly, at
Denny, and Welford rose to his feet.
Then Mary said, "Hello, Welford," so
nicely that Denny was proud of her.
It had been a long time since they had
met face to face.

"How are you, Mary?" Grand to see

you again." He included Denny. "I
hear you two are doing a nice thing at
Invincible." Welford had arrived in
Hollywood when Denny's Pan-like
reign of glory was only a memory, but
it was still funny to hear Welford
Keyes, or anyone for that matter, take
a patronising tone when they spoke to
Denny Fitzgerald.

THAT was all for the
first encounter, but later in the even-
ing, when the crowd had thinned
and Gwen Parrish was having her
palm read, Denny discovered Welford
Keyes and Mary Fox talking
quietly in a corner; and Denny
imagined that there was about Mary
a ghostly trace of the radiance she
had worn when she first arrived in
Hollywood.

Mary was on the set, waiting, when
Denny arrived the next morning. Her
make-up was perfect. She no longer
wore the bewildered expression of the
night before. "Denny, from now on
give me the works," she begged. "If
I'm bad, tell me so. If I'm good, re-
member I want to be better. I'll work
day and night and then start all
over again. If you really think I've



JANE W. DUNLAP, Deputy Sheriff
of Bernalillo County, New Mexico,
is the only woman official of that
rank in the State. She has been
serving as a deputy for three years,
after having taught school for 14
years. "She is as good as any
man," says the Sheriff of the State.

got something, I want you to beat it
out of me."

Denny stared at her. Again he was
awed by the wonder of it. Mary Fox
was glowing again. . . . alive again.
"You mean you want to give a per-
formance?"

Mary nodded.

"O.K.," said Denny. "From now on
the old whip cracks."

But for the first time it occurred to
him that his lot, as self-appointed
assistant to the Deity in affairs of life
and love wasn't as entertaining as he
had imagined it would be.

However, he took Mary Fox at her
word and the whisper went about that
Mary Fox was coming through. . . .
but Denny no longer took her to
parties or to dinner. Then about the
time the picture was winding up, Mrs.
Krause returned from Alaskan waters.

In the old days the last shot on a
Denny Fitzgerald production was the
signal for a party, and Denny invari-
ably became very drunk and very much
out of control. But the final shot on
"Story of a School Ma'am" was an
almost funeral affair.

"Well, that's that," Denny observed
gloomily. Then Mary Fox came to-
wards him. "There are a million
words, Denny, but none of them are
good enough to tell you how I feel."
And she hurried off the set. Denny
watched her go. He had run into Mary
with Welford Keyes at various night
spots and they had rather sullenly and
stupidly ignored each other. Denny
couldn't explain it, but it seemed to
have been a spontaneous impulse on
both sides. With a ragged little wave
of farewell and a rueful grin, Denny
left too, but in the opposite direction.

Mrs. Krause's yacht lay in the harbor
waiting for the O.K. on Denny's pic-
ture, and Denny and Mrs. Krause were
again seen night after night in the
gayest places. And a movie chatter-
box queried one morning: "Is the romance
between Gwen Parrish and Welford
Keyes cooling?"

Please turn to Page 20



WE'VE BEATEN NEURITIS

By attacking neu-
ritis where it begins
. . . in kidneys and
liver . . . by check-
ing the flow of
harmful material
which poisons the
system when these
important organs are
disordered, Warner's
Safe Cure perman-
ently cures not only
neuritis, but also
rheumatism, sciatica,
biliousness, and all
symptoms rising out
of this common
cause.

WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Sold by Chemists and Storekeepers
in both the original 5/- bottle
and the cheaper concentrated form
at 2/9.

A WORD FROM MATRON

LOOK AT MY TERRIBLE
SKIN, MATRON. CAN
ANYTHING BE DONE
ABOUT IT?

CERTAINLY!
YOU SHOULD
USE REXONA
SOAP!



NOT JUST A SOAP

... A COMPLETE SKIN TREATMENT

Cleansing your skin with Rexona Soap
is real cleansing. . . not only of the outer
skin but under the surface too. The
medications in Rexona Soap remove the
cause of skin faults, the dust germs and
impurities which settle deep down in
the pores. Regular cleansing with
Rexona sweeps away blackheads and
blemishes, and wakes up lazy glands
and tissues so that a dull, sallow skin
becomes a clear, glowing, healthy one.

Obstinate Skin Complaints

Many a sufferer from persistent skin
defects and even eczema has at last
found speedy relief with
Rexona Ointment. Used
together with Rexona
Soap, it is the one perfect
skin treatment.

Rexona

SOAP, 9d. per tablet. OINTMENT, 1/6 (10/-)
(City and Suburbs)

A 101.20

When Stomach Gas Presses On Heart

If you suffer sharp pains about the
heart and a feeling of suffocation, don't
delay. Go round to your chemist and
get a few ounces of pure Salix Magnesia.
Take a teaspoonful in half a glass of
hot water after meals. Within five
minutes it will relieve the pressure of
gas around your heart and cause you to
breathe easier. Salix Magnesia soothes,
cleanses, and sweetens the stomach and
neutralises the dangerous acids which
are the real cause of a gassy stomach.

Salix Magnesia—recommended by
doctors and chemists throughout the
civilized world for more than 10 years—
is to-day the most scientifically balanced
form of magnesia and bismuth available
to stomach sufferers—possessing fully
twice the pain-relieving speed of other
magnesia-bismuth preparations; tenfold
the lasting, curative, properties; and by
far the most palatable taste.

NOTE—Don't confuse Salix Magnesia
with other unsatisfactory forms of
magnesia—strawder, palmer, citrate,
etc.—it is always wise to pronounce
clearly the name "S.-L.-X" Magnesia
to your chemist.

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.

HANDBAG PROBLEM

WHERE do most people put their handbags, gloves, and small parcels when lunching in town? Mine are a source of worry to me while I am trying to rest and enjoy my lunch. There is never room for them on the table or the chair, and if put in the only available place (one's lap), they are constantly slipping to the floor.

If tables had pockets in them, school desk type, how simple and convenient it would be if one could sit down and slip one's handbag and trifles into a little recess in front.

£1 Prize to Mrs. Leo Woodbury, West View, Spencer P.O., Hawkesbury River, N.S.W.

MEN COOKING

I WAS amused to see a little while ago, in an overseas paper, a photograph of some young men attending classes in cooking and housework. This is incomprehensible to me, especially in a country where women outnumber men. I am sure we all appreciate the kindly help so willingly given in the house by our menfolk, but would any of us really like to think that our future husbands or brothers were following the example set by these young Americans?

W. B. Rogers, Ross Downs, Winton, Q.

FLY-PROOF DOORS

IN this fair land of ours, where we pride ourselves on our general health, I have often wondered why there has not been a law passed, that every home should be protected from germ and disease-carrying pests, by fly-proof doors and windows. They are just as essential as a bathroom, which homes are compelled to have.

It would be a small expense compared with the good it would do, in preventing many hospital and doctor's bills.

Mrs. N. Vogt, Upper St., Bega, N.S.W.

SCIENTIFIC EATING

HOW often do we hear a man say: "I only use the best brand of petrol and oil in my car," but he doesn't bother his head half as much about the food of which he partakes. He understands all the fine mechanism of the engine, but knows nothing of the functions of his own construction. He just eats anything, and never dreams of going in for an annual overhaul.

If we paid more attention to the scientific study of our bodies, and what we eat, we would be far healthier.

N. Rowe, 19 Sandringham Rd., Sandringham S.S., Vic.

RECIPES REFUSED

RECENTLY, when visiting a friend's home, I asked for the recipe of a certain cake. The cake was delicious, as my hostess well knew, but at my request she smilingly refused, with some non-committal answer, that if she gave it to me I might pass it on. And why not? Readers, is it selfishness, or is it merely a righteous pride in good cooking, and a fear that in handing on the recipe to one another the original recipe will be depreciated? Perhaps some of our readers are of different opinion.

Miss Nancye Barr, 34 Beaumaris St., Enfield, Sydney

FILM FAN'S PLAIN

EVERY talkie patron has, at some time or other, experienced the horror of sitting in front of, or beside, a person who keeps up a running commentary on what the film hero is doing or is about to do. One moves to another seat, if possible. If not, it's a case of "grin and bear it."

But to be accompanied by a friend, who just makes an occasional remark such as "Isn't she marvellous?" or "Hasn't he a wonderful voice?" is even more trying. In duty bound, one has to make a reply, with the result that the thread is broken, the drama which has carried one away merely becomes an excellent piece of acting, and one is jerked back to the realisation of being seated in a theatre with dozens of others instead of living a romance. Indignation assumes choking proportions, because it has to be swallowed for friendship's sake. Hence, I enjoy going alone.

Mrs. S. Glenn, 10 Outley St., Burnie, Tas.

Why Do So Many Girls Rush Into Office Work?

AS another one of the "crowd" I do not agree with Miss Lowry (21/3/36) that most girls do a commercial course without a thought as to any other calling that is open to them.

Factory girls often receive more than stenographers at first, but theirs is a "dead-end" job, while a stenographer at least has a future, and her education is no burden to bear.

Most typists find their occupation absorbing. Any girl with an eye to the future considers her ability and inclination before following any profession, so that there should be no regrets over unstudied "leaps."

Miss D. Keher, 122 Rossmoyne St., Thornbury N17, Melbourne.

Found It Absorbing

I DO not agree with Miss Lowry that office work is drab and uninteresting. I worked in an office for some time, and found it intensely absorbing, and enjoyed every minute I was at work.

To me dressmaking, millinery, or beauty work (as Miss Lowry suggests) would be absolute drudgery.

It is no use condemning any particular vocation because one has been unfortunate enough to have taken up the wrong thing. Make the best of it, or try something else.

So many girls would not go in for business careers unless they thought the work would appeal to them.

Mrs. T. W. Hennessy, Yeddenha, River St., West Kempsey, N.S.W.

Not Drab!

I ENTIRELY disagree with Miss Lowry that a stenographer's position is drab and uninteresting, and I feel sure that I express the opinions of the majority of girls who work in offices.

A girl who works in a factory very seldom earns more than a stenographer, usually has rather sordid surroundings, and has very little chance of promotion. Furthermore, no more money has to be spent on a commercial course than a course in dressmaking, millinery, or beauty culture, and the latter three certainly do not develop the mind as does a commercial course.

I also say "Look before you leap, girls!"

Miss O. Wolf, Sunnybank, Brisbane.

High Intelligence Required
RE the unsuitability of the business career for the many young girls who follow it. I think there is much in its favor. It demands intelligence, concentration, and efficiency, all of which qualities are essential to one who has to make her way in the world. Although



Much in its favor.

the business girl commences with a small salary while she is young, the high wage is not so necessary as it will be when she is older—and by then she should have secured promotion.

I see no reason why, within a few years, the average, efficient girl who is keen on her job should not be earning wages in advance of the milliner, dressmaker, etc.

Miss J. Longway, The Overflow, Beaudesert, Qld.

Office Work Palls

I AGREE with Miss Lowry (21/3/36) that girls rush into business life imagining it far more interesting than it really is. I know girls who eagerly left school as soon as possible and went into offices. After a few months they are regretting it. There is a glamor for the young in taking the morning train and joining the crowd. Reaching the status of being "grown-up" has its thrill. After a while the monotony palls, and real office life is not quite like it is presented on the films, where exquisitely-clad stenographers work in modern skyscrapers for appreciative "bosses."

Take your time, girls, and choose a profession with a future. There are many such nowadays.

Elaine Seymour, 6 Myall Avenue, Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

Types of Books Preferred By Readers

A. E. GRIGGS (21/3/36) is interested in our taste in literature. Well, here goes!

First, I like western stories (Mulford type), "chock-a-block" full of humor and action, hard-riding cow-punchers facing death with a jest on their lips, swaggering villains, flashing guns—and everything else to make the book one long thrill from cover to cover.

Next I like the Edgar Wallace type of detective story, featuring quick-thinking detectives and clever reporters, who unravel twisted clues and bring the dastardly criminal to justice.

S. M. Gillan, Jerseyville, Macleay River, N.S.W.

Books of Bygone Days

IN Babylon and Nineveh men loved, hated, and sorrowed as they do to-day the world over, but as the centuries pass, the background alters. All around us is the well-known background to our own lives. But the glowing words of a book can give to the canvas of life colors that time has long since obliterated. So I, through the medium of the many fine historical romances now available, prefer to gaze on a canvas of bygone days.

Irene Connors, 71 Herries St., Toowoomba, Qld.

Good Clean Book Preferred

RE A. E. Griggs' paragraph (21/3/36). I like a "good, clean book" with plenty of humor in it. I like most of Charles Dickens' works, and books of ploughing days in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada.

I enjoy a book about the missionaries who are struggling away in foreign lands under circumstances few of us can realise or many of us care to experience.

A. F. Parsons, Caveside, Tas.

Can't "Type" Books

I CONSIDER it a sad state of affairs that people should regard books as being articles to be classified into types. There should be no such thing as an affection for one type of book, for the reason that each book should stand alone and not be "typed." It is understandable to love one book exclusively, but it is incomprehensible that people can like—for instance—stories with a "western" setting above all other books. Margaret Kennedy's "Constant Nymph," P. C. Wren's "Beau Geste," Rafael Sabatini's "Captain Blood," Booth Tarkington's "Alice Adams," Lloyd Douglas' "Magnificent Obsession," Clarence Mulford's "Bar 20"—these books represent variety; each a masterpiece inviting comparison, and all classed under one heading—just, "Good Books."

R. Eadie, 26 Edna St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Travel Books First Favorites

FIRST favorites with me are books dealing with travel in other lands. Realising the improbability of personally visiting countries overseas, I love to follow the adventures of others.

I consider books of authentic travel experiences the most diverting means of absorbing knowledge of other peoples, places, and customs, and a real tonic to the person whose sphere of daily routine is a restricted one.

Mrs. J. E. Butler, Box 116, Clare, S.A.

Books on Animal Life

ANSWERING A. E. Griggs' query, I would say that books about animal life are my favorites.

A story of a salmon, "Salar the Salmon," by Henry Williamson, I enjoyed immensely.

We humans are apt to consider our place in the scheme of things as being of paramount importance, but in the eyes of nature we are no more important than the birds of the air or the fishes of the sea. They live the same nature-ordained lives as we do.

Mrs. J. Creelman, Wall St., Camperdown, Vic.

Tales of Adventure

THE book that most appeals to me is that which tells of adventure and romance, but not the impossible adventure where the hero tackles single-handed a dozen of his enemies. The adventure should be of the "hidden-treasure" type, or a travel story that is really possible.

Mrs. A. C. Kent, Advancetown, via Nerang, Qld.

Raising the Rent on a Good Tenant!

I AGREE with Mrs. Jones (21/3/36) that the majority of landlords are not considerate of good tenants. If their property is well cared for, they should reward the good work—not raise the rent. No doubt this is why we can generally pick the houses lived in by their owners.

Like Mrs. Jones, I experienced the pleasure of being the tenant of a generous owner. Hearing of our prospective departure, he showed his appreciation of our care and beautification of his property by refusing the last month's rent. You can imagine our pleasure was great at the acknowledgment of our labors.

Mrs. E. Johnson, c/- 178 Victoria St., Waverley, N.S.W.

Unwise to Improve

MRS. JONES must surely have been lucky in her landlord who reduced her rent on seeing the improvements she had made (21/3/36). There are I fear, very few like that.

It is usually unwise to improve a rented property too much, as in most cases either the rent is raised, or someone else wants the house, and all the work goes for nothing.

The landlord, too, is usually loath to undertake even the most necessary repairs.

So silly, for a little encouragement goes a long way.

Miss Anne Campbell, 23 Jurang Rd., Balwyn E.S., Vic.

Hint to Landlords

RE "Foolish Landlords" (Mrs. C. E. Jones in The Australian Women's Weekly, 21/3/36).

Landlords would be well advised to follow a Brisbane landlord's method. When he has a house to "let," he tells the prospective tenant the rent is a certain price, less 2/6 weekly if the garden is kept in good order. In most cases the reduction is gladly accepted, and the well-kept garden is a pleasure to the eye. Both landlord and tenant are satisfied, and the value of the property is enhanced.

J. F. Rabie, 163 Fernberg Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.

INVITATION TO WRITE

Readers of this page, interested in comparing viewpoints, are invited to contribute some new topic, or answer any of the topics already introduced on the page. Make your letters short, snappy—and provocative!

CONCENTRATE ON NEWS

I HAVE often wondered why more women do not intelligently read their daily newspaper, taking a real interest in the current events of the day, and then, when their husbands return home in the evening, discuss various topics with them.

Watch the average woman! She reads the births, funeral and death notices, then hastily scans the main news sheet, rapidly turning aside from this to the social and society news. Let her read these, certainly, but at the same



Giving her views on the news.

time it would only take a few more minutes daily to gain sufficient knowledge of current events so that she may hold a bright and interesting conversation. Thus she would prove a much more pleasant companion than if she can only talk of household matters and trivial bits of gossip.

Mrs. G. R. Page, Hipwood Avenue, Greenslopes, S. Brisbane.

PRAISE GIFT OF LIFE

WHEN a man finds himself in unwanted or unlooked-for trouble, he seldom stops to blame himself. Instead, he blames somebody else, or the universe in general.

It is a curious thing that this want of gratitude for the great gift of life should be so common. We do not often meet people, grateful and enthusiastically alive, thankful for the privilege of living. There are few people who make us feel the warmth of life and who radiate the joy and pleasure they get from it.

Stephenson's moral was a worthy one: "The world is so full of a number of things, We should all be as happy as kings."

Miss B. Glenn, 53 Three Chain Road, Solomontown, S.A.

Backache



P.B.S. (Poisoned Blood Stream) is a condition brought about by the incomplete functioning of the liver, kidneys and bowels, with the result that poisons which should be eliminated by these organs enter the blood stream and are then carried right through the system, setting up RHEUMATISM, CONSTIPATION, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, STOMACH DISORDERS, DEPRESSION, BAD BREATH, etc.

HERE IS THE REMEDY

A small dose of Schumann's Salts in a large glass of warm water taken first thing in the morning will soon expel the poisons in the blood stream... and have the kidneys, liver and bowels performing their normal functions. Schumann's Salts are made from the active ingredients of the famous "Spas" of Europe. They are a natural eliminant and have a soothing effect on the system.

SUFFERERS FROM CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, LUMBAGO, BACKACHE, BAD BREATH and all Uric Acid Complaints should immediately become regular Schumann users and enjoy radiant health.

At all Chemists and Stores.



Schumann's Salts

PRICES: 2/9 and 1/6 per jar

PURIFIES BUT DOES NOT PURGE

Half the People in the World have NERVES

When your Nerves go wrong, the symptoms are Irritability, Despondency, Anxiety, Impatience, Undue Excitement and Depression. In short, you are out of balance with yourself, everybody and everything around you. Nerviness need not be a permanent condition. It depends on what you do for quick relief. Don't wait until your nerves are so deranged that you require specialized treatment and feeding. Take 'ASPRO' at once, BECAUSE NO OTHER MEDICINE HAS A MORE SOOTHING INFLUENCE ON FRAYED NERVES. 'ASPRO' quickly tones up the system and restores a peaceful and restful balance. As soon as nerviness is evident take 'ASPRO' according to directions. ALWAYS KEEP A PACKET IN THE HOME.

'ASPRO' BRINGS PEACEFUL RELIEF

'ASPRO' Kills Nerve Pains and Headaches

Old School Hill,
Abermain, N.S.W.,
18/1/35.

Dear Sirs,
I have always regarded 'ASPRO' as a friend during the last ten years, because it can be relied upon to kill pain and relieve those everyday headaches and nerve pains we all get at times. 'ASPRO' proved its worth to me when I had some teeth extracted and then caught a chill. I was nearly frantic with pain but got immediate relief by taking 'ASPRO'.

7/1/36

(Sgd.) M. J. H. WRIGHT

Nerve Shock Sufferer Praises 'ASPRO'

Gilston Road, Nerang, Q'ld.,
June 14, 1935

Dear Sirs,
I have been taking 'ASPRO' for three years now. I have been suffering from nerve shock. Had very little physical strength. Tried all kinds of medicine without relief. Have taken a large number of 'ASPRO.' It is the most valuable medicine for this nerve trouble I have ever known, and cannot speak too highly of it. I have more than benefited from taking 'ASPRO' tablets.

(Sgd.) EDITH M. CLARKE

THEN Came Dawn AT WILLIE'S

Continued from Page 18

FARTHER down the line the same writer christened Mary Fox the typical girl of the new era in motion pictures.

Then came the night of the preview of Denny's picture. So many celebrities came because they were curious concerning Denny that it assumed the proportions of a premiere. After the preview there was to be a party on the yacht and some time in the small hours before dawn Denny and his party were to sail away.

Denny sat far back in the theatre. Mrs. Krause, cool and expensively fragrant, was beside him. He felt sick and nervous, although he impatiently demanded of himself why he should be so concerned when it really didn't matter except to Mary Fox and Solly Weisenstein. By to-morrow it would be an incident so remote that it might never have happened at all. Then he saw Mary Fox enter walking slightly ahead of Welford Keyes. Welford wore the possessive and flaunting expression of the young man about Hollywood who is acquiring the girl of the hour.

"Story of a School Ma'am" was flashed on the screen. "An Invincible Production." And once again there was the announcement, "Story and Direction by Dennis Fitzgerald." Applause swelled. There is about Hollywood a sort of loyalty, sentimental and impractical, but deathless, especially where her legendary figures are concerned. . . . and Denny would always be part of the Hollywood legend.

"Story of a School Ma'am" was hokum naked and unashamed. Denny had used all of his old tricks, but somehow they were new again. And whatever it was Denny had tried to tell Solly Weisenstein about the rare something in Mary Fox's face needed no explaining to the preview audience. It was a lovely, sloppy, tearful orgy . . . but it was exactly what the producers had been seeking. There wasn't a single censorable situation . . . and the audience had loved it.

DENNY stood in the lobby afterwards with Solly Weisenstein literally hanging from his neck. "You can't go, Denny," Solly was insisting. "Not now when I need you so bad. Nobody in the business can make clean pictures like you can, Denny. Remember when you asked me a favor I helped you—now you do as much for Solly Weisenstein."

Denny shook his head. Mrs. Krause, standing at his side, was exhibiting signs of well-bred impatience. . . . there was the party waiting on the yacht. "I told you I would never make another picture, Solly. In fact, you'll recall it was a promise. This is my swan-song."

Mr. Weisenstein looked at him in disgust. "You . . . a swan! You, Denny, who could be cook of the walk again!"

Then from a flock of autograph seekers Mary Fox emerged. She came

over to where Denny stood with Mrs. Krause.

"You were charming, Miss Fox," Mrs. Krause smiled. "I congratulate you. Of course you're coming to our little farewell party."

Mary didn't look at Mrs. Krause. Her smoked-pearl eyes were fastened on Denny. "No, thank you. I can't come to your party. I just want to say good-bye to Denny."

Denny patted her shoulder. "Well, Mary, it's your big night. You gave a great performance."

Swiftly, awkwardly, she kissed Denny. "Yes, it's my big night all right. I suppose I'd better make the most of it. So long, Denny. Good luck." Then she was gone, Welford a close and persistent shadow.

HOLLYWOOD is a lonely place at four o'clock in the morning, and little places like Willie's are loneliest of all. A bar-tender was doing a very uninspired job of mopping up the floor when Denny entered, and the place was deserted except for a girl who sat at the bar, her chin cupped in her hands.

Denny ordered a drink. When he glanced up, the girl sitting at the bar was staring at him with smoked-pearl eyes that had suspicious-looking smudges of mascara all around them. "I came here to-night expecting to see a ghost," the girl said. "I haven't had a drink—so is it a ghost I'm looking at, or is it Denny Fitzgerald?"

Denny shook his head. "I couldn't be telling you because I'm seeing things myself. If I didn't know that the typical girl of the new era in motion pictures wouldn't visit a place like Willie's alone at four o'clock in the morning, I'd swear I was looking at Mary Fox. No . . . I take that back. Mary Fox wouldn't be alone. She would have the gallant protection of a gleaming youth named Welford."

Mary Fox smiled. "What makes you so sure she would? I could tell you that when Mary Fox met Welford Keyes at a cocktail party a couple of weeks ago she found out that it was all over. Mary Fox waited for the world to pound in her ear-drums when she talked to him again, and not a thing happened. It frightened her. And, if you're interested, I could tell you that Mary Fox lay awake all night asking herself 'Why?' It was almost morning before she knew the answer. She discovered that for quite a little while she'd known a really beautiful person. So Mary Fox made up her mind to show this beautiful person how much she appreciated what he was trying to do for her by giving him the best performance she was capable of. . . . And how was Mary Fox rewarded? Except during working hours she didn't receive a pleasant look! No wonder she went out a few times with Welford Keyes!"

Denny glowered at her threateningly. "Is that all true, Mary Fox? About you and Welford?"

Mary nodded. Her smoked-pearl eyes were almost black. "It's gone, Denny. Even after I knew it was all over I thought I liked having Welford hanging around because it was good for my pride. Then, all at once, to-night it seemed so cheap . . . so futile . . . even the new contract . . . when you weren't any part of it. The only part that seemed real was that night at Willie's when it all started. So I ran out on Welford's party . . . and here I am."

The sleepy waiter laid Denny's change before him. Happily Denny extricated the two pennies. "I save them for dead men's eyes," he explained to Mary. . . . and Mary Fox laughed the way girls were supposed to laugh at Denny Fitzgerald. Then: "And I've an idea that I'm giving to Solly Weisenstein the first thing in the morning. You'll be a circus girl in this one . . . cute as a bug! There'll be an old clown . . . maybe your father . . . a swell character. A society guy falls for you, but his family

Mary Fox was clinging to his arm as they walked out of Willie's. "Denny, what did you tell those people when you didn't sail with them?"

Denny grinned down at her. "I'm bad luck on boats."

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What Women Are Doing

Judge of Needlework

MRS. OTTILIE VOULLAIRE COWPER, who spends practically all her time either doing needlework herself or else judging that of others, was in Adelaide recently for the judging of the thousands of entries in the competitive needlework section at the Centennial Empire Exhibition.

Mrs. Cowper, who lives in Victoria, is a graduate of the College of Industry at Utrecht, Holland.

She was born in Batavia, but has spent most of her life in Australia.

On Furlough From Mission Fields of China

MRS. F. WORLEY, who is on a visit to New Zealand and who passed through Sydney recently, has been a missionary worker in China for twenty-four years and after a holiday in New Zealand she will continue her work in connection with the China Inland Mission.

Since the death of her husband she has carried out evangelistic work alone, and is now stationed at Wenhow, in the province of Chekiang.

Mrs. Worley is chiefly concerned with Bible school work, in which she is assisted by Pastor Wong, a capable Chinese minister.

The large Methodist hospital at Wenhow is almost entirely staffed by Chinese nurses and doctors, who have been trained in China.

Also on furlough from China are Miss E. G. Kendon and Miss R. L. M. Dobson, who are visiting Sydney. They are on the teaching staff of the English school at Chefoo, and both have spent many years in China.

Miss Kendon, who is in charge of the European school, has been stationed there for twenty-five years.

The school is run for the benefit of the children of missionaries of the China Inland Mission.

There are co-educational classes, and the pupils, of whom there are about three hundred, are taken to the Oxford Senior Certificate.

Red Cross Worker and Poster Artist

MISS JANET WATTS, of Brisbane, although only twenty years of age, has already achieved much success as a commercial artist, and is a valued worker for the Junior Red Cross.

Last year she was elected treasurer of the Junior Red Cross executive of Queensland.

She has designed some striking posters for the Red Cross. One, just completed, is to be sent abroad to be exhibited in the International Junior Red Cross Exhibition.

One of her earliest successes in poster work came in 1932 when she designed, on behalf of the Junior Red Cross, a poster which was sent to the international poster competition held in Paris.

This poster, for which Miss Watts was highly commended, was the only one accepted from Queensland.

She was taught the foundation work of her art by her mother, Mrs. S. Watts, who is herself a talented artist.

American Lawyer and Teacher Visits Australia

MRS. FORD, of Massachusetts, U.S.A., is one of those women who manage to crowd a lot into their lives. She is both a lawyer and a teacher, and holds the LL.B. of New Jersey and the LL.D. of the New York University, the latter having been gained for research work.

Mrs. Ford recently visited Brisbane en route to the East. She is widely travelled, having crossed her own country twenty times, as well as having visited most other countries.

She is a keen advocate of a business career for girls, and takes the commercial classes at the Newark University.

In her opinion the average business girl makes a far better wife than the girl who merely stays at home. As a wage-earner the business girl learns the value of money and is not extravagant.

Women have never had such opportunities as they have nowadays, Mrs. Ford considers, and she delights in the good use they are making of them.

International Festival

AT LEAST 7000 girls will take some part in the International Festival which is being planned by the South Australian Girl Guides for the Centenary.

Miss Violet Ralph, State Organising Secretary, says that visitors from all States and overseas have been invited to this festival, at which 21 countries will be represented by their architecture, industries, costumes, and customs.

Mrs. Storrow, the donor of the Girl Guide world training centre at Adelboder in Switzerland, is among those invited.

A Handicraft Expert Writes a Book

MRS. BESSIE JENKINS, of Beaumaris, Victoria, after seven years of study and practical experience in raffia work, has now written a useful little book about it that should be of great help to the beginner.

Mrs. Jenkins can turn her hand to all kinds of crafts, including leather work, pewter, weaving, glove-making, and painted woodwork, and last year she held an amazing "one-man" exhibition that included almost every craft. She is preparing to hold another exhibition at her home later in the year.

Apart from her own private work she makes trips into all parts of Victoria at regular intervals, giving demonstrations in fur rug-making, weaving, glove-making raffia work, and other crafts of interest to the Country Women's Association.

Musician's Wife Writing Book About Australians

WHEN Mrs. Arved Kurtz toured the Commonwealth with her violinist husband, while he gave recitals in the various capitals and in the more important towns during the Adelaide Conservatorium's summer vacation, she made good use of her time.

Mrs. Kurtz took the opportunity of gathering all sorts of facts and anecdotes, and is at present engaged compiling them into a series of articles on Australia and Australians. She is negotiating with various Continental and American papers for their publication. She hopes to have the series published in book form eventually.

Mrs. Kurtz is writing in German, but will translate the manuscript into English when it is completed.



Mrs. Kurtz.

Planning for Y.W.C.A. Week in Melbourne

MELBOURNE is to have a Y.W.C.A. Week from May 2 to May 9, when the Y.W.C.A. will make an appeal for new friends and for funds.

One of the women in the thick of the plotting and arranging to make the week a success is Mrs. Essington Lewis, president of the Melbourne Y.W.C.A.

Mrs. Lewis, who has a delightful family of seven children to plan for at home, is one of those busy people who can always find time to be busier still.

The Y.W.C.A. is her first love, and takes up much of her time, but she is also keenly interested in the Malvern Auxiliary of the Brighton Babies Home, and is on the general committee of the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra.



Mrs. Essington Lewis.
—Beethorn.

Secretary to Famous Australian Pianist

MRS. CORALIE CLARKE REES, an Australian journalist who accompanied Miss Eileen Joyce from London, will tour Australia with her in the capacity of private secretary.

Mrs. Rees formerly lived in Perth, and took her Bachelor of Arts degree at the University of West Australia. She subsequently gained an Orient Line scholarship which enabled her to proceed to London and further her studies.

Mrs. Rees then went to Fleet Street, and became successful as a dramatic critic. Whilst in London her marriage to Mr. Leslie Rees took place.

Mr. Rees was formerly a member of the "West Australian" staff, made good in the journalistic world of London, and became a dramatic critic. He is also in Australia, and the couple will return to London with Miss Joyce when her Australian tour ends.

Traveller From Bengal Speaks at Conference

TO Mrs. T. Churchward Kelly fell the honor of delivering the closing speech at the morning session of the all-day conference held in Melbourne recently to celebrate the forty-first anniversary of the Baptist Women's Missionary Union.

Mrs. Kelly returned recently from East Bengal where she assisted her husband in his work as a missionary.

She says that work in the villages of the district has progressed, particularly in the education of boys in mission and district primary schools.

Something is also being done to bring about the emancipation of the women, but this is a slow process.

Writer of Song for School Magazine

MRS. GABRIELLE J. DERRICK is receiving enthusiastic support from the Department of Public Instruction, New South Wales, for her composition, "Dear Land of Mine."

Within a short time it is proposed to print it in the public school magazines for the children of Australia to study and sing.

Mrs. Derrick is the wife of T. A. Derrick, well-known farmer and grazier of Temora, and has spent twenty-four years on the land.

Already the Country Women's Association of Temora has received 500 copies as a 13th year birthday gift to dispose of in aid of their much-needed Rest Room and Baby Clinic.

Girl Lawyer Is No "Blue Stocking"

PERTH'S legal fraternity will have to look to its laurels, so many are the women lawyers coming into its midst.

The latest, Miss Joan McKenna, as her photograph shows, is no "blue stocking," but a smart and attractive modern girl, slimy-built, and with deep blue eyes.

She took her B.A. and LL.B. degrees at the University of West Australia.

Her great-grandfather was a soldier who arrived in West Australia in 1829 with the first group of pioneers.

Her grandfather, from whom she probably inherits her predilection for the law, was Chief Police Inspector John McKenna—a doughty member of the West Australian Police Force for four decades.



Miss McKenna



Says Life in Batavia Full of Interest

MRS. GEO. VAN ARCKEN has arrived in Melbourne with her little daughter, Della, to spend an extended holiday with her mother, Mrs. Wall.

Mrs. van Arcken will be remembered in several States as Miss Rene Wall, a popular member of the cast in "Rio Rita," "Sunny," and other productions of quite recent years.

She has resided at Batavia, in Java, since her marriage, and finds life in the Dutch East Indies full of interest. She says the admirable service given by native servants rather spoils one for living elsewhere.

Della, her six-year-old daughter, is a fluent linguist, speaking excellent English, Dutch, and Malay, to which no doubt she will add a few samples of real "Australianness" before returning to Batavia.

Mrs. van Arcken made the journey down via the North-West coast of Australia, but was not enthusiastic about it. She will return via Brisbane and Darwin.

Viennese Designer Fascinated By Eastern Influence in Fashion

WHEN World Productions begin making films in Victoria, their dress designer will be Madame Erica Huppert, a charming Viennese designer.

Madame Huppert has designed the costumes for a number of spectacular shows in Victoria, and has now taken to dress designing in the more orthodox meaning of the word, and recently had the arduous task of arranging a mannequin parade, in which eighteen girls wore more than a hundred models.

She is fascinated by the Eastern influence on fashions of the moment, especially the complicated draperies and gorgeous colorings of the Ming period.

Some of the colors she likes to handle are in her own words, "rich amber, honey and warm golden tonings; fiery copper, and rusty heena-browns; intoxicating shades of grey, purple, and tuchsia; brilliant red and coral tints; mysterious sapphire and turquoise blues; glowing deep forest and striking sea greens; vivid china yellow with gleaming metal of silver and gold, not to forget the velvety softness of black." All of which sounds most poetic when recited in Madame's broken English with a soft Viennese inflection.



Madame Huppert
—Hollywood photo

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NEW Whoopee-Ground for Sydney SOCIETY Gala Opening of the Trocadero

The hundreds of people who packed George Street to watch guests arriving at the Trocadero on the opening night did not wait in vain.

Sydney has seldom seen such a brilliant scene. Glamorous gowns, many of them created by the world's best designers, lovely jewels, leaders of society, and film stars were all to be seen in the vivid daylight lamps gleaming in the entrance.

THE flicker of the sasha-lights as plate after plate was used by the army of Press photographers was scarcely noticeable in the general brightness.

Everything was done on such a grand scale, and so immense was the res-

taurant, that the whole effect was that of a mellow-tinted kaleidoscope. Particularly artful was the flight of swans adorning the walls.

Had one of them taken flight and swooped around the room it would have looked no more graceful than Mayris Chaney, the Continental star dancer,

specially brought over for the opening season.

In her voluminous white draperies, she floated with her partner in a series of dances seldom equalled in this city.

The ~~entrance~~ from Frank Coughlan, the orchestral conductor, and his merry men and maidens, was of such high standing that numbers of dancers "parked" within a few yards of his baton and listened in a concentrated fashion until the end of each number. Miss Jean Anderson, in flame-colored draperies, and her partner, Mr. Claude Healy, did all their intricate steps within a feeble stone's throw of saxophone and trumpet.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hordern, the latter wearing a deep-cream satin gown with a gold lame band and bow in her hair, were also orchestral fans.

Stole Vyner's Thunder

A GORGEOUS orleat was worn at the neckline of Miss Margaret Vyner's royal-purple ninnon frock. Her hair was unadorned, but Miss Jean Black, who many people consider bears a strong resemblance to "la Vyner," stole her friend's thunder by wearing three white daisies perched in her hair—an exact replica of a recent fashion launched by Miss Vyner shortly after her arrival.

Miss Joan Waddell can always be relied upon to wear a frock of unusual fashion interest. Her black-and-white ensemble reminded one of a school-girl's tunic, with the exception of the cream satin blouse, which was split to the waist at the back and trimmed with a single huge pearl.

Mr. Theo Marks, whose architectural skill had been partly responsible for the interior of the Trocadero, entertained a large party, one of his partners being the lovely Mrs. Sam Hardy, whose softly-flowing frock was of dusty-pink ninnon.

Mrs. Alan Macgregor demonstrated just how smart dove-grey can be when designed and cut with supreme art. Her shoulder flowers were a golden shade.

Orchid-mauve chiffon with shoulder draperies was worn by Miss Frances Angus. Messrs. Pat and Doug. Levy and their respective wives made a jolly foursome. Mr. Ernest Watt entertained a party; Mrs. Watt wore a charmingly simple gown of black satin.

Pass, Friend!

PRACTICALLY every well-known hostess of social Sydney was present, and their obvious appreciation of the high standard of entertainment provided set the seal of social approval on the new venture, so that we can definitely feel that a bright new note has been added to the night-life of Sydney.—V.M.

Death of Mr. R. J. H. Moses

AUSTRALIAN journalism suffered a severe loss in the death last week of Mr. R. J. H. Moses ("Mo"), who, prior to joining the new Sydney Daily Telegraph as Consultant Editor, spent several months with The Australian Women's Weekly.

The late Mr. Moses was a newspaperman of remarkable versatility, but he was best known as a humorist. His letters from the Prince of Wales to his father, the late King George, when the present King was in Australia, brought him fame throughout the English-speaking world, and established him as one of Australia's finest laugh-makers.

This was no better demonstrated than when L. W. Lower was on leave recently.

L. W. Lower's Tribute

THERE will be no more "Mo." Reg. Moses is dead. One could never be miserable when "Mo" was about. Now, as he would have said, "Things look different!" It's only a matter of time and there will be other funny fellows, other great humorists... but there was only one "Mo." His death leaves a void... —L. W. Lower.

During his absence "Mo" deputised for him, and his humorous articles "From the Lower Berth" provided a fine example of his adaptability.

The funeral, to the Northern Suburbs Crematorium last Saturday, was a fine tribute to his popularity. Flanked by police motor cycle outriders, the cortege was one of the largest seen in Sydney for years, and was representative of journalism, Freemasonry (in which he was a Past Master), golf (he was a member of the Lakes and Manly clubs), the police, and business circles.

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SAVE 48 Blue Crosses (from 12 large bars of Siren Soap) or 36 Brown Crosses (from 36 twin-tablets).

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Scenes at the Royal Easter Show



SHOW INTERLUDE.—A prize Jersey cow and her calf, which was born at the Showground, placidly return the interest of a youthful cattleman as he casts an expert eye over the stock.

WITHOUT WOMEN —It Would Not be "The Show"

Women are large contributors to the parade of our rural wealth now on exhibit at the Royal Show—and their preparation for it goes on all the year round.

MRS. T. J. FORD, of Grafton, and Miss Paffs, of Coraki, have been nearly twelve months gathering together a splendid collection of fruits, jams, jellies, and preserves of all kinds for the North Coast and Northern Tablelands exhibit.

Six districts of New South Wales and Queensland have entered for the district exhibit competition, and splendid seasons in most parts of the States have resulted in striking displays of fruits, vegetables, wool, grasses, and jams, pickles, and preserves.

The Hunter River and Liverpool Plains exhibit of a similar nature was prepared by Mrs. Peter Ernst and Mrs. Edward Thomas, of Frankston, and Mrs. J. Moss, of Singleton. Over 800 bottles of preserves are displayed in this section.

The Western District exhibit is in charge of Mrs. G. S. Trevitt, of Kelso, assisted by Mr. Les Jones, of Lithgow. The fruit of this district is very choice and beautifully displayed.

The Queensland exhibit has been prepared and collected by Mrs. Berlin, of Hegley, and Mrs. Walsh, of Ipswich. A special feature has been made in this section of chutneys and pickles.

Miss Dorward, of Manning River, Mrs. Dyball, of Tarce, Mrs. Clarke, of Armidale, Mrs. Lye, of Tamworth, and Mrs.

Women's Weekly Office at the Show

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY has a special pavilion at the Showground, featuring a display of needlework designs by Bertha Maxwell.

"Gerda," our knitting expert, is also in attendance to advise and help readers.

Adams, of Manning River, are in charge of the Central Coast and Tablelands section, in which dried fruits and preserves are a very strong factor.

Quite a host of women are assisting in the South Coast and Tablelands exhibit, among them being Mrs. Horgan and her daughter, of Nowra, Mrs. Corven, of Camden, Mrs. Gower, of Albion Park, Mrs. Turner, of Nowra, and Miss Mottram, of Nowra.

City Crowded

THE Show has attracted visitors from all parts of the Commonwealth, and such has been the influx of country to Sydney that accommodation is practically unobtainable over the Easter period.

A preview of the exhibits in the stock sections has led experts to express the opinion that the quality of the cattle



GIVING THE FINAL "manicure" to one of the district exhibits. One of the most interesting features of the Show, the exhibits represent the twelve months' work of country men and women.

on show is an improvement on that of any previous display.

As usual, the sideshows are proving a great attraction at the present show. In tents, side by side, one can gaze on the Princess Pontus, said to be the tallest woman in the world, whose height is 5ft. 2ins., and also Dolita, the miniature Mae West, height 38 inches, and who weighs only 37lb.

And when you are tired of these wonders, there are African pigmies, mermaids, and Egyptian crystal readers who claim to be able to tell you every-

thing worth knowing about your future.

For a section of the poor of Sydney the annual show brings one great boon. Hundreds of thoroughbred dairy cattle are quartered at the showgrounds for anything from three to four weeks.

The dairy cattle have to be milked twice daily, and the problem of what to do with the milk is easily solved. Dozens of youngsters make their way into the showground every morning—many of them over the fences—and, armed with utensils of all kinds, carry the milk away to their homes.

It only remains for the R.A.S. to secure a run of fine weather over the Easter period for all previous records in attendance to be surpassed.

Of particular interest to housewives are the displays of all the latest improvements in devices for making domestic work easier—electric machines for washing clothes as well as for the kitchen crockery, the latest improvements in electric sewing-machines and vacuum-cleaners, and an interesting demonstration of how leather coats are made and dressed.

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GROUND SHARP TO
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OBTAINABLE AT ALL HIGH-CLASS STORES AND JEWELLERS.



The popular 'Scimitar' blade

BETTY'S "Racey" NARRATIVES

Now for a Dress of Torn-Up
Bookmakers' Tickets

By BETTY GEE

Yes, I was at the Trocadero, and many a fabulous betting plot for Warwick Farm on the morrow was hatched. But I can't recall that any of the "roughies" that came home next day were even mentioned.

What a day! And as a result the autumn frock I had planned for Leger Day on Saturday is now going to be a frail thing of spangles, and the spangles will consist of little fragments of torn-up bookmakers' tickets.

Well, I swore "no more" Disalto didn't I, after Rosehill, but I tried again, thanks to the persuasive voice of Dickie, who pointed out that there wasn't a horse in the Novice worth a second glance, so I took £6 to £2. But it turned out that Dickie didn't know a thing about Poi Bounce, and he beat Disalto by a length—yes, the length of a cricket pitch. This time, it is definitely "no more Disalto."

I gave Dickie my tongue, and then dodged him the rest of the day, and had the good luck to run into one of the girls who had just left Miss Phillipa Colin Stephen. She's a terrible enthusiast, you know, and went

I could have backed any one of half a dozen tips I had in the Liver-pool, but I chose Cereza because it came straight from Mr. E. J. Watt, and he owns her, and I like Pratt, her jockey. At least, I did until he got left at the post and went round the field, and then if you'd heard me you'd have thought I was his worst enemy. Of course she lost, but she'll keep for Randwick, I hope.

A Strange Treble

Praise be, I did one thing right in the Autumn Cup—put £2 on the tote on Dulcedo—but just as he had it won Journal gathered him in by a short head or some other equally stupid margin—as if a horse like Journal has a short head. Still, Dulcedo showed me a profit of £5/4/-.

I brought off the treble in the last race. Yes, I ran into Herbert Englebert from Melbourne, and he owns Panax, and he said he fancied his horse well, the trainer liked it even better, and Andy Knox, the jockey, said it was a good thing. Well, when three men like that are keen, what's a woman to do? But I could see my £18 to £3 was in danger when he kept getting on to horses' heels. Knox shoved and persevered but it was no good. Panax came a handsome last.

What a pleasant ride home we had! And what made it worse was my finding Dickie had had the oil about Journal and took £14 to £1, and it won. Fancy getting a tip like that and only putting £1 on it. So when I found this out, my attitude towards him changed. Well, I must say, he did the handsome thing by me—after a little coaxing.

Now For Randwick

I'm going to Randwick with a purse as light as a toy balloon, but if I get a fair chance, I might build it up a bit. You'll have to lay odds on Gold Rod and Allunga, but what's that matter. They can't lose. I'm going to save at least a pound for Sylvandale, because he's not out of the Autumn Stakes.

What to do in the Doncaster I don't know for certain, but as I said last time, I'm going to stick to Gay Blonde like a movie-lover. Our butcher said they're keeping Lone Raider for the Vauluse, and on Easter Monday I'll get back my losses on Cereza.

Apart from that, Mr. Sol Green, from Melbourne, has told me to put a little on Nalda for the Cup. I don't like seeing my money off the ground in hardies, but the boy who brings the laundry has "Clangor for a certainty" on Saturday.

A Bad Example

That set me a bad example, because I started to bet like the teller of a bank with no inspectors, and lost £3 on Talking in the next and it didn't alleviate the anguish when Barney Woolf held forth in my hearing that he was a good thing beaten.

But Barney also declared that no notice should be taken of the reports about Hall Mark being lame, and to have a coin or two on him in the Chip-pling Norton, so I did (£40 to £2), a ma-yellow price, surely, about a Melbourne Cup winner. Dickie laughed at me and said nobody fancied it, but he ran Lough Neagh to a short half-head, and if the judge had given it a dead-heat nobody would have complained.

NEW PLASMIC

America's Most Talked Of
Skin Preparation.



Actual Photo Mrs. Marion Helmer, Apr. 23, Darlington, taken Jan. 8, 1934. Read. Taken Dec. 16, 1935.

Absolutely removes almost instantaneously all WRINKLES, LINES, BLEMISHES of the Skin, Pimples, etc., developed by Old Age or Other Causes. NEW PLASMIC ACTS LIKE MAGIC

The Very First Treatment produces Unbelievable Results. Restores permanently to old or middle age the skin and complexion of youth.

OLD FACES MADE YOUNG. YOUNG FACES KEPT YOUNG. BLEMISHED SKINS MADE PERFECT. THE LATEST AND MOST GENUINE DISCOVERY. TRY IT—YOU WILL BE AMAZED.

Call for FREE DEMONSTRATION, or Large Tube, sufficient for twelve treatments, posted free to any address for 3/-.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Ladies unable to call for a FREE DEMONSTRATION can have a TRIAL TUBE posted to them with full directions for postal use of 1/- and two penny stamps.

JOHN AFRIAT, Radio House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney.



QUICK RELIEF FROM CONSTIPATION

RELIEF from constipation comes with the first dose of Nyal FIGSEN. Complete elimination of poisonous waste matter takes place promptly—but there is no purging or griping, no unpleasantness or discomfort. Nyal FIGSEN is a natural laxative, sure in results but non-habit forming. Nyal FIGSEN is pleasant to take and can be fully trusted to bring relief from constipation. Equally good for children and adults. Nyal FIGSEN, sold by all chemists, costs only 1/3 for a tin of 24 tablets.

NYAL FIGSEN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE Nyal FIGSEN to The Nyal Company, 4118 Gable St. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

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BETTER ROSES

Success in rose growing demands certain essential qualities in the plants themselves. They must be propagated from proved parent stock, be perfectly healthy, well rooted, and thoroughly dormant in order to avoid transplanting losses.

For over thirty years we have made a special study of roses and confidently assert our products are better. Thirteen hundred plants supplied last August in one order to the new rose beds in the Sydney Botanic Gardens are eloquent testimony to our claim. Make a point of trying Hazlewood's "Better Roses" this year.

HAZLEWOOD BROS. LTD., EPPING, N.S.W.

The NEW Imported Kathleen court midget lipstick

has a larger, and smarter case, a bigger cosmetic stick, yet it's still a darling little giant that conquers giving a rich, devoid of grease, giving the dew on it natural-looking lavender effect that reminds one of a rose bud with the other side of the World, its price is only 1/6d. Medium, Dark, and Orange—changeable.



Kathleen Court (England) Limited



PROTECT YOUR SKIN FROM INFECTION

WHEN you take your daily bath or shower—when you wash the face and hands—use Wright's Coal Tar Soap and you'll have definite protection from skin infection. Wright's is a safe soap; its antiseptic lather cleanses and stimulates your skin from contagion. Doctors in Great Britain use Wright's more frequently than any other toilet soap.

10d. per cake at all chemists and stores.



INSTANT WRIGHT'S RELIEF

INDIGESTION HAS BEEN THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF MANY SERIOUS ILLNESSES.

DON'T gamble with even the slightest attack of indigestion, take Wright's Instant Relief and be rid of the pain within five minutes.

Wright's Instant Relief cannot be equaled for Constipation, Permeant in the stomach, spasms, heartburn, etc.

Price, 2/-; or by post 2/6 direct.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores. If any difficulty in obtaining write to:

TWENTIETH CENTURY MANUFACTURING CO.
P.O. BOX 170, SYDNEY.

FREE

3 TRIAL TUBES of VELOUTY DE DIXOR

the Original COMBINED CREAM & POWDER

Send 6d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and postage to Joseph Nathan & Co. (Aust.), Pty., Ltd., 215 Clarence St., Sydney, N.S.W. (Write in block letters)

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KICK UP YOUR HEELS

Modern young people who "do the runner" know a thing or two. You'll find that these days they keep their white shoes white in an amazing new way. Never behind in anything they use "Hi-Mark," the new blueberry shoe dressing, which won't rub off. Obtainable from all stores.

Agents: A. J. VEALE (Agencies) LTD.
127 YORK ST., SYDNEY.

PRINCES Won Love, Lost Love, LOST ALL! Captured Hearts and Fortunes

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in Europe By Air Mail

"Love won, love lost, wealth won, wealth lost, life lost..." so might well run Fate's epitaph for those three amazing Princes Charming, the marrying Mdivanis, whose romantic exploits have intrigued the world.

The news that Prince Serge met death in a polo accident while on his third honeymoon throws into relief a real life story that is hardly equalled by our best fiction writers.

EIGHTEEN years ago three young men lost all they possessed in the Russian Revolution. Starting afresh in Paris they won everything that life, love and riches could offer, died, lost and won again on the latter two, but Fate's ever-spinning wheel eventually beat two of them for the vital prize of life, in each case while they were participating in their favorite sport—Prince Alexis, while motorcycling, Prince Serge, at polo.

Marriage, divorce, marriage, divorce... clergymen and judges in turn were hard put to it to keep up with the merry pace set by this remarkable trio.

What subtle, mysterious quality explains the Mdivani fascination for women—and the reaction?

Right to Title

THE youngest brother, Prince Alexis, was better known to Australians, because of his marriage to Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, who visited Australia a few years ago.

The right of the Mdivanis to the title of "Prince" has itself provoked discussion. They are descendants of a Russian family, hailing from a very small part of Georgia—Mingrelia, with a population of less than 250,000. By the time the last Czar ruled over Russia there were poor Mdivanis and rich Mdivanis all over Mingrelia. Some were peasants, some squires, but there were none with the title of "Prince" as Britishers understand the term.

In this particular Mdivani family there were five children—Serge, David, Alexis, the boys, born in that order, and Nina and Roussadana, daughters of the house, who, in accordance with local custom, could never be seen in public unless their faces were veiled in the manner of the East.

The Russian Revolution scattered the family, the father and two daughters finding refuge in Constantinople, where they were later joined by Alexis and his mother. The five made their way to Paris, and by some miracle, the other two sons, Serge and David, found them—

Busy Cupid

THEN came romance. Nina married a wealthy lawyer, was able to give entertainments in honor of her brothers and send Alexis to school, where he became friendly with the wealthy Van Allen boys and infatuated with their sister, Louise. He was then 17 years of age.

Alexis worked, struggled and saved to bring nearer the day when he could win Louise. Eventually a beautiful wife, a string of polo ponies, a home in Paris and New York, and much else besides were his.

David next created another Princess Mdivani by marrying the much-married Mae Murray in Hollywood. Then Serge married Pola Negri, another film star, was divorced within three years and married Miss Mary McCormick, the opera singer.

"It was a case of wild love at first sight," declared Mary, with all the enthusiasm of a new bride—but things soon started to go wrong.

Alexis had meanwhile untied the marriage knot with Louise Van Allen in 1932, and was laying siege to the heart of the Woolworth heiress, Barbara Hutton.

While Alexis was marrying Barbara in an atmosphere of glitter and splendor in Paris, Serge and David were actually being sued for divorce in America by Mae and Mary.

Parties, cars, polo, cruises, even big business, all had their turn in the Mdivani merry-go-round, which seemed to be going at top-speed at this stage.

Barely two years later Barbara was seeking release from Alexis, gained it and married Count Reventlow, to whom she has just borne a son.

With that decree in 1935 the marrying Mdivanis were for the first time in twelve years all unmarried at the one time.

There were rumors that Alexis might remarry. The name of Kay Francis was mentioned, among others. But Fate stepped in, for Alexis was killed in a motor smash in Europe, at the age of 28, leaving, according to reports, a fortune of £2,000,000, a fifth of which was to go back to Barbara Hutton.

The beautiful Baroness Masud Thysson, who was badly injured in the same motor smash is still receiving treatment to



Prince Serge Mdivani with his last bride, Louise Van Allen. This picture, one of the last taken of Serge, shows him embarking on his third honeymoon.

remove by plastic surgery the scars caused by the accident.

Later came news that Serge, already twice married, was marrying the first love of his brother Alexis, Louise Van Allen. So the romantic threads wind and interwind.

The tragic polo accident at Florida, in which Serge was killed, abruptly ended this marriage. He left a fortune of £47,000, of which his widow receives half and the remainder is shared by his two sisters and a brother, the only survivors of the ill-fated Mdivani family.

DON'T ENVY ALICE... DO AS ALICE DOES



FEEL BRIGHT... FEEL WELL... Every Day!



Alice doesn't suffer like so many other women. Always ready for work and always ready for play. Always looks as if she enjoys every minute of "life," AND SHE DOES.

And what Alice does you can do. The whole secret, if you can call it that, is simply this—Alice takes a Wolfe's Schnapps every day, "for her health's sake." The medicinal value of Wolfe's Schnapps is remarkable. It is the purest of all gin spirits, distilled in Holland with THE FINEST JUNIPER BERRIES. That is why it is so good for you and why women especially find it beneficial. Keep a bottle always in the home.

WOLFE'S SCHNAPPS

For your health's sake
KNOWN TO THE AUSTRALIAN PUBLIC FOR 83 YEARS



ECONOMISE THIS YEAR — by getting these FREE GIFTS

Save the Bonus Labels from GOLDENIA and other Inglis Bonus Lines.

Illustrated are a few only of the many useful articles which can be obtained for the Bonus Labels from the quality products packed by Inglis Ltd. If you cannot call, write for ENGLIS BONUS BLUE BOOK. This book gives you full particulars of how to obtain Bonus Presents and the number of Bonus Labels necessary. Post your Bonus Labels to ENGLIS TEAS, Box 1583E, G.P.O., Sydney, and write your name and address clearly on the package. In a separate letter give your name and address, the number of Bonus Labels you are forwarding, and the number of presents you have chosen.

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Bonus Labels are enclosed with the following goods prepared and packed by Inglis Ltd.: GOLDENIA TEA, BILLY TEA, AROMATTE TEA, ENGLIS COFFEE WITH CHOCOLY, ENGLIS ESSENCE OF COFFEE & CHOCOLY, ENGLIS BAKING POWDER, ENGLIS GRANUM PORRIDGE MEAL, ENGLIS PURE SOLUBLE COCOA, ENGLIS AMMONIA.

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Continued from Page 7



Don't wonder about appealing lips! Have them! Michel will give you the soft, warm tempting lips you envy in others. Its colors are flattering, vivid. Its creamy base keeps mouths soft, unlined. Its assured permanency gives you lip lure for hours at a time. Beware of imitations. Genuine Michel has the name on the case!

5 APPEALING SHADES

Blonde Scarlet Vivid
Medium Cherry
SIZES:—Large—Popular

Michel adherent compact rouge gives a flattering complexion. Michel cosmétique glorifies the eyes. Is waterproof, non-irritating.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL
CHEMISTS AND STORES

SHE finished her shopping, called for the key to Tony's cottage, and hurried home. Bick sat down on the step with a mature sigh. "You're a complete angel," she told him, "carrying mother's parcels and all. Let's have a nice lunch and a nap."

After lunch she made her preliminary preparations for dinner, tidied up the house and dashed over to Tony's place to see whether everything was in order. It was, and she strolled home luxuriously. It would work out nicely, she knew. Tony's beds were superb, the plumbing unexceptionable, and her own arrangements would do her credit.

At four-thirty she had finished her work. Had bathed—via basin—herself and Bick. Bill was ready, too, except for his toilet, and had taken the modus operandi into the cubby-hole store-room so that there would be no chance of the guests arriving and finding him au naturel. The two rooms were clean and shining.

She sat down gratefully in the rocking-chair. Bick, pearl of offspring, played idly with a wooden dog and two cotton-reels. "Any other child would be dragging in old tin cans filled with mud," she told herself smugly.

There was a slight sound outside. She rushed to the door. An enormous motor car, black and glistening, came to a noiseless stop in front of the house.

"Bill—how're you getting on? They're here!" She sped down the path.

Mr. Bramley opened the door and prepared to dismount. The chauffeur, no doubt incredulous that his employer actually intended to stay at such a spot, was a second behind him, but managed to anticipate Mrs. Bramley's descent.

There was a confusion of greeting. "You can take the car back to the village, Baker," Mr. Bramley told him. "I'll telephone you when to come back."

"Like fun you will!" Dot thought. Mr. Bramley was continuing kindly: "I thought it best for Baker to stay in the village. Difficult to provide additional servants' quarters, I know."

Dot took a good look at him. He was small and smooth. So smooth

COUNTRY LULLABY

that it was unbelievable that he could be a heating engineer. He looked more like a popular bishop, but she gathered from what Bill had said that he certainly knew his job. He smiled at her gently and she felt a warm liking flow through her. They went into the house.

"MRS. BRAMLEY, do take off your hat—driving is the most tiresome thing in the world," she urged. Quickly she brought a jug of cold water and poured two glasses.

Mrs. Bramley accepted hers with a sigh, and for a moment Dot wondered whether it could possibly be as much trouble as Mrs. Bramley unquestionably took to look as she looked. "Massage, diet, cosmetics, a corps of expert beautifiers—and you can see them all, without pointing to one thing and saying it's unnatural." Aloud she asked Mrs. Bramley whether she would like to wash her hands, rest a moment.

Mrs. Bramley sighed again. "No, my dear, thank you."

Bill appeared and almost immediately he and Mr. Bramley drifted to a remote corner as possible. Dorothy writhed uncomfortably. She could tell that they were discussing the big new building—the one that had been standing, uncompleted, for the past year. It sounded wholly fascinating; and here she was condemned to telling Mrs. Bramley Bick's latest half-witted remark about the chickens. Mrs. Bramley answered back with a long story about her own son's dick—one he had reared some thirty years ago. Dot made it. Hardly red-hot news, she thought. "Interesting how they love animals," she agreed.

"The damn thing's obsolescent already," Mr. Bramley was saying comfortably. "They want us to go in and reconstruct the whole plant. Their idea is—"

"So we moved then, and Georgie was broken-hearted, but I told him we just could not take Duckie with us, even to

a large flat," Mrs. Bramley continued. "I don't think he ever had a pet he—"

Bill offered a terse opinion, and out of the corner of her eye Dot saw Mr. Bramley brighten. A warm happiness, excitement, filled her. He would do the trick then—Mr. Bramley seemed a decent sort. If he would just give Bill a chance, that was all he needed. Bill was brilliant, sound. He could help Mr. Bramley enormously. Mentally she crossed her fingers, but something inside her persisted in thinking the battle practically won.

This heady feeling persisted all through dinner. The table looked really lovely—black and gold peasant linen, black glass from the bazaar, and a bowl of those nameless, daisy-like-looking affairs which bloomed briefly golden in the nearby ditches. Four tall, yellow candles made plenty of light. She had been afraid she would have to use their only good-looking lamp, and it had taken to hissing of late in a manner suggesting immediate catastrophe to the uninitiated.

By superhuman legerdemain she managed to get the hot things on the table hot, and the cold things cold. "I could never do it again," she thought. "I've practically sprained my mind as it is."

COFFEE was accepted by both guests. The four sat and sipped it amiably replete. Mr. Bramley and Bill had, out of consideration for the ladies, restrained themselves from professional topics during dinner, but now they went back to them.

"It's ridiculous," Bill was saying firmly. "Five degrees below the outside temperature is plenty, provided your other factors are right. This thing of chilling a room and calling it air-conditioning—"

Dot looked at Mr. Bramley. He was wearing a contented smile, the smile of one who hears his own convictions applauded and extended. He asked Bill a question, and she thought his manner

was man-to-man, even respectful. "You need new blood in that firm, old boy," she longed to tell him. "A bright young man with ideas."

AT ten Bill excused himself. They had planned that he should carry the bags over to Tony's and make a final inspection. Then he and Dot would both walk over with them to say good night there.

In ten minutes he was back. Dot said: "I fancy you two must be tired..." and looked up to catch sight of Bill's face. In amagement she saw that he was as white as a ghost and his mouth was twisted. "Why—what..." she began, but he shook his head violently. He turned and went back out of the door. "Excuse me a minute, will you?" she asked, and tried to sound casual. "Bill wants a hand out there with the feathered friends."

She found him on the step. He grasped her arm and led her out into the yard, out of earshot of the people inside. "Tony's over there with a crowd of mad people. They're there for the night. He thought it was next week we said, and I couldn't—I just had to let him think so."

Dot slowly froze. What could they...? "The village..." she offered wildly.

"That hole," Bill said. "After we let them think—after we told them we wanted them to visit us."

Out of utter necessity rose a cold resolve. "There's just exactly one thing to do, Bill. Just one. Our room—we'll have to put them in it, and thank heaven the bed's fairly decent. There's nothing else to do."

"But Bick—but what'll we..." he began bewilderedly.

"Go in there now," she told him firmly. "Smuggle Bick's bed out through the other door, into the store-room. There's enough space. Lay him on our bed while you do it; he won't mind."

"But where shall we..."

Please turn to Page 30

"HE MUST GIVE UP THAT DAILY LAXATIVE"

"I SAW DOCTOR AGAIN YESTERDAY—HE SAYS YOU MUST STOP TAKING LAXATIVES! THEY INCREASE CONSTIPATION."

"BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE SOMETHING! I CAN'T WORK WHEN I FEEL SO TERRIBLE."

"YOU'LL NEVER BE WELL WHILE YOU WEAKEN YOUR SYSTEM WITH DAILY LAXATIVES. DOCTOR SAYS TO EAT ALL-BRAN—ITS BULK RELIEVES CONSTIPATION IN NATURE'S WAY!"

NEXT MORNING

"WELL, THIS KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN TASTES BETTER THAN MEDICINE."

"OF COURSE! IT'S A NATURAL FOOD, THAT SUPPLIES THE NECESSARY BULK. YOU'LL BE BETTER IN TWO WEEKS!"

TWO WEEKS LATER

"YOU'RE LOOKING WONDERFUL NOW, DEAR."

"AND I FEEL FINE! I'M WORKING LIKE A NEW MAN. I'VE TOLD EVERYONE IN THE OFFICE ABOUT ALL-BRAN!"

Laxatives every day weaken you, make constipation worse!

Laxatives every day don't cure constipation! They increase it! Every harsh, forced stimulation leaves you feeling weak and sick, takes more strength from tired intestinal muscles. Tender, delicate membranes were never meant to be abused in that way. The inevitable result is loss of vitality, impaired looks, the feeling that "life's not worth living." Doctors blame artificial laxatives for 75% of intestinal troubles in later life! Nature intended you to be healthy, normal, and regular, by providing foods rich in "bulk." But modern foods, over-

cooked and refined, lose that vital element. Provide "bulk" in your diet, and natural functioning will return. The gentle stimulus of "bulk" will give you, first, easy relief from constipation... and then natural functioning will exercise your bowels and intestines back to normal strength. "Bulk" builds up where laxatives destroy.

Symptoms of atonic constipation—the most common form—are dull headaches, sluggishness, loss of sleep and appetite. If they are not relieved by All-Bran, you should see your doctor; your case is serious.

Kellogg's All-Bran is "bulk" in its finest form... delicious, appetizing and effective. It is a food, not a medicine. Eat two tablespoonful of All-Bran daily for a week, covered with milk or cream, to relieve constipation. After that, 3 servings weekly will keep you regular. Buy All-Bran today from your grocer. Serve it with fresh or stewed fruit. Your whole family will enjoy this crisp, delicious cereal, and benefit by its rich, health-giving "bulk."

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

Helen Ridley was guest of her sister, Mrs. Colin Capel, at Barraha for Inverell picnic race festivities? Clare Butter was fellow-guest. Two race days, two balls, and lots of small entertainments on social calendar.

"Trocaderites?"

"HE must be a Trocaderite," said bright flapper as formally-attired young man did best to squeeze past throng on footpath at entrance of Trocadero on opening night. . . . Friendly policeman rescued him in time to meet friends for first dance. . . . Amazing galaxy of social lights present. . . . Film stars added to glamor. . . . Charles Farrell showed great patience in early hours of morning with persistent autograph-hunters.

Dr. Jack Mason, from Tumut, and his smart wife are down for Easter. They make Coogee Bay Hotel temporary home for week or so, then come to Hotel Australia.

Orchids No Novelty

HONOLULU CREEPER, lotus flowers, tropical palms and ferns decorated the Presbyterian church, Singapore, for wedding of Phyllis Docker, of Sydney, to Alexander Hinds. . . . Dr. McIntyre, old family friend of Docker family, officiated at ceremony. . . . Lovely mist-blue georgette gown brought from Sydney for occasion much admired. . . . Reception held at home of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Wilson. . . . Orchids being no novelty in Singapore, carnations and gladioli brought from Java hill stations by air.

Mauve Hair

MADAME HANS FAY believes in following color fashions in hair styles. . . . Her closely-cut shingle decided mauve at Warwick Farm on Saturday. . . . Racing ensemble was grey tailleur with small back hat. . . . Very cool was Mrs. Eric Sheller in white coat and skirt with black-and-white spotted scarf and black accessories. . . . Most noticeable was large and lovely seed-pearl brooch worn with Lady McKelvey's racing ensemble. . . . Must have been treasure from grandma's day judging by antique setting.

Two largest cocktail parties of week given by Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Mackay at Elizabeth Bay House and Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson at Royal Sydney Golf Club on eve of departure for Europe.

Two "Lolas"

ENJOYING life in Sydney is Lola Clendinning, of Toowoomba. . . . Some time since last visit, so many new sights to greet her. . . . During Easter visitor will be joined by her sister, Mrs. Rouse, and her daughter, who also rejoices in name of Lola. . . . Lola, second, is engaged to Mr. Parry Okeden, whose present home is somewhere in tall timbers in Toowoomba vicinity. . . . Trio making "Springfield," Sydney, pied-a-terre.

Easter Dance

MORE men than women on committee for Flying Doctor Ball. . . . Energetic Alicia Inglis is doing level best to spread good tidings in short space of time. . . . Film cast will be present for grand occasion, and will congregate in one large party. . . . Charles Farrell, whose departure from these shores seems reluctant, hopes to be among dancers. . . . No doubt, petite star Mary Maguire will make flying trip from Brisbane home for party.

Trucks Are Fashionable

QUEENSLAND girls have work of truck-loading and driving brought to fine art. . . . After Sydney holiday Robin Barton drove off at wheel of motor truck with mother as passenger on long trek to Charleville. . . . Party intend camping out en route if weather suitable. . . . Trucks even brought into service at smartest of weddings in north. . . . Mrs. Andrew McWilliam, formerly Alison McPhie, amused friends by gaily waving au revoir in smartest of travelling ensembles from wheel of truck belonging to station, on first stage of honeymoon.

Just Too Smart

NEW suites at Hotel Australia too smart for words. . . . Last words in interior decorations clearly echo around rooms. . . . Windows unusually low and wide, with black glass sills, silver fittings to lights, central heating, and wireless in each room just some of star turns. . . . Woodwork is delightful. . . . Maple, walnut, sycamore, and jarrah on alternating floors. . . . Everything complete in time for Easter. . . . Sleepy apprentices, piles of shavings electric wiring, and rolls of carpets still cluttering scenic effects at week-end.

Yet another April bride is Daphne McGowan. Wedding to Neville McMahon takes place at St. Anne's Church, Haberfield, next week.

Breeks and Jodhpurs

PARISIAN fashions paled before glamor of riding breeches and jodhpurs during week. . . . Mrs. Circuit, formerly one famous equestrienne Stirton sisters, looked smartest when waiting at Byron Hall entrance for car to take her to Showground. . . . Slenderness clad in mole jodhpurs with brown skirt, hat and accessories.



THIS IS MISS MARGARET TAIT, attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Tait, whose engagement to Mr. Eric Radd, of Adelaide, was announced recently.



Cooks Disappear

SUDDEN disappearance of three ship's cooks caused delay in scheduled time for Wanganelia's sailing. . . . Serious contretemps

averted in business-like manner. . . . After space of half an hour three dapper cooks, complete with suitcases full of voluminous caps and aprons proper to calling, dashed up gangway, just heaving anchor to it. . . . Captain Pearce, F.R.G.S., of many travels, among passengers. . . . Molly Hall and Betty O'Neill, all excitement, waved farewell to many friends on eve of world travels.

Seafaring Artist

RICHARD ASHTON'S seafaring oil paintings attracted crowd at Grosvenor Galleries on opening day during week. . . . Young artist in early twenties still sunburnt from sailor's life on board Joseph Conrad. . . . Ketch, yacht, or what will you, took days and days to sail from Sydney to Melbourne, but Dick loved every minute of it. . . . Still full of regrets at not sailing further afield. . . . Three generations of Ashton family present. . . . Lady Snowden, Mrs. Lloyd Jones, Sydney Ure Smith, and Mrs. Ivy Moore also registered appreciation of pictures.

Walter Kidman and pretty wife, formerly Muriel Moses, spending Easter in Sydney. Safe to say R.A.S. will see visitors frequently.



Unusual Souvenir

MILES MANDER has flair for unusual souvenirs. . . . In baggage on board Monterey is oddment from Long Bay gaol. . . . Sun hat of unstiffened boater design decorated with narrow pink ribbon took his fancy. . . . It belonged to outfits lent to "Flying Doctor" company by prison authorities, and Miles just couldn't resist souveniring it. . . . Miles now bound for Hollywood. . . . Jocelyn Howarth and Muriel Mackay fellow-passengers.

Cream Decor

IN search of fresh fields to provide material for broadcasts and stories Mr. F. S. Burnell, accompanied by wife, left Sydney by City of Dieppe. . . . Popular couple inundated with farewell messages, flowers and books for reading on board ship. . . . Five to seven party given them by Violet Roche during week. . . . Artistic circles represented on guest list. . . . Flat's new decor of cream and burnt orange much admired.

Peggy Dale affected Grecian style for looped white georgette frock worn at Romano's on Saturday. Mary Hordern pinned lily-of-the-valley to fur coat worn over airy black ninon.

Flying Doctor

SQUADRON-LEADER E. A. DALEY has taken serious views of medical officer job to Air Force. . . . Thinks that practical flying necessary for understanding of work. . . . Obtained certificates for flying long ago, and now is on high seas with attractive wife ready for exchange duty with Royal Air Force. . . . Many Sydney friends of flying and medical professions disappointed that couple joined ship in Melbourne, and so were unable to give them fitting farewell.

Sea Monsters

MARGARET SWIN-BURNE will certainly startle fellow-passengers on forthcoming trip to England. . . . Beach gown for wearing at swimming pool designed by artists Loudon St. Hill and Jack Seymour. . . . Huge sea monsters, crabs, lobsters, fish, sea horses, waves and islands, in shades of red, blue, and green form motif.

Two Wedding Cakes

NO fewer than two wedding cakes made appearance at reception after Hall-Armstrong wedding on Thursday night. . . . Dr. Douglas Miller lent lovely flat overlooking harbor at Elizabeth Bay for party. . . . Only relatives among invited guests, but shoals of friends arrived at church to witness ceremony. . . . Bride looked more lovely than usual in embossed satin, and carried sheaf of lovely cream roses. . . . Such a change after so many exotic blooms.

Did You Notice That—

Bess Morris Edwards, unlike prophets, has honor in own country. Now in charge of mannequin parades and general decor at leading Perth store.

Jane Lane

FAIR PUNTERS ... IN SMART RACE FROCKS



AUTUMN COLORING is used for the floral silk frock chosen by Miss Nessie Crugo, of Leura and Elizabeth Bay. Her tailored brown coat is lined with the same material as the frock, and her bonnet-shaped chapeau is of brown velvet.



MISS FEO SPARROWE, wearing a black ensemble with a touch of white at the collar of her belted black cloth coat, chats with Miss Norah Knox, whose suit is tailored in turquoise-blue angora cloth and whose accessories are cocoa-brown.



MISS PAMELA LAIDLEY DOWLING (above left) adds a sequined belt to her bright navy wool costume, which features silver lame cuffs and unusual neckline. Up-turned felt hat to tone.



MISS ENID HALLORAN, of Rose Bay, wearing navy-and-white floral heavy crepe frock, with toning coat of navy angora featuring a scalloped collar. Halo hat of navy peach bloom velour.



MISS LOIS BASIL JONES, seated in the sunshine, wears a patterned navy-and-white crepe-de-chine frock, with a navy coat of lightweight wool and a navy hat showing breton sailor inspiration.



A RACING enthusiast from Goulburn, Mrs. Max Chisholm, who wears a Scotch tweed of moss-green and grey. Her blouse is of grey lace and her smart felt hat, grey, with a green band.



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ENAMELS

ADMIRAL'S Wife A KEEN Fisherwoman

Friend of Lonely Wives
of Sailors

"I am looking forward eagerly to my two years' stay in Sydney," said Mrs. Lane-Poole, who, with her husband, Rear-Admiral R. H. O. Lane-Poole, O.B.E., is due in Sydney this week on the Orford.

Rear-Admiral Lane-Poole has been appointed to the post of Rear-Admiral commanding the Australian Squadron.

MRS. LANE-POOLE spent three years at Jervis Bay 12 years ago, and thoroughly enjoyed it. She is eager to try her hand again at fishing at the foot of Mount Kosciuszko.

"I hope to travel around with my husband and see more of the country this time," she said. "I am very eager to visit the Blue Mountains, as I have heard about their beauty."



Mrs. Lane-Poole.

She also hopes to renew acquaintance with many friends of the Jervis Bay days who are stationed in Sydney.

For the past two years Rear-Admiral Lane-Poole has been stationed at Devonport, and Mrs. Lane-Poole was interested in working for the Friendly Union of Sailors' Wives there.

"They can be very lonely when their husbands are away at sea, and we tried to entertain them as much as we could," she said. "I am very interested in work of this kind, and hope to be connected with something of the same kind in Sydney."

She is very keen on golf, and plays tennis, though she modestly adds the word "badly." Gardening is another of her hobbies, but she is not sure whether she can indulge this in Sydney and still see as much of the country as possible.

Her 17-year-old daughter has remained at school in England, and will travel to Australia next August. She hopes to study architecture in Sydney.

DON'T ... FORGET

Final dance of season arranged by Palm Beach Surf Club, Cornel House, Palm Beach, April 11, 9 p.m.

Meeting of Benwick Younger Set for Benwick Hospital for Infants, Ashfield Town Hall, April 12, 8 p.m.

Meeting of cricket ladies' committee for Royal Hospital for Women, Hotel Carlton, April 16, 11 a.m.

St. Nicholas's ex-students' annual dance, State Ballroom, April 21. Intending debutantes please communicate with Miss Jean Collier, FV6839.

"The Flying Doctor" ball, Trenchard, April 18. Funds to be divided between Australian Aerial Medical Services and Children's Hospital.

"Anzac" smoke, under auspices of 13th Battalion, Moulin Rouge Cafe, 138 Pitt St., April 24, 8 p.m.

University Settlement ball, April 23. Debutantes will be presented in the Great Hall, and dancing in Refectory and University Union. Further information from Miss Fisher, Manning House, University.

Exhibition of paintings by Eric Wilson and Harold Huntley, the Macquarie Galleries, 19 Blich St., until April 29.

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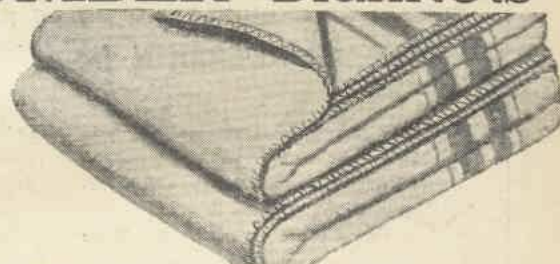
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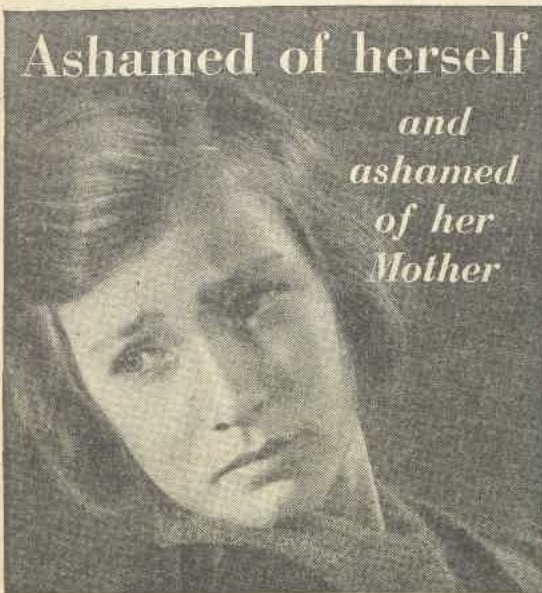
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ashamed
of her
Mother



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decay germs within 30 seconds—regular use of Euthymol would have helped prevent this tragedy. Protect your children by providing Euthymol as the family tooth paste. Children who use Euthymol and who visit the dentist twice a year, have every chance of sound, beautiful teeth that last a lifetime. Get some Euthymol to-day!



"We shan't. We'll sit on that trunk in the store-room all night, or out on the front step or something." Into her voice had crept the fanatical preliminary enthusiasm of all those who set out to make themselves uncomfortable for a worthy purpose.

In the dark, Bill's face looked desperate, harassed. "It won't kill us for one night," she said comfortingly. He rubbed his eyes. "I don't mind, for myself—it wouldn't worry me a bit. But for you..."

"Don't be silly," she said briskly. "Come on, now. Get busy."

Half-an-hour later the place was quiet. The Bramleys had been gracious about the bedroom, although Dot thought Mrs. Bramley looked a shade appalled at the china bowl and wash-jug on the stand.

Back in the storeroom she and Bill sat on a trunk and lit cigarettes. "Will the dawn never come?" she inquired dramatically.

Bill whispered: "I don't see why you can't take the couch."

"And be there if one of them came out of the bedroom for something? No, my fine fellow, too much at stake. It's not going to hurt me."

For a few minutes they sat quietly smoking, then they considered the front steps. "At least we shouldn't have to whisper," Bill pointed out.

Dot shivered. Suddenly the air had grown chilly, yet oppressive, as if it held some uneasy burden. There was a low roll of thunder. "Good heavens—if it rains—" she whispered.

It did. Within two minutes a spatter had grown into a swirling, raging downpour. The wind came up sharply, carrying deafening sheets of water against the walls of the frail house. Bill sprang to his feet and began hitching up his trousers.

"What—where are you going?" Dot asked in a hoarse whisper.

"The chickens. That ditch I made behind their house'll never carry away a storm like this. The water'll get in my dry mash and feed—perhaps soak the nests. I'll have to arrange things somehow."

She rummaged through the miscellaneous items in the storeroom, and found his Wellingtons and an old cap. "The bedroom leaks!" she recalled with a gasp of horror.

Bill's mind was elsewhere. "Take 'em an umbrella," he advised absently. "Those pullets may have to keep us next autumn." He was out of the room then.

Nearer, ominous sounds suggested that the elements had begun to have their way with the guests. She heard thudding, bare footsteps, and once a slight crash.

She knocked, and someone said "Come in." She opened the door. Mr. Bramley, his neat, thin hair on end and the tail of a long and voluminous

COUNTRY LULLABY

Continued from Page 26

nightshirt showing below his silk dressing-gown, was leaping about the room, obviously trying to decide where to set the wash-bowl. She looked over to the bed.

Mrs. Bramley was sitting up, huddled under a blanket which was in turn surmounted by Mr. Bramley's topcoat. From under it her carefully-tailored face was screwed into a look of abject misery. At brief, irregular intervals a heavy plop indicated that a leak had found its mark on her shelter. With each bull's-eye she winced and shifted unhelpfully.

Dorothy, underneath blank horror, felt a sharp desire to laugh. "Bird in gilded cage sees life," she thought. She hurried forward and caught her gently by the arm. "Oh, Mrs. Bramley," she wailed, "I'm so terribly sorry—come on in the other room. I'll move your bed and get pans and things."

MRS. BRAMLEY tried to summon a smile, but it was very weak. Dot found her her negligee, an elusive trifle featuring cream-

Tulips

My tulips stand, candle tall,
Aglow with bloom against the wall
Just where I set them out last fall.

Planting bulbs, a simple trick—
But whose hand was it brought
this quick
Lovely flame to each tulip wick?
—Eibel Romig Fuller.

colored lace. She helped Mrs. Bramley into it, then forced her to add a sweater of her own to the ensemble. Vainly crushed, Mrs. Bramley tottered into the living-room and sat down in the rocking-chair. Dot choked back an impulse to say that it was most unusual weather for this time of the year.

She went back to the bedroom. Mr. Bramley had decided upon the middle of the floor as the best place for the wash-bowl. She brought three pans.

"Where's your husband?" he inquired briskly.

"He had to see about the hens—the rain might wash in on the floor."

Mr. Bramley looked up quickly. "Might do some damage, you mean?" he asked.

"Yes," Dot said. "It's on a slope,

you know, the way they're supposed to be, but the ditch—"

"Well," he said, and she thought his eye brightened. "I'd better go and help him."

"Oh—" she broke in frantically. "Don't, you'll get soaked. He can manage all right." But Mr. Bramley was collecting his clothes.

"If you'll excuse me," he remarked pointedly.

"Oh—of course." She turned back to the living-room. A rush of hopelessness swept over her. A look at Mrs. Bramley crushed the last feeble spark of optimism.

Mr. Bramley was a good sport. He would not be annoyed with them, probably. Perhaps the excitement and all would amuse him. That is, if he survived pneumonia or the other ailments his night's exploits would cause. But not Mrs. Bramley—she would harbor this evening's fiasco in her heart for the rest of her life. She was a lady—she would not complain, or make a fuss, but one look at her told you she would never get over the resentment of the night—being roused from sleep to spend the night in a rocking-chair in a faded green sweater.

THE wind roared with renewed fury. Mr. Bramley appeared in the door, dressed in flannel trousers and a pull-over. "Got another mackintosh?" he asked.

"Oh, George," his wife cried. "You aren't your arthritis."

Arthritis—of course. Dot had not thought of arthritis.

"Don't be absurd, Olivia," he advised her kindly. "I'm not going to get wet."

There was a loud clap of thunder, and Dot could not but feel that his attitude was unduly sanguine. However, she gave him her own raincoat and a pair of Wellingtons someone had left there. They were too large and formed an odd conclusion to Mr. Bramley's neat legs, but he did not seem to mind.

"Wish I had my electric torch," he said thoughtfully. "I might ring up Baker."

"No telephone," Dot said shamedly.

"Of course, of course—why should you?" he answered briskly. "Well—Wheeler seems to have a lantern—we'll manage all right." He swaggered to the front door. Mrs. Bramley accompanying his progress with low, sickly moans. He got it open, and, after a brief struggle, closed behind him. Faintly a joyous shout reached their ears. It seemed that Mr. Bramley was offering it as his opinion that Bill was a devil of an engineer.

Please turn to Page 46

A really CLEAN Skin is a YOUTHFUL Skin

Impurities clogging the pores promote blemishes... prevent **UNDERSKIN** from functioning vigorously

You've probably often wondered why your skin loses the bloom of youth after you pass the "teens." It's because the skin, with its millions of microscopic pores, is unable to cope with changes in weather and climate, the use of powder and make-up, the smoke and grime of the cities and all sorts of forces tending to dry the oil glands and to slow up circulation through the tissues just underneath the surface. To overcome common skin faults (coarse pores, blackheads, little lines and wrinkles, dryness, spots, and sagging tissues) the pores of the

underskin must be freed of all these impurities so that they can function normally. Only a deeply-penetrating cream—Pond's Cold Cream—can do this. Pond's exquisite, germ-free Cold Cream is made from special fine oils which are able to penetrate deep into the pores, and to clear all dirt and impurities away. Then the pores are free, the oils have nourished the starved glands and the tissues have been stimulated to normal action. Cleansing the skin with Pond's Cold Cream clears it to radiance, erases lines, and restores its lost youth.

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At night, cleanse the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Pat the cream in gently; wipe it off, and repeat until no more soil appears. In the morning repeat this cleansing process. Follow this treatment regularly, and you'll soon notice your fresh youthful smoothness and glow restored to you again!



In your underskin—a network of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, oil glands. When they grow sluggish, look out for ugly skin faults and age signs!



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Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly, corrects skin faults.



TRIAL OFFER: Mail coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two Creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check shade wanted: Brunette (Rachel) ☐, Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream (Natural) ☐, Natuelle (Light Natural) ☐, Rose Brunette ☐, Dark Brunette (Suntan) ☐.

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THE MOVIE WORLD

April 11, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 31

CALLING Australia! Hollywood News As It Happens

From JOHN B. DAVIES

By SPECIAL CABLE
from Hollywood

Garbo Missing

NEW YORK, in particular, and the United States, in general, are getting all hot about the whereabouts of the mysterious Garbo.

Although, as advised earlier, I heard that she was returning on a freighter from her native land, it has been impossible to obtain any further news of her sailing plans, despite the fact that every waterfront reporter and special news-hound in New York is on the job.

The newspaper men are not the only ones who are baffled. Movie fans and

Astaire-Rogers to Separate?

ALTHOUGH no definite announcement has been made, those "in the know" in Hollywood are predicting that the famous Astaire-Rogers partnership is due to be dissolved.

As already advised, Fred objects vehemently to making so many pictures with Ginger, on the grounds that to be always before the public eventually must kill the box-office value of the combination.

The glamorous Miss Rogers' drift towards a break-away arises from a different reason altogether. Ginger believes that her destiny lies in straight drama rather than musicals; in shaking hearts rather than in shaking a leg. Which explains why, at the moment, she is understudying Lucille Ball in the play, "Breakfast."

Friends of the star alike are kept guessing. Stockholm reports that Greta is not there, and intimate associates have arrived to meet three Scandinavian ships, only to be disappointed.

Although the great star would be the first to deny that the secrecy surrounding her movements is in any way a publicity stunt, the fact remains that it is getting her publicity—and lashings of it.

Rival Sweethearts

Seven-year-old Sybil Jason, the South African juvenile, has definitely thrown down the gauntlet to Shirley Temple. The golden-haired Shirley has, up to now, reigned supreme as the world's child-sweetheart, but wide-eyed Sybil, brunette and dainty, is to try for the title in a production of which the very title, "Everybody's Sweetheart," is a challenge.

Hollywood—just now—is thick with juvenile stars and near stars, so that the announcement of Sybil's break has created no small amount of interest.



"GARCIA" Co-stars—BARBARA STANWYCK and JOHN BOLES

More Dionnes

WHILE Fox executives were occupying themselves with the Dionne Quins, figuring that these five were the only members of the family who count so far as public interest is concerned, Universal big chiefs have put over a fast one by signing up Mr. and Mrs. Dionne and five older children for a production to be entitled, "Where Are My Children?"

The parents, two boys, and three girls are proceeding to Hollywood immediately to commence work on the picture, which should be good box-office. By its title the film should be full of good heartaches, in spite of those who'll answer the question "Where Are My Children?" with just three words: "In the money."

Movies, Farewell!

GRACE MOORE, now back in New York to sing Mini in a charity performance of "La Boheme," has stated that she will never return to Hollywood.

While expressing her regret at having had to leave so many good friends behind her in the Colony, the diva says that she has experienced too many heartaches making movies ever to want to make another one.

She may stick to this decision. On the other hand, time will no doubt bring forgetfulness of much that now stings. And then, one bright spring, the Oof Bird will warble enticingly, and Grace will decide to make "just one more picture."

W. C. Fields Back

W. C. FIELDS fans will be glad to learn that he is now at work again.

"Poppy" is the picture Paramount are relaunching him in, and, seeing him on the job, I was glad to find him still the same old wise-cracking Bill of pre-sickness days. So much in form is he that the studio has bought up Julian Street's new story, "The Need of a Change," for him. Bill is anxious to get into this, as it will give him a chance to dress up and juggle; two activities he loves.

Meantime, "I'm as nervous," he told me, "as a gold-fish in a school of sharks." He has no need to be; fans will welcome his return to the screen.

ECCENTRICITIES of FAMOUS Director-Comedian

Monty Banks Insists On Being In Everything

By TOINETTE LIVESAY

MONTY BANKS is probably the only director of comedy to be, himself, a recognised comedian who, in his heyday, had as large a fan following as any comedian of his time. In fact, Monty prides himself on the fact that he is not only a comedy director and a comic, but also a comical director.

News Flash!

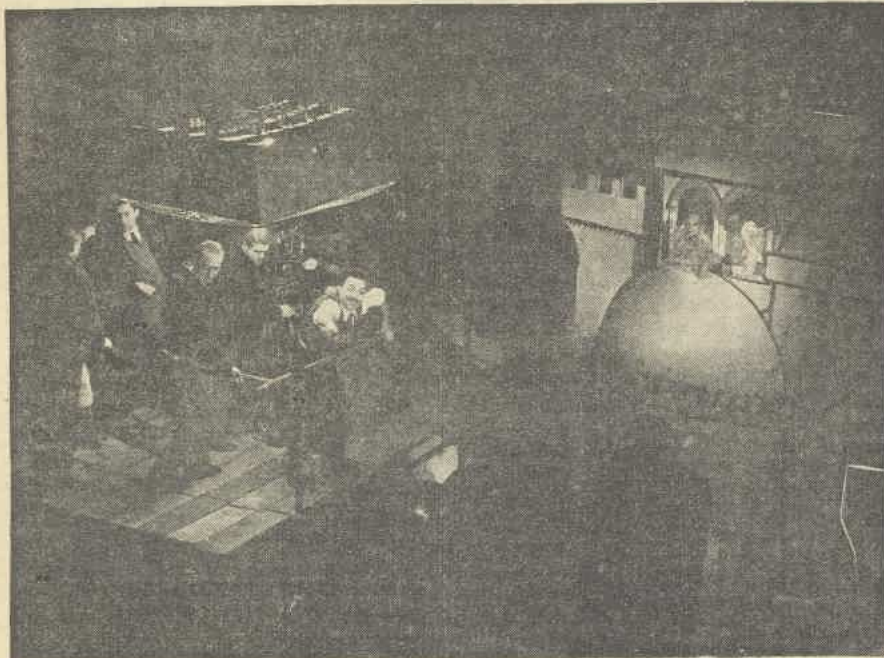
By Beam Wireless.

LONDON, Sunday.

Monty Banks will supervise, direct, and act in a new, untitled picture which will go into production at the A.T.P. Studios at Ealing, next week.

The picture will star, besides Monty, Claude Hulbert and Shirley Gray, who made such a hit recently in the Stanley Lupino picture, "Cheer Up."

The film will be based on special scenes recently taken at the Olympic Winter Sports Meet in Germany.



MONTY BANKS insists on having a small part in every film he directs. This scene from "Queen of Hearts" may explain why.

★ ★
EVEN WHILE directing, Banks has to play the comic. Look at the expression on his face in this unconventional picture.

YOU'VE got to go back to the beginning to understand all the funny things about Monty Banks. He was born in Italy 45 years ago as Mario Bianchi. His father, Leopoldo Bianchi, was a well-known Italian composer and orchestra conductor. There were visions in the Bianchi family of making Mario a good musician, but the first factor to squelch that idea was the fact that Mario never seemed to grow up.

He not only didn't grow tall, but he seemed so in love with nonsense for nonsense sake, that the family's hopefulness regarding a musical career faded quickly.

Following his own inborn instincts, Mario became a comedian in a comedy troupe, and when the troupe reached England, Mario thoughtfully Anglicised his name. So Mario Bianchi became Monty Banks. This was still way back in the days of the silent screen, when Charlie Chaplin, Patsy Arbuckle, Ben Turpin, Chester Conklin, and Harold Lloyd were the kings of film comedy.

To Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD studios were searching the world, at that time, for new comedians to star in the interminable series of two-reel comedies which flooded the market. It wasn't long before Monty Banks was picked up on contract, freighted to Hollywood, and started in a Monty Banks series. The chubby little man, with his Latin manner and natty air, soon had a public of his own, and the more popular he became the more versatile he proved himself. It finally became expected that he was not only to star in his two-reelers, but also to write them and direct them himself.

So, the more he worked, the funnier he became. And Monty Banks, the comedian, became a worldwide figure. Then, in 1933, Monty got his brilliant idea. Remembering the struggling film industry in England, he decided to take his comic abilities to London and found a really comical comedy school of production there. He went, and immediately began his direction of prime comedies. The early climax of his success was reached when he turned out "My Wife's Family."



ILLUSTRATING HOW the comedian-director sneaks into every still. The photographer really only wanted Basil Dean, Gracie Fields, and the famous George Robey, but Monty couldn't be kept out.

Monty used everything in his fight for recognition. . . and he is a good enough showman to exploit his pet idiosyncrasies and superstitions as a means of making himself known. For instance, it soon became gossip in British studios that Monty Banks never directed a picture unless he could appear in it himself, in

an obscure bit part—maybe for only one short scene. Also, the studio photographers soon learned that Monty managed to sneak into practically any scene photo they snapped.

"Screw" Conduct

THE best example of this "screw" side of Monty's mode of conduct is evident in connection with his latest picture, "Queen of Hearts," which he directed

for Basil Dean. For this picture England's outstanding comedy director was handed the job of getting the utmost hilarity out of England's highest-paid star—Gracie Fields.

During production it soon became evident that Banks was going to try to make this picture a comedy out of the ordinary. First of all, he spotted himself in three bit roles in the film: he appears in a brief—but very funny—

scene as a Latin who passes a man, bumps him, quickly slaps him down, and runs from a watching policeman; he managed to mingle with a crowd (in the film) watching Gracie do her stuff at a coffee stall; and he gave himself a choice bit in a skit which appears in the film, in which there is a husband, a wife and a French maid. Gracie's the wife, and Monty's the husband, and he couldn't resist the temptation to put himself on the bill as "Montague Banking."

All during the production of any picture, still cameramen haunt the sets, snapping photos of scenes and off-stage gatherings. When the still men on the "Queen of Hearts" production went to develop their plates, they found Monty's grinning face coming through in the oddest places.

Monkeyshines

IN one still, Gracie is posed before a line of soldiers with Basil Dean, her boss, and there was Monty, crouched behind the line of soldiers, peering through the soldiers' arms. On another occasion, George Robey, the famed old comedian, visited his old friend, Gracie, on the set, and Robey was posed with Gracie and Dean and Monty. When the plate was developed it was discovered that Monty, even in this serious moment, could not resist the urge to clown—he was making faces at the others.

And yet in these Monty Banks monkeyshines can be found the prime secret of his success as a comedy director. They serve as a means of keeping his own comic tendencies fresh. The more he clown, the more comedy he feels he can get out of his cast. Which probably accounts for the fact that he can squeeze more really deep laughs out of a script than any other director.

Director-Acrobat

ONE thing definitely different Monty Banks has over most other directors in the entire motion picture industry is that he is doubtless the most energetic director in any studio. Monty Banks' movements are fast. In order to instil enthusiasm into his players for a scene he jumps up and down, waves his arms frantically, leaps over chairs, and to get from one spot to another, never walks, but always runs.

He has told friends that he can easily lose a stone and a half in weight during the production of any picture which he directs. For that matter he loses another half-stone long before a picture of his goes into production, for he conducts himself just as wildly in story conferences as he does on the set.

STARS Should Not Choose OWN STORIES

Interference Often ★ Forerunner to Disaster

By
**JEANNETTE
MACMAHON**

ONE exception to prove a general rule: Mae West, who always chooses her own stories, and who is usually right.

★
A SCENE from one of the disappointments of screen history, "Rock-a-bye." Constance Bennett invited until R.K.O. bought the story for her, but the results were unhappy both for her and Joel McCrae.

★
CAN you remember any particular picture in which your pet star was an absolute flop? I can recollect plenty! There have been times when an otherwise capable and likeable player has been positively diabolic, to quote the classics, in one certain role. And when such is the case, you can bet your bottom dollar that the specific "lemon" to which I refer was chosen by no less a personage than the player himself.

WHICH, my little lassies, is my roundabout way of telling you that when a star plays any role that has been specially selected for her by her production executives, she's the berries . . . but when she chooses one for herself . . . she's a flop.

Call it lack of horse sense, call it lack of editorial values, call it what you will, the fact still remains that there is scarcely a Hollywood luminary who can pick his or her own stories and pick them successfully. They have to be taken by the hands and either led or given a good, hard push to success!

"I'd Show 'Em"

EVERY star who has even been so formidable as to deserve that welcome appellation has at some time or another said, "Oh, if only they'd let me choose my own stories, I'd show 'em." On most every occasion that I've had an intimate chat with any of the screen's luminaries, at some point during the conversation, the star either lowers his voice confidentially or lifts it higher than usual so as to make sure some production executive will hear and say: "You know, I shouldn't be doing this sort of thing. I had an awful fight with the studio about it. I should be playing (tragic) (comic) (sophisticated), (girlie) roles." You can insert your own descriptive word to suit the individual star. There was a time when I used to believe them, but now it goes in one ear and out the other!



I've seen case after case where they've tried picking their own yarns, and they usually fall flat on their face, or else they pass up juicy plums which a less argumentative confrere accepts and upon which he rides to further fame and glory. And so, the next time you see your favorite actor of yesterday slipping a little in popularity, don't place too much blame on him, or his age, or his love affairs, or take for granted the hundred-and-one other excuses that always are offered. Blame the poor story selection! And ten to one you'll find that the man himself has been lending a "helping hand" to the adaptation where it wasn't needed, and which has helped to make him fall flat on his schnozzola. There's the direct antithesis, however. For every actor that makes a flop, there is always a corresponding one who will ride to glory. For when one

player makes a mistake in selection, another gets the juicy plum!

One of the most recent examples of bad judgment, but one which fortunately panned out okay for the knocker in question, is "It Happened One Night." How many million dollars that swiftest pic. has poured into the coffers of the Columbia studios, Harry Cohn alone knows. But what I know is this: Clark Gable didn't want to play the part.

An Exception

IN fact, Claudette Colbert was the only one who had any enthusiasm for the picture whatsoever. Claudette is the rare exception which does much to prove the rule. She is an actress who has so far proven that she is able to pick good stories. She visualized "It Happened One Night" in its entirety rather than a few spectacular sequences where she had a chance to emote.

Clark Gable fought like a mad bull against making it. He even suikied and stormed and bawled after he had started work on the film. Finally, Frank Capra, that directorial genius, took him aside and said, "Look here, Clark, be a sport. You're in, so you may as well make a go of it." What the story and Frank Capra did for Clark Gable is now history. Since making "It Happened One Night," that handsome he-man has meant more to M.-G.-M. his home lot, than ever before.

Incidentally, it'll surprise you to know that the script of "It Happened One Night" kicked about a lot before its production was ever started. It originally belonged to Metro, who eventually traded it with Columbia for the services of Frank Capra, whom they wanted to direct "Soviet." They lost the yarn and "Soviet," the film that Capra was to make in return, never even reached the cameras.

Which is an instance of bad story judgment on the part of the production executives, who should know box-office meat when they see it.

Warren William, who benefited considerably from "Imitation of Life," stood up on his hind legs when he was chosen for the part, and positively refused to play it. He cursed and shouted and banged the desk and inquired of anyone who would listen to him why he should do that sort of sophisticated part when he really belonged in romantic swash-buckling roles, like Captain Blood, or something akin! He finally played the



★
IT WASN'T Warren William's fault that he got a big leg-up in "Imitation of Life." He fought hard enough against playing in it.

★
role, however, and it probably is the best thing he's ever done.

If Mr. William and Mr. Gable always exercised their own "horse sense" about stories, where do you think they'd be now? I tell you they just can't see themselves in an objective light.

I have it on good authority that talking-picture producers go red in the face, foam at the mouth, in fact go positively haywire when they run up against any of our stellar luminaries with one of those nasty-looking contracts which gives the player the right to choose his or her own stories. Gradually, these contracts are going out of existence, but one of the last belonged to Ann Harding. It was this blonde charmer, my dear readers, who turned down the "Of Human Bondage" role which Bette Davis took. Ruth Chatterton also knocked it! Perhaps both were right, but I doubt it. A good actress can take such a role and do what she likes with it. Which was precisely what Bette did, so much so that she all but won the award for the best individual performance of the year from the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Think how Ann or Ruth must have felt!

Did you hear me say "No Horse Sense"?

Joan Crawford fought like a fool not to play in "Forsaking All Others." She gave as her excuse that she was too big a star to be teamed with two leading men, Gable and Montgomery, to divide up the honors. She had to be persuaded most tactfully by M.-G.-M. executives before she would consent. And, as you know, it was not only a fine success, but on the strength of it Joan signed a brand-new million-dollar contract with her studio which has consolidated her position on Easy Street for the rest of her life.

Ruth Chatterton's decline down the ladder of screen popularity began when she achieved her iron-clad contract with Warner Bros., which permitted her to choose her own stories. If you remember, Warners and Paramount had a long-drawn-out battle as to who would gain her services. The former studio won because the chiefs at Paramount couldn't swallow the paragraph in her contract which specified that she was a liberty to pick her own screen material. As a consequence, there never was a series of worse stories than those turned out by Miss Chatterton for Warners. She was still the same actress, but didn't have the right vehicles. Ruth has once again started work after a two years' absence, and I, for one, sincerely hope that Harry Cohn, who is a much more astute picker, handles the story end exclusively from now on.

Dramatic Case

THEN there's the dramatic case of two little ladies named Lella Hyams and Maureen O'Sullivan. Lella, having precedence because of her greater star power, had the choice of a picture named "Freaks" and a series of Tarzan films which Metro were making. She chose the former . . . and there never has been a worse picture made. Indeed, it was so bad that I don't believe it screened anywhere in Australia, and I know that it was an absolute flop in the States. Meanwhile, the studio hunted round for a little lass to play opposite Johnny Weissmuller. In order to get her they gave her a contract. Maureen did okay as "Tarzan's Mate," and the next few months she progressed further along the road to stardom, as you already know. She studied, she learned, she watched, until now she is a potential star. But where is Lella Hyams?

Continued on Page 39

LONDON ON the AIR

English Production News

- Gracie Welcomed Home • Donat, Actor-Manager • Ultra-Violet Recording
- Drill-Master Arliss • Store Talkies
- School Films • Color Coming

From JUDY BAILEY, Our Special Correspondent in London.

By BEAM WIRELESS

GRACIE FIELDS, the greatest comedy personality in the British film world, received a tumultuous public welcome on her arrival at Southampton after her South African trip.

Immediately on her arrival in London, I interviewed her in her quiet suburban home, where I found her unpacking Zulu trophies and other souvenirs of an eventful tour.

She told me she had more free shows during her wanderings than anything else. "I couldn't help it," she said. "Lancashire exiles swarmed in from the lonely veldt to every little town along my route. They regarded me as the only bit of home they are likely to see for the rest of their lives, so what could I do but sing for them?"

WAR plays are usually hit-or-miss affairs. They either run a year, like "Journey's End," or they fizzle out after a few performances. In view of this, Robert Donat, one of the most successful of the younger film stars, has shown considerable courage in putting on "Red Night" at the Queen's Theatre, London. The play traces a private soldier through the European war. Donat plays the chief role with an admirable restraint. Critics prophesy a good run for the play, from which it may be assumed that the story will one day be filmed.

A THREE-YEAR'S world tour to make a film record of their experiences with a view to showing the pictures in schools throughout the British Empire, is the enterprise upon which Mr. John C. Elder and Mr. J. Blake Dalrymple, directors of Elder-Dalrymple Productions Ltd., are shortly to embark. Mr. Dalrymple, just home from the Amazon, will be the principal cameraman of the party. Mr. Elder will direct the films.

VERY few film stars rehearse the story. They depend on repeating each small scene actually on the set. George

Arliss is an exception. He rehearses the whole company. At present he is busy on his new picture. He has a room in the Goldhawk, a hotel which stands at the corner of the road near Gaumont-British studios at Shepherd's Bush, London. And the whole cast are being drilled in "Hands Off." Of course the director will re-drill them when they step on to the set, but at least they know what it is all about—something of a rarity these days.

MR. SAM GOLDWYN has told the British Press that he considers the time is ripe for color to be introduced into films in a more definite way than has been attempted formerly. He says that color has definitely emerged from the experimental stage, and that the public is eager to see color films. Not every picture was a suitable subject for color, he added, but musical pictures and outdoor romances could be greatly enhanced in appeal through the use of the color process.

A DEMONSTRATION in London is just announced of a new development in recording technique. This concerns the use of ultra-violet light in recording. It is stated to improve the sound track considerably, and the "naturalness" of the voice. Very little alteration will have to be made to existing sound apparatus to take advantage of the improvement.

IN future the man in the street will be able to stop for talkies at a West End store. In co-operation with Gaumont-British, an Oxford Street store will give a continuous series of "talkie trailer" programmes for the benefit of customers wishing to book for West End cinemas. These trailer programmes are precisely similar to the extracts taken from films to indicate what may be expected in next week's programme.

☆
For
Merit

Freddie Bartholomew showing Clark Gable the Certificate of Honor awarded him for acting ability by the Foreign Press Society.

☆

HUNDRED Lucky WINNERS

Shirley Competition Results

Here is a full list of prizewinners in the Shirley Temple competition conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly.

Extraordinary interest was evinced in the competition, which elicited many thousands more entries than were anticipated. The task of judging them was extremely difficult and required the assistance of a special staff. Entries poured in from all parts of Australia—from Port Darwin to Hobart and from Perth to Brisbane.

Generally speaking, the letters received in the Juvenile Section were of a high standard, but the outstanding feature of the competition was that it showed the universal popularity of the little girl wonder of the screen.

EACH competitor listed below will receive a beautiful Shirley Temple doll—a replica of the little star herself. Prizewinners will be informed by letter of the date of despatch of their dolls.

ADULTS. WINNERS.

Miss K. Bull, 50 Empire St., Haberfield, N.S.W.; Marjorie Walton, 12 North St., Leichhardt, Sydney; Mrs. M. Walker, 32 Guendecourt Avenue, Earlwood, N.S.W.; Miss C. Halligan, Balya, Norfolk Rd., St. Brisbane; Miss M. E. Ruddell, Ronadel, 31 Allenby Rd., Canterbury, E. Vic.; Miss Madge Hemmings, Box 49, Kalangadoo, S.A.; Doreen Ross, Fullerton Cove Rd., Fern Bay, via Stockton, N.S.W.; Mrs. Marcus Gibson, 18 Wellesley St., Hobart; Mrs. H. McKenzie, Connor St., Colac, Vic.; Mrs. B. Brunt, Koonara, Officer, Gippsland, Vic.; Mrs. H. J. Rea, 29 MacGregor St., East Malvern, S.E. Vic.; Mrs. J. Docherty, Annie St., St. Brisbane; A. R. Harris, Winifred St., Mundraburra, Townsville, Qld.; Connie Ethridge, Holland Park, Contay St., Brisbane; Thelma Hatch, 102 Chalmers St., W. Footscray, Vic.; J. A. Ratten, 15 Marara St., Merlyton, N.4. Vic.; Mrs. Fraser, Merok, Lillithgow Rd., Toorak, Vic.; Mrs. P. McGovern, 7 Dovedale St., Graton, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. Rodeman, 13 Ellington Rd., Sandy Bay, Hobart; Mrs. C. Hawley, 8 Poch Avenue, Coburg, Vic.; A. M. Hill, Box 100, Darwin, W.A.; Mrs. V. M. Hickey, 32 Houston Rd., St. Ken-

sington, N.S.W.; K. Radford, Fowler St., Gladstone, Qld.; Miss I. Raymond, 127 King William Rd., Hyde Park, S.A.; Mrs. A. Scott, 3 Howard Rd., Glenorchy, Tas.; Mrs. L. Tierney, Forest, Tas.; Mrs. H. E. Lette, Jetsonville, Tas.; Mrs. McCallum, Gormanston, Tas.; Mrs. Bernice Vohland, Kingston St., Toowoomba, Qld.; Mrs. B. Oakey, Hamley Bridge, S.A.; Mrs. R. S. Pitman, Hobb St., Tanunda, S.A.; Mrs. W. T. Reid, Mamuka, Anthony St., Ascut, Qld.; Mrs. J. Brunt, Koonara, Officer, Gippsland, Vic.; E. Laing, 4 Bendigo St., Hampton, St. Vic.; Mrs. K. N. Heighway, 6 Lauderdale Avenue, Manly, N.S.W.; Mrs. D. M. Paint, 176 Peel St., Tamworth, N.S.W.; A. J. Watts, Parrakie, S.A.; Mrs. T. Bartkowiak, 46 John Lane, Maryborough, Qld.; Bessie Baker, Melton, Y.P., S.A.; Mrs. A. Banks, Smith, 95 Oiblin St., New Town, Hobart; Miss Rosa Dingle, Maple Avenue, Keswick, Adelaide; June Fletcher, Locke St., Warwick, Qld.; Dorothy Griffiths, 75 Herston Rd., Newmarket, Brisbane; Miss M. Berness, P.O. Maribyrnong, Vic.; Miss E. Wright, 41 Cobarr St., Willoughby, N.S.W.; Mrs. M. Watkins, 17 Berwick St., Coogee, N.S.W.

PRIZEWINNERS IN JUVENILE SECTION

M. Russell, 39 George St., Paddington, Sydney; Judy Dennington, Bohemia, Pt. Nepean Rd., Aspendale, Vic.; Zoe Hughes, Lillburn, Glen Innes, N.S.W.; Valma Newton, 4 Campbell St., Waverley, N.S.W.; Norma Sharp, 442 Macaulay St., Albury, N.S.W.; Daisy Nicholson, c/o Mrs. J. Doggett, 8 Pine St., West

Hobart, Tas.; Dorothy Simpson, 37 Bateman's Rd., Gladesville, N.S.W.; Susan Gavan Duffy, 29 Florence St., Mentone, Melbourne; Mary Foote, Tapley's Hill Rd., Royal Park, S.A.; Marjorie Munster, 12 Sussex St., Yarraville, W.3. Vic.; Valerie Holmes, 18 Westgarth St., Malvern, Vic.; Jean Crawford, Marry St., Bulimba, Brisbane, Qld.; Phyllis Hay, Kilderry, Hayes, Tas.; Jean Mair, 314 View St., Bendigo, Vic.; Eura Levine, 23 High St., Ararat, Vic.; Betty Sugars, Benjamin St., Hampstead, S.A.; Lois Sharpe, c/o Mr. Barlow, King Street, Sandy Bay, Hobart, Tas.; Doreen McNair, Thompson St., Coolumundra, N.S.W.; Yvonne Lloyd, Lumsah, 58 Cook Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.; Mary L. Lane, Quantong, Vic.; Heather Headlam, Miena, York Plains, Tas.; Joyce Fisher, 20 Wellington St., Maryborough, Vic.; Shirley Willis, No. 2 Fiat, 107 High St., Neutral Bay; Molly Boyce, 122 Spencey St., Clifton Hill, Melbourne, Vic.; Edna Law, Osborne Rd., Mitchelton, Brisbane, Qld.; Mairs Strahan, 3 Cremorne Rd., Richmond, Vic.; Joan Coon, Tapley's Hill Rd., Fulham, S.A.; Cynthia Jones, 225 Lake St., Cairns, Qld.; Lila Olsen, Dalby, Qld.; Rita Powell, 14 Bank St., Anson Vale, Vic.; Brenda Koch, 27 Elizabeth St., New Mile End, S.A.; Joan D. Hutchlin, Dargies Peak, S.A.; Maureen Patch, Police Station, Chinchilla, Qld.; Marie Lowe, Pine St., Killarney, Qld.; Joyce Burnett, 102 Waterloo Rd., East Bankstown; B. Ullrich, 13 Hopkinson St., South Burnie, Tas.; D. Kitchiner, 435 Campbell St., Depot Hill, Rockhampton, Qld.; Ella Marshall, Blackstone Rd., Silkstone, Ipswich, Qld.; Beryl Gander, Glenroy, Yppoon, Qld.; Mary Hess, 131 Concord Rd., Concord, N.S.W.; Dorothy Fraser, Carlton, Belgrave Rd., Indooroopilly, Qld.; Ellen Pratt, 7 Mathias Av., Cabra Estate, S.A.; Patsy Rhind, 17 Henry St., Ryde, N.S.W.; Pauline Jeffery, 93 Clinton St., Orange, N.S.W.; Bonnie Pritchard, 92 Alexander Parade, North Lismore, N.S.W.; Lois Roche, 38 Clissold St., Katoomba, N.S.W.; Beryl McDonald, No. 4 Kila Ora Plats, Greens Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.; Beryl Patterson, 5 Martin St., Hamilton St., N.S.W.; Joy Toole, 10, Royston, 14 Kemp St., The Junction, Newcastle; B. Wilkinson, 24 Eamond St., Hyde Park, S.A.; Ailsa Botting, 41 Morris St., Evandale, S.A.; I. Amos, High St., Mansfield, Vic.; Sheila Stokes, Richmond St., Tumut, N.S.W.

Joan Gives Away Beauty Secrets

Every day that it is possible, Joan Crawford takes a sun bath and oils her entire body before exposing it to the sun. The combination of sun and oil keeps her skin in excellent condition. Try it and see.

HER most rigid rule is a certain amount of exercise daily. If her work does not permit her to indulge in her favorite sports, she gets in some setting-up exercises every morning.

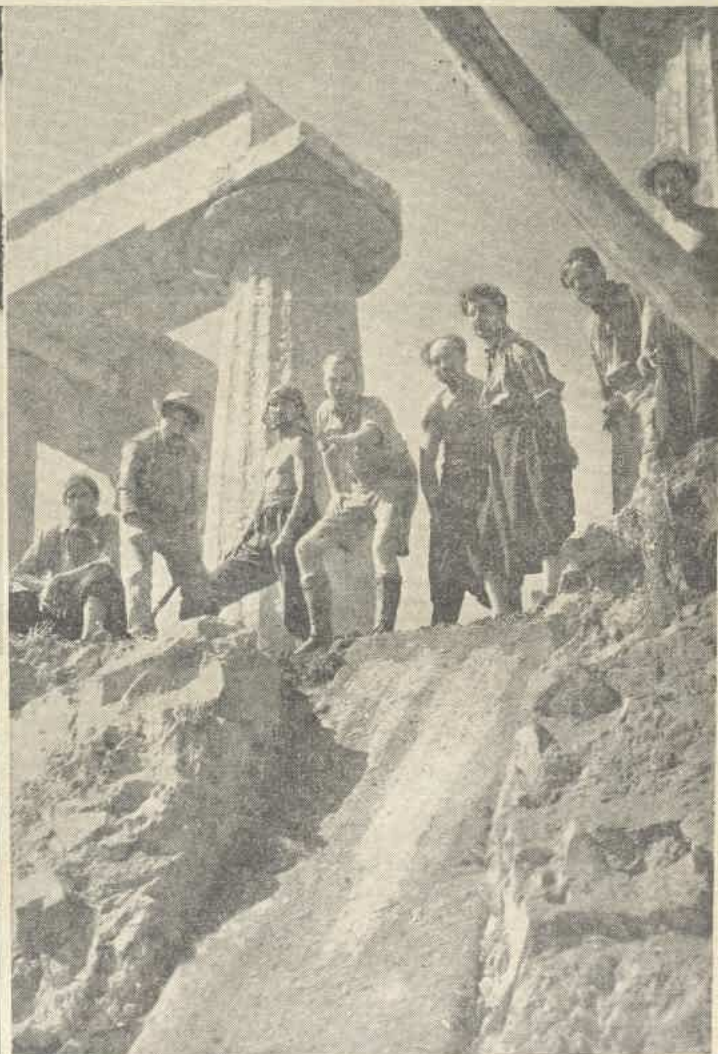
Being a dancer, Joan has learned the importance of proper care for the feet. "Nothing makes a face more haggard," says Joan, "than feet that ache and burn. I find it restful to change shoes several times a day. All the time I am on the set and not actually working before the cameras I wear mules that give my feet a maximum of comfort."

There are many strange rumors about Joan's manner of make-up, which she

denies vehemently. "It is not true that I put oil on my face to make it shine. Ordinarily I don't wear skin make-up of any kind away from the screen. Since my skin must be plastered with cosmetics through all my working hours, it is healthier to let it breathe unhampered the rest of the time."

One of her favorite charm recipes is to dress for dinner, not necessarily elaborately, but a change of costume. "It does complimentary things to both your appearance and disposition," says Joan. "To take a quick shower and put on a different dress before joining your family at the most social meal of the day. The whole process need not take more than ten minutes. You will get more than 10 minutes' worth of appreciation for it."

JOAN Has New Leading ★ Man in BRIAN AHERNE



*I*N M.-G.-M.'s "I LIVE MY LIFE," Crawford is seen with Brian Aherne as her co-star. Joan is glamorous as ever, even eating spaghetti, while Aherne plays a hard-boiled archaeologist role. The two pictures at the bottom of the page give an idea of the atmosphere of the film.

HERE'S Hot News from All the STUDIOS!

H. oh, for color in movies! Read this and weep, for you will see it on the screen in straight black and white. A brand new idea in wedding gowns burst from the mind of R.K.O.'s dress designer.

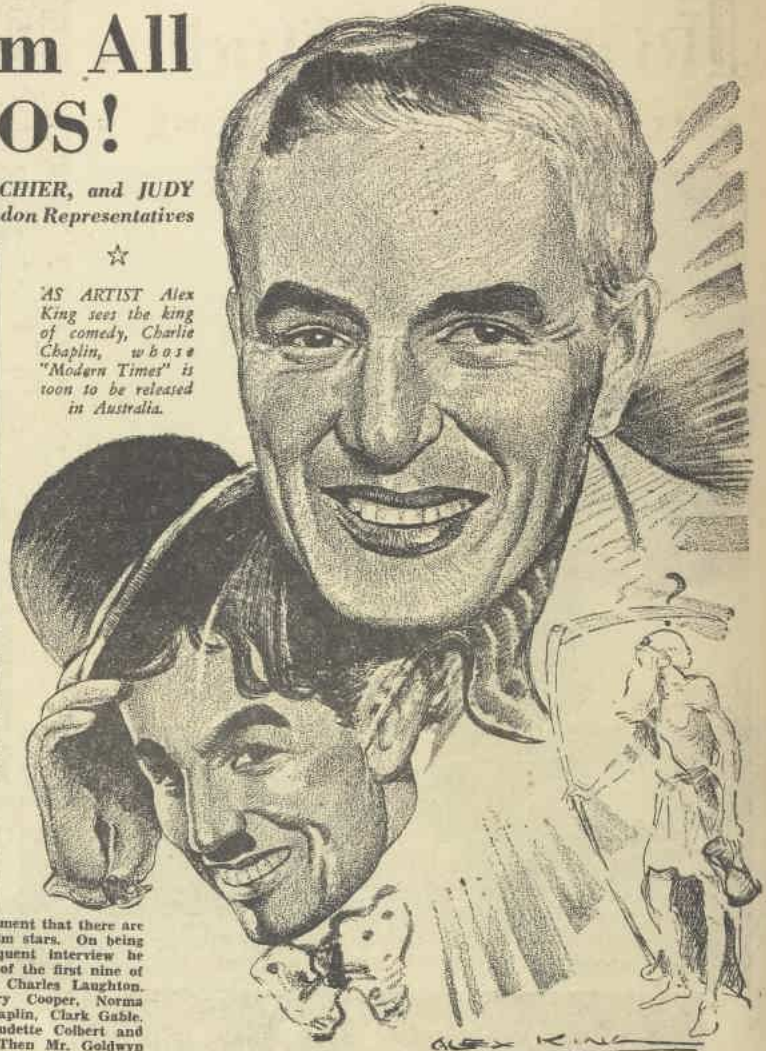
For Margaret Lindsay's wedding scene in "The Lady Consents," she designed a pure gold gown, to be worn with gold holo hat, gold sandals, gold veil, and a huge bouquet of gilded gardenias! And that's not all. He garbed the bridesmaids in flowing Nile-green chiffon, velvet-lined with cloth of gold, and dressed them up with little gold turbans and sandals! And all that gorgeous color, my friends, was wasted on a director, cameraman, script girl, a few technicians, and an odd writer who happened on the set!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

DOTS... and DASHES

• WENDY BARRIE learning how to rough it on a location trip. • Ginger Rogers enjoying the shows in New York on a brief vacation. • May Robson preparing for a trip to London. • Rosalind Russell taking up six a.m. horseback rides. • Luise Rainer learning to eat with chopsticks for "The Good Earth." • Leslie Howard taking up cross-word puzzles between scenes of "Romeo and Juliet." • Boris Karloff sailing to England for another horror film. • Fred Astaire dressing up as a carpenter to visit the house he is building, because autograph-hunters have found it out.

★
AS ARTIST Alex King sees the king of comedy, Charlie Chaplin, whose "Modern Times" is soon to be released in Australia.



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

"The first million dollar talking picture," according to "Digest and Review," was "David Copperfield."

So, of M-G-M, has opened his purse strings and has followed "David" with a string of expensive productions.

Over a million was expended on "MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY," which just ended a record season at Sydney St. James, and is currently popular at Cremorne, Brisbane, and Metro, Melbourne.

Clark Gable, who delights in "Mutiny," recently completed "WIFE VERSUS SECRETARY" for M-G-M.

In this you meet Jean Harlow, brownnet! Platinum tresses gone forever as Jean, refined secretary to Clark, wages a battle with wifely Myrna. Handsome Gable is the prize. A lavish production of Faith Baldwin's story, which never left Leo much change out of a million.

Then there's "A NIGHT AT THE OPERA," with the 3 Marx Bros. Cost a million—not including damage to the studio in the lurid operatic finale with the boys kidnapping the principals so that Kitty Carlisle and Allan Jones may get their opportunity to warble the "Miserere."

Whatever Leo spent on "Rose Marie," it is worth it. I would walk on my hands and knees from here to Timbuctoo for a chance to hear Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sing "Rose Marie I Love You." "Indian Love Call," etc.

"A Tale of Two Cities" starring Ronald Colman and Elizabeth Allan, is another to reach the million mark. 118 speaking parts, a cast of 8,000 extras and spectacular scenes, such as the storming of the Bastille, helped to swell the cost. But, as usual with M-G-M, they spent wisely, and the Chas. Dickens novel emerges as "the best loved picture of 1936."

Joan Crawford's "I Live My Life" did not cost quite a million. But it cost plenty. Not forgetting the heartaches of the gals in the audience and the many tears spilled as the exquisite Joan, on the eve of her wedding, rips her elaborate, ducky and perfectly thrilling bridal gown to shreds. All because Brian Aherne threatened to leave her flat at the altar. It's at Sydney St. James. Yours for happy entertainment, LEO.

FELIX AYLMER, who has been cast as the dignified elderly gentleman in the Gaumont-British thriller, "The Wrecker," has been playing elderly roles for 23 years, and many of his fan admirers would be surprised to learn that he is still only in the forties. Filmmakers have been accustomed to seeing him in those suave, cultured roles—elderly barristers, doctors, and diplomats—and have quite often, and somewhat erroneously, summed him up as "one of the old school who can show us real acting."

A MOST versatile young man is Gene Raymond. Not content with his success as an all-round actor, his ambition is to become a producer.

"I want to keep progressing," he says, "and as I believe an actor can only go so far, I want to step into a new field when I feel it is time to quit the acting end of pictures before outwearing my welcome."

Gene has made a lot of money on a song he wrote and published, called "Will You?" So he has taken to composing on a grand scale, and during his personal appearances will sing three of his own songs.

Seemingly of a peaceful disposition, Gene's hobby is collecting arms of all kinds and makes. He has a private arsenal valued at £3000, so it's just as well to keep on the right side of him.

GINGER ROGERS' next picture has two surprises—one a different male lead, William Powell, and two, she won't dance. She and Powell should make a good team. In her following picture, called "I Won't Dance," she will, and she will be back with the inimitable Fred Astaire.

There is no one more hard-working than Ginger Rogers. It sometimes takes hours of steady practice to whip a dance into final shape. When she and Fred Astaire have it perfected to the point where they whirl and glide in one rhythmic unit, they go through their dance before the camera. Then the whole thing may be spoiled by some little thing such as her dress swirling in the wrong direction. So they begin all over again.

Ginger's favorite sport is tennis. She can beat a lot of men at it, but there is one whom she has never beaten—Lew Ayres, her husband.

A MOVIE star eating her fill of potatoes, pastries, and other fattening delights is an unusual sight in Hollywood. Jeanette MacDonald explains that she can eat everything on the menu that is generally considered fattening, and keeps slender by singing and exercising.

THE persistence and patience of some movie fans is truly amazing. Steffi Duna tells of a Chicago man who has proposed to her by mail or telegram every single day for seven months! They've never met, and Steffi isn't interested, but on he goes. Then there's the Boston schoolteacher who has written a long, newy letter to Jean Harlow every day for four years, and Jean answers them, too! And the New York man who sends her orchids every day! She admits she sometimes forgets

to wear them, but then there's always someone who likes to throw money away, and Jean figures maybe the florists and the telegraph companies benefit by it.

THE American film magnate, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, recently arrived in London, and started a lot of people with his statement that there are only twelve great film stars. On being pressed at a subsequent interview he divulged the names of the first nine of these, which were: Charles Laughton, Eddie Cantor, Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Charlie Chaplin, Clark Gable, Fred Astaire, Claudette Colbert and Marlene Dietrich. Then Mr. Goldwyn admitted that he might have made the number up to 14, but he refused to get down to personalities and complete the list. Many of the big names are omitted. One or two comedians of a certain type might, I think, have been included—Wallace Beery and Charlie Ruggles, for instance.

SUNDAY is a big day at the stables where Joe E. Brown keeps his racehorses. Joe is usually pretty busy during the week, but always on Sunday morning he dashes off to give his horses a little personal attention. His special delight is in helping the stable boys in grooming and keeping his animals in tip-top shape. Incidentally Joe told me his most treasured possession is a baseball autographed by the late King George V. The ball was used in a big game in England in 1914.

Thanks to surgery, Adolphe Menjou has taken a complete new lease of life. For the first time in a year he had his first cup of coffee one morning this week, and his first square

No Late Hours, Smokes, or Liquor

meal. He is as happy as a little boy with a stick of candy.

Just before his illness this modern Beau Brummell had ten new suits made. Now the perfectly-tailored clothes look as if they were handed down to him by his big brother. But before long we may look for a bigger and better Menjou, in finer screen roles.

WARREN WILLIAM is becoming Australia-conscious in a big way. He has acquired an Australian stockship and boomerang and is doing his level best to master the art of using them. The stockship situation is coming along nicely, but that boomerang is a tough job, according to latest reports from the William message.

TWO film stars—the apes Goniette and Sam—recently arrived in London from Hollywood to take part in a Boris Karloff film which is being made at an Islington studio. They're noted to be far more

temperamental on the set than the average run of film stars. At their first appearance Sam defied all studio rules by smoking a cigarette, while Goniette upset everybody by nearly succeeding in drinking a pint of boiling green liquid which would have poisoned her. After this it was decided to close down for the day, until the apes felt more inclined for some real work.

ONE hour of relaxation a day, enough exercise, reasonable diet, and almost fanatical cleanliness are Joan Crawford's chief rules for health and beauty. Her most important beauty advice is the one daily hour of relaxation. Being a working girl herself, she realises that it may be hard, but somehow, she urges, that hour must be squeezed out of your schedule. A nap is not essential, the main thing is to be alone.

Fragrant cleanliness is vital to beauty. If circumstances permit, Joan thinks one should take several baths in one day. "I drench myself with soap water more than many people would think necessary. I use castile soap, and to remove

British film "Rhodes in Africa," made his eventful journey for two reasons. One was that through the medium of the white man's camera he would be able to show to the world the glory of the once mighty Matabele race and the power of the Zulu Empire. The other was to see and speak to King George V. His two ambitions have been achieved, for "Rhodes in Africa" certainly stresses what a fine race physically and mentally the Zulus are, and he had the pleasure of seeing his late Majesty at Buckingham Palace while the King was performing one of his last official acts.

ITS interesting and refreshing to see how well American audiences can stand being laughed at. One of the most popular films now showing in Hollywood is the British-made "The Ghost Goes West." Everyone is flocking to see this delightful film and to acclaim Robert Donat, who makes such a charming Scotch ghost. And can they take it! Although almost three-fourths of the film consists of subtle satire on America and Americans, the audiences heartily enjoy it, and are obviously tickled by the gentle ribbing that is given them. Such sportsmanship is indeed a joy to see.

She doesn't smoke, hates the taste of liquor, has no patience for nightclubs, dislikes parties where people get drunk. Believe it or not, I refer to the bixom blonde of the bippy strut, Mar West.

"Of course," says Mar, "when I do go out I like to sweep up a few places. I have my own parties and entertain people I like."

As Klondike Lou in her forthcoming picture she is starred with Victor McLaglen, which everybody admits is an inspired bit of casting.

PATSY KELLY smokes three packets of cigarettes a day, yells when she gets angry, and is soothed by good poetry. She's the most absent-minded actress; sometimes she takes a shower in her pyjamas.

Kamalo, the giant Matabele chief, who travelled to England from South Africa to appear in the Gaumont-

FROM Film Studios

★ FOUR ORIGINAL DESIGNS ★



1.—BEAUTIFUL Gail Patrick wears this striking evening ensemble in "Two in the Dark." The full length coat is made of pliant gunmetal lame woven in a pattern. Wide bands of black fox fur form the three-quarter sleeves of the wrap which is cut in redingote style. The gown is of simple black crepe with velvet gloves as accessories.

2.—CHOICE SILVER FOX FURS were chosen for the collar and cuffs of this luxury evening coat worn by Ann Harding in "The Lady Consents." Black cre satin, as stiff as patent leather is used for the coat, which is double-breasted.



3.—GOLD TISSUE for the bride is the newest of sophisticated fashions. This gown of metal fabric was designed for Margaret Lindsay in "The Lady Consents." The fitted bodice is square as to neck, and the huge sleeves are gathered and banded into loops. The fullness of the skirt is brought to the front, and the veil flowing from a golden halo, is made of gold lace.



4.—A SHIRT-MAKER cocktail frock of sequins is worn by Joy Hedges in "Follow the Fleet." The basque waistline gives a new note, and the close-fitting sleeves resemble the leg-of-mutton style of our grandmother's day.

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PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★ I LIVE MY LIFE

Joan Crawford, Brian Aherne (M.-G.-M.)

THIS is a delightful piece of entertainment, combining everything that goes to make up excellent comedy. The story is smooth-running and well-constructed; the dialogue sparkling; the acting polished and one hundred per cent. effective.

As the daughter of a rich family who upsets the equanimity of a very he-man archaeologist (Brian Aherne), the Crawford has a role which suits her admirably. In turn she is flirtatious and passionate, flippant and earnest, composed and raging—but always attractive. She has never been seen to better advantage.

No better choice of co-star for this picture could have been made. Very few movie-goers will fail to enjoy Aherne. He has two qualities, often enough encountered separately, but sufficiently rare in combination: mainly good looks and acting ability.

For good measure, M.-G.-M. have thrown in a supporting cast which, even without the leading players, would be worth anybody's money. Frank Morgan gives a splendid performance, while Eric Blore and Arthur Treacher demonstrate two different methods of extracting humor out of butler roles.—St. James; showing.

★★ THE MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

Irene Dunne, Robert Taylor (Universal).

THIS picture will make Robert Taylor. Hitherto, he has played quite capably the roles assigned to him, but none of them has given him the opportunity to display the latent acting ability he must have possessed. That chance, however, came his way when Universal cast him as Irene Dunne's leading man

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—
excellent.

★★ Two stars—
good films.

★ One star—
average films.

No stars no good.

in this offering; it is a role that calls for real histrionic ability, and Taylor has turned in a splendid job.

The story of the film is built on the theme of do good by stealth. As a rich young ne'er-do-well, Taylor causes the death of a great doctor and, later, the blinding of the doctor's widow. The remainder of the picture is concerned with his successful effort to regenerate himself and to make up for the suffering he has caused.

It is doubtful to foretell just what reception picture-goers will give to this story. It has qualities which should make it a success: excellent acting by both Miss Dunne and Taylor; a strong story; good direction. I enjoyed it, but there will, perhaps, be those who will criticize on the grounds of the film's very restraint. There are no spectacular situations; the second half of the picture is almost unadorned. This may be hard to take after the more obvious technique to which we are accustomed.—Regent; showing.

★ BALL AT THE SAVOY

Conrad Nagel, Maria Labarr. (R.K.O.)

I AM glad to see Conrad Nagel back before the public in a film that, while it won't set the town ablaze, is yet a pleasant enough offering. Nagel has poise, a certain charm of manner, and a speaking voice that does not rasp across the nerves; it is hard to understand why he has been allowed to drop out of sight for so long.

This picture shows him in the role of a mysterious young man who, on a chance glimpse of a famous singer (Maria Labarr), breaks his train journey at Cannes and sets seriously about the business of wooing, not hesitating even to rob a waiter of his clothes in order to get into touch with the object of his admiration.

A jewel robbery, some acceptable dancing, singing that is above the standard of the ordinary musical, and some good touches of humor go to make up the balance of the film. Actually, it is above the run of "average" pictures, while just missing the two-star grading.—Mayfair; showing.

★ QUEEN OF HEARTS

Gracie Fields. (Associated Distributors.)

GRACIE FIELDS is the highest-paid actress in England. If you can understand why this should be, you're in a fair way to understanding the English character. I must admit that the phenomenon passes my comprehension.

In this picture, as in previous ones, Gracie sings a good deal, and introduces a lot of her own particular brand of humor. To be honest, a fair proportion of the audience at the opening night appeared to enjoy both. Personally, I find Miss Fields' voice in most of her numbers particularly brassy and plaintive. This is a pity, since when she is off her guard she betrays the fact that she can sing much better. As for her humor—well, this film contains one piece of uproarious vulgarity; for the rest, I had a hard time of it trying to understand just what the lady was saying in that blurred Lancashire dialect of hers. (And some people talk about the Australian accent!)

To conclude: Gracie would be, no doubt, a good fifteen-minute vaudeville act. As a means of entertainment for something over an hour—not so hot!—Lycum.

★ THE CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS

Richard Arlen, Charlotte Wynters. (Columbia.)

WHEREVER there are hills there seem to lurk mysterious old gentlemen who can be relied upon to convert the tough element to a more religious outlook. At least, a certain type of fiction would have us believe so. Harold Bell Wright, for instance, has used this old device to explain how the hard-hitting Dan Matthews came to attach the prefix, Reverend, to his name.

Dan, as played by Richard Arlen, is the kind of clergyman even a professional boxer would hesitate to quarrel

BEAUTY Is Two-Faced

Importance Of Angles

IF the right side of Claudette Colbert's face were duplicated and put together, she'd look something like the post-depression Pola Negri; assemble the left side features and she reminds one of Corinne Griffith.

This will serve to remind those who have forgotten that every human face has two dissimilar sides, a widely-known scientific fact which the movies discovered only when Theda Bara startled the film colony by insisting that her right side was twice as good-looking as the left.

MODERN day cameramen appreciate this quirk of nature. Long before they start their camera motors going they ask a star which side she wants favored, and that side gets the opportunities from then on.

Miss Colbert, currently playing with Ronald Colman and Victor McLaglen in "Under Two Flags," makes no bones of the fact that she is nicer to look at from the left.

Colman, on the other hand, favors the right, which makes it easier for the cinematographer when it comes to filming close love scenes featuring these two.

This matter of sides has its problems at times. Claudette recalls the difficulties which attended her joint screen appearance with Maurice Chevalier. Maurice, like Claudette, photographed best from the left.

To the uninitiated this would mean nothing, but when two stars, supposedly



A MATTER OF POSING: The camera and her own art have made Marie Wilson look the complete dumb-bell in most of her pictures. Posing at a new angle by Feeney, of Vienna, she is striking in appearance. It just goes to show you

in the act of kissing, both strive to present their best left sides, something goes awry unless one or the other gives up. At that time Claudette was the least important of the two players, and by a trick known only to the most experienced of players, Chevalier managed to favor himself at all times.

But with Claudette and Colman play-

ing opposite sides, there is no trouble for the cameraman.

Among the old-timers, Max Murray was the most conscious of her sides. Always she insisted that cameramen focus on her from a low point up to her chin. This was her best contour, and one reason why she turned her lips as she did.

Lonsita Young photographs well straight on, while Mariette Dietrich is best viewed from a height and a trifle to the left. The down shot emphasizes the shadows of her face, and accounts for the prominence of her cheek bones, which, she thinks, adds to her exotic beauty.

Rosalind Russell, also in "Under Two Flags," likes the right side better, but she isn't particular. Warner Baxter prefers the light also, while most of Fredric March's profiles show the left side.

Modern make-up practices make the game of sides less important than it used to be, but the scientific fact still remains that there are sides and sides. You pick your favorite one and stick to it in Hollywood.

★ MOONLIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE

Dick Foran (Warners.)

AN offering that just about makes the one star grading, but only just. Even for a Western (a type of picture usually more remarkable for action than for plot), the story construction is weak; one might even say jerry-built.

Dick Foran—the singing cowboy—is the lad who returns to his home-town to clear himself of the suspicion of murder. This involves him in a fight against a team of villains who are trying to cheat an attractive widow and her small son out of the ranch left by the man Mr. Foran is supposed to have killed. Before everything is tidied up satisfactorily there is the usual amount of gun-play, bare knuckle fighting, mad galloping and hairbreadth escapes.

Just where the title, "Moonlight on the Prairie" comes in is hard to see. Now if it had been "Moonshine on the Prairie" . . . —Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ THE BLACK MASK

Ellis Irving, Aileen Marson. (Warners, England.)

ANOTHER piece of entertainment that is scrambled into the one-star class. Using as the central figure a gentleman who robs the rich in order to give to the poor, the story proceeds to the commission of a murder, the mystery of which constitutes the backbone of the show.

Ellis Irving, as the modern Robin Hood, is not particularly striking. Very English, and capable enough for what he is called upon to do, his screen personality could not be ranked one hundred per cent.

However, not to be ultra-critical, the yarn is fair enough and any ordinary audience will take the picture without thinking much about it one way or the other.—Lycum; showing.

with. Setting out to close up an amusement centre known as Oldtown, where vice and drunkenness flourish behind a screen of innocent pleasure, the Reverend Matthews encounters strong opposition from the group which is running the organisation. Matters are further complicated by reason of the fact that the father of the girl Dan Matthews loves is entangled (quite innocently) with the vice-ring and must be involved in any scandal that may arise out of the reverend doctor's activities.

But as may be guessed, all ends well; an Iraq picture, fading out on two happy lovers, a disgruntled rival and a relieved father.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ THE LONE WOLF RETURNS

Melvyn Douglas, Gail Patrick (Columbia.)

IF you can accept the idea of an enormously rich young woman falling in love with a gentleman who, she knows, is a jewel-thief of international repute—if you can take this, well, you'll derive mild enjoyment out of this film.

Naturally, the polished crook (Melvyn Douglas) becomes a reformed character very early in the piece—so that public morality won't be offended—and from then on devotes himself to the task of foiling a gang of rival jewellery experts who are anxious to separate his beloved from some very valuable family heirlooms she possesses. The police are in on the fun, too, so that altogether it's a very merry little game of catch-as-catch-can.

All the requisites of a good support have been assembled to make the picture: action, excitement and humor. It's not a world-beater, but I see lots worse every week.—Regent; showing.

★ KING OF THE CASTLE

Clare Dampier, June Clyde, Billy Milton. (Associated Distributors.)

NOT as particularly hot, although it just manages to make the grade, Clare Dampier, with his horse teeth and wicket's guffaw, in the piece de resistance of the show, and raises sufficient laughs by the use of these two peculiarities to pull the picture through.

Associated with him are Billy Milton and June Clyde—two names that I don't appear to recollect. They get by, but I can't see the great public taking either to its bosom yet awhile. Nor can I

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STA-BLOND

TRAGEDY Brings FAN MAIL to STARS

Comedy Headliners Ache to Strut in Heavy Roles

By . . .
TOINETTE LIVESAY

WHILE a star may delight in providing his fans with an evening of comedy, social or straight drama, when he wants to bring the audience into the palm of his hand he plays tragedy.

For tragedy, sounding the note of the futility of life, and reverberating in the chilled hearts of those who watch, binds star and audience as no other aspect of life can do.

Interesting to note, stars who have a natural bent for comedy are the ones most eager to do heavy drama. And that this point is well taken can be judged by the effects on the careers of stars who have adhered to this policy.

FREDRIC MARCH, 20th Century star, whose range of versatility leads him into roles of every kind, every now and then wisely turns from pictures of comic madness such as "Cellini" to a characterisation of tragedy and self-abasement, such as his Jean Valjean of "Les Miserables," or even to the unsympathetic role he took in "Anna Karenina." March's fan mail jumped twenty per cent. after each of these two pictures.

Colman Turns

VICTOR McLAGLEN, always an actor of merit and noted for his hearty comedy characterisations, nevertheless won outstanding recognition, not in a comedy role, but in the role of the conscience-tortured Gypsy Nolan in "The Informer," which won for him the Academy award for the year 1935.

Ronald Colman, 20th Century star, at his best in debonair and light-comedy roles, is yet remembered most vividly for his semi-tragic role in the first edition of "The Dark Angel" and his

tragic role in the unforgettable "Beau Geste." Too, after playing recently in the comic, "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back," and "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," Mr. Colman jumped at the chance to play the hapless Sidney Carton in "A Tale of Two Cities," a role which demands dramatic acting, rising to a high tragic climax at the end.

Charlie Chaplin, who has held his place in the hearts of his fans over a long period of time, despite the fact that his pictures are only occasional, is the outstanding exponent of this subtle psychology. For Chaplin's success as a comedian is derived from his great ability to invest each of his comic characterisations with a definite quality of pathos. While there is cause for laughter during the actual running of the picture, the most vivid impression

carried away is one of the wistful Chaplin, yearning for something that can never be his.

It is a well-known fact that even most actors of the broad farce or burlesque school carry through life with them a hankering to play famous tragic roles. Underneath the make-up of innumerable pantaloons hide Hamlets, Leans and Othellos, who will never face the world beyond the footlights; tragedians who are doomed to go on uttering the gags of comedy while all the time yearning to tear passion to threads in the grand manner of an Irving.

Can you imagine Joe E. Brown attempting to play high tragedy? He has confessed to the ambition to do so jokingly. It's true, but what's said in joke is often meant in earnest.

Tragedy Popular

MAYBE there is something more than personal inclination behind this desire—even in those most unquitted by nature—to play serious roles. The great public likes comedy, but it doesn't take it seriously. That is not as paradoxical as it sounds. To be taken seriously you have to be serious; act the fool and people accept you at that valuation. And since everybody likes people to regard him, or her, seriously, most of our masters of comedy continue to cherish the idea that, one of these days, they'll play a great tragic role—and "show 'em."

Just recently, Claudette Colbert, who is most often seen in light comedy such as "It Happened One Night," "She Married Her Boss," and "The Bride Comes Home," was delighted at an opportunity to play the tragic Cigarette in "Under Two Flags," the 20th Century film now in production on the Fox lot.

As with March, McLaglen, Colman and Chaplin, Miss Colbert believes, paradoxically, that a tragic characterisation makes for a happy and successful actor or actress.



WALLACE BEERY first jumped to fame as a comedian. Remember him with Raymond Hatton in their series of rib-shaking comedies? Now, however, he has turned to different roles. He turned on the tragedy in "O'Shaughnessy's Boy."

★ ★

ELISABETH BERGNER is famed as a tragic actress. That is the memory of her one took away from "Escape Me Never." And yet she did some charming comedy work in that film.



Stars Should Not Choose Own Stories

Continued from Page 33

JANET GAYNOR didn't want to play in "State Fair" at all! It was at that time when all the studios were making all-star vehicles. But the diminutive Janie would have none of it until almost forcible persuasion got her before the cameras. The picture did her an amount of good.

On the other hand, occasionally, like our shining example Claudette, the star is right. For instance, she was out of "The Devil Is a Woman," the Marien Dietrich starrer, and later went to "Private Worlds." The last-named has done far more for him than the first.

Jean Harlow fought very hard for "Red-headed Woman." Nobody could see her as a comedienne except her late husband, Paul Bern, but she persisted until she finally got the part. It was one of the best things she's ever done.

Everyone said when George Raft stubbornly refused to play in "The Story of Temple Drake" that he was going to be temperamental. Then they forgot that Jack in Rue, who took his place, would be our next great film hero.

The Story of Temple Drake was a

part that Jack himself has never really recovered from it—and it didn't do Miriam Hopkins any good, either.

One of the funniest examples of an actress choosing a bad story belongs to Connie Bennett. This little lady insisted on doing "Rockabye," which landed on its ear with a great thud. The reason why Connie insisted on doing it was that it was Gloria Swanson's pet yarn, and they didn't like each other much!

Jealousy

CONNIE went great lengths to snatch the film away from Gloria. She inveigled R.K.O. into buying it from Swanson, without telling her for whom it was purchased. Then when R.K.O. hesitated about making it, Constance stamped her foot and said they had to or she wouldn't play half any more! Gosh, what a kick Gloria must have got when she saw the finished picture.

I'm wondering how long it will be before Shirley Temple exercises her actress prerogatives and insists upon choosing her own yarns. Despite her tender years she couldn't do much worse than some of them, anyhow!



COULD A MAN with a mouth like Joe E. Brown harbor an ambition to act a serious role? He could. Joe admits to it, even though he tries to laugh it off.

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THE NATION'S STATION—2GB

Nigger Minstrel Shows Popular with Listeners

Radio Resurrects Rastus and Company

If the welcome being accorded by radio listeners to "The Jolly Miller Minstrels" from 2GB is an indication, the nigger minstrel has returned to popular favor again.

Thirty or so years ago, the coming of a nigger minstrel show to town was an event in the lives of our grandparents.

YEAR by year they were content to see the same show, hear the same gags, and listen to the same songs, and to applaud as loudly as ever. Year by year they also went to the same pantomime, cried over "East Lynne," and rocked with mirth over "Charley's Aunt."

The war changed all that, and the nigger minstrel show disappeared from the stage. But now radio, ever on the search for something new in entertainment, has rediscovered the nigger minstrel show, and brought Sambo, Bones, and Mr. Interlocutor up to date, and resurrected Rastus and Co.

The older listeners are renewing happy memories, and the younger listeners are finding these broadcasts most appealing in their novelty.

It is a tribute to the versatility of the new band of players from 2GB that alongside dramas such as "Peace Hath Her Victories," comedies such as "Dolly and Dan," and historical works such as "The Dreyfus Case," they can so successfully turn to the lighter side of entertainment and produce these minstrels which would doubtless win the approbation of Moore and Burgess, and Christy and other purveyors of this type of entertainment in the long ago.

Eric Colman's Bruises

ACTING in the talks is not without its physical risks, said Eric Colman after the filming of "The Flying Doctor," for he still has a number of bruises and a split finger-nail to bear witness to the realism of the brawl scene in which Charles Farrell and he have a fight at the Sydney Cricket Ground. Not only did Charles Farrell put in some neatly placed blows, but the crowd of extras, pressing round to see the fight, pressed so closely that one of them succeeded in placing his hob-nailed boot fair and square on Eric Colman's little finger while he was waiting to take the count. Still, it's all in the day's work on location, though next time he signs a contract Eric Colman is thinking of specifying that the extras should not wear hob-nailed boots.

Radio Cocktail

SOMEONE once said that when Melba is forgotten as a singer she will still be remembered as having given a name to a delightful sundae. Perhaps that is an exaggeration, but, if it is true, then Charles Consens, 2GB's popular announcer, seems to have achieved enduring fame. A cocktail has recently been named the Charles Consens cocktail, and it is to be had for the ordering at a popular Sydney rendezvous. Anyway, the great Dumas once remarked that the three sure ways to perpetuate a name were through a child, a book, or a flower. Cocktails and sundaes weren't thought of then, or otherwise he might have added them to his list.

Eric Masters in Japan

IN the course of a varied theatrical career, Eric Masters, of 2GB, once produced a season of musical comedy at a theatre in Tokio. The Japanese theatre, he says, commences its show at 5 p.m., and two hours later the curtains come down in order to enable the audience to partake of their evening meal, either at a restaurant or in the theatre itself. Then at 8 o'clock the curtain goes up again and the show is continued.

The kiss, which is such a feature of the Western stage, is a novelty to the Japanese, and during the performance of the "Maid of the Mountains" Eric

KNITTED JUMPER ON DISPLAY

So that you may see how
exquisite it looks made up,
our Continental jumper in
love-in-the-mist blue Ramada
wool, featured in this week's
issue, is now on display at
David Jones' wool department,
ground floor. Call in
and see it.



PETER BRUNTON GIBBS, versatile young entertainer, who is a junior star at Station 2GB.

Masters was startled just as he was about to kiss the heroine, by a photographer in the audience taking a flashlight of the scene.

He learnt later that this photograph was sold all over Tokio as a curiosity.

Guest of Honor

WHEN last Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Stelzer gave a party to the members of her 2GB Happiness Club, she had a surprise up her sleeve for her guests. As guest of honor she had charming Mary Maguire, co-star with Charles Farrell in "The Flying Doctor." It was almost as big a surprise for Mrs. Stelzer herself, for the arrangements were made at the last minute; but everything went off splendidly, and Mrs. Stelzer arranged for a beautiful floral tribute from the members of the Happiness Club wishing Mary every success as a talkie artist. Mary replied with a charming impromptu speech, and everybody present voted her a most delightful and unassuming personality.

FREE!

Beautiful
Zylo-backed
NAIL
BRUSHES

HURRY!

Offer definitely closes
Thursday, April 30th

★ Only 6 Wrappers from PEARS' SOAP for a dainty, coloured zylo-backed Nail Brush.

HOW TO GET YOUR FREE NAIL BRUSH

Save 6 wrappers from Pears' Original Transparent Soap before 30th April. Cut out the oval panels and take them to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 174 YORK STREET (TOWN HALL END), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, attach the panels to a piece of paper bearing your name and address (IN BLOCK LETTERS) and the number of oval panels enclosed, and post to GIFT DEPARTMENT, A. & F. PEARS LIMITED, BOX 4310 Y.Y., G.P.O., SYDNEY. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.



10.110.027N

For an invalid's Comfort "CARBINE" INVALID CHAIRS



F. D. WALCOTT
88-90 Wentworth Ave., Sydney
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

FREE LUCKY CHARM

This real Koola Lucky Charm will be sent to you FREE if you send in one POLISH from the inside of a tin of BEAR BOOT POLISH—the polish that does not crack the leather.
Start using BEAR POLISH to-day—you'll be delighted with your Lucky Charm and surprised with the brilliance of your shoes. BEAR POLISH is applied and keeps your shoes shining ALL day—it's economical, too, only 1/6d. per tin, at all stores.
Get your FREE Charm NOW by sending in one tin, with your name and address, to A. J. VEAL & SONS, LTD., 127 York St., Sydney.

STOP HIS DRINKING

"I could not let my son wreck his life," one mother writes. "He I secretly gave him 'DRINKO,' with amazing results. He is a new man and off the drink." "DRINKO" will save your son and husband, too. Get our free advice on this great treatment. Write or call, Dept. W. HOME WELFARE PTY., 323 George Street, Sydney.

LEARN TO WRITE SHORT STORIES

Men—women, of any age can make good money. The demand for short stories is unlimited; you can learn this pleasant and profitable occupation easily and thoroughly under the tuition of experts. Write to-day for full particulars.
NEWTON BUSINESS COLLEGE
381 PITT St. Cor. LIVERPOOL St. SYDNEY



Mandrake the Magician



THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: A master magician, who, roaming the world in quest of adventure, loses his way in company with **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, in the midst of a severe snow storm. Whilst preparing to camp for the night, they are startled by the appearance of **LORA GATES:** A lovely girl, who, scantily clothed and terror-stricken, is fleeing through the storm. Mandrake, with a wave of his hand, clothes her, and she tells of a

strange encounter in her house close by with a ghostly werewolf. Mandrake, though deeply moved, thinks her hysterical, and places little importance on her story. All three then start their weary trudge through the snow, and, after a short distance, huge footprints cut across their path. The girl is terrified, but Mandrake, with his usual calmness, discovers that they belong to a bear and her small cub. Now read on.

IS THIS WHERE YOU LIVE, WITH YOUR UNCLE AND COUSIN?

YES, THAT IS, THEY LIVE WITH ME. IT'S MY HOUSE. OH, MANDRAKE, YOU'RE TREATING ME LIKE A CHILD.

I'M SORRY, LORA. I KNOW SOMETHING FRIGHTENED YOU, BUT THE IDEA OF A WERWOLF IS NONSENSE.

WAIT, MANDRAKE. YOU'LL SEE—THINGS WORSE THAN YOU CAN EVER IMAGINE.

WORSE THAN I CAN IMAGINE? HARDLY. DOES YOUR WERWOLF LOOK LIKE THIS?

AT A WAVE OF MANDRAKE'S HAND, A HUGE IMAGINARY MONSTER SUDDENLY APPEARS.

IT'S ONLY IMAGINARY, LORA. BUT YOU SEE, I CAN IMAGINE SOME PRETTY TERRIBLE THINGS, TOO.

OH—TAKE IT AWAY!

I TELL YOU, THERE ARE WERWOLVES HERE. MY UNCLE AND COUSIN HAVE ACTUALLY SEEN THEM. I ALMOST DID.

I'M ANXIOUS TO MEET THESE RELATIVES OF YOURS, LORA.

YOU BELIEVE HER—ABOUT WERWOLF?

SHE'S LEVEL-HEADED, LOTHAR. SHE SAW SOMETHING. THERE IS SOMETHING VERY STRANGE GOING ON HERE. VERY STRANGE.

WHO ARE THESE MEN, LORA? WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?

THEY'RE FRIENDS OF MINE, VASIL. THEY LOST THEIR WAY AND—

YOU KNOW MY FATHER FORBODE YOU TO BRING ANY STRANGERS HERE.

UNCLE BORIS CANNOT ORDER ME. THESE ARE MY FRIENDS. THIS IS MY HOUSE.

IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, YOU'LL GO. YOU'RE NOT WANTED.

I DON'T THINK I LIKE YOU, COUSIN VASIL. I'LL HAVE TO TEACH YOU THE MEANING OF HOSPITALITY.

YOU'LL NEVER ENTER THIS DOOR!

WE DON'T LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE, COUSIN VASIL.

ME SMACK HIM.

NO, LOTHAR. THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT ONE OF OUR HOSTS.

KEEP YOUR DOOR, COUSIN VASIL. WE'LL GO THROUGH OUR OWN DOOR.

AT A WAVE OF MANDRAKE'S HAND, A DOORWAY SUDDENLY APPEARS.

MORE THAN ONE WAY TO SKIN A CAT, AS THE SAYING GOES.

BUT—HOW DID YOU DO IT, MANDRAKE?

NOW THAT WE'RE INSIDE, ONE FRONT DOOR IS ENOUGH FOR ANY RESPECTABLE HOUSE.

MANDRAKE GESTURES, AND THE DOORWAY DISAPPEARS.

JUST A MINUTE, YOU. I WARNED YOU. NOW TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

VASIL! ARE YOU INSANE?

To be Continued.

WOMEN -Never Wait a 2nd Day

Take This Special Beauty Laxative
Women and girls need a special laxative to keep skin clear and fresh. Creams, soaps, lotions, and pills cannot remove the impurities that cause skin blemishes. These pills prevent body poisons starting blood impurities that kill skin charm—they clear up blotches if they've started—quickly. SURELY, without inflicting any harmful habit. Good for all ages. 1/-, through our high-class Chemist. RE-FRESH YOUR SKIN—TAKE

Kathleen Court's Complexion Pills

They take the "Inferiority Complex" out of the Complexion

Why Society

Women Shampoo Own Hair

PREJUDICE AGAINST "ALKALINE" SOAP.

You can't imagine how many society women now wash their own hair—not as an economy job—but because they wish to be sure they are not getting on to their hair any soaps or ready-mixed shampoos which contain any free "alkali," a harsh chemical that dries the scalp, burns the hair, and makes it brittle.

Really the most elegant and safe thing to use is Colimated Coconut Oil (a positively neutral, pure, saponified, but quite greaseless liquid), which is not at all expensive—but is far, far better than "alkaline" soaps or other scalp-injurious things. Every chemist now supplies this, and a few ounces last you and mother, sisters and brothers for months. Just wet the hair with water and rub it through—thoroughly. One or two teaspoonfuls is plenty to create a big quantity of rich, heavy, creamy lather. It cleanses delightfully, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and easily and comes out brilliant, soft, fluffy, wavy, and fresh as a daisy, looking thicker than it actually is.

Best of all, Colimated Coconut Oil leaves the hair as easy to dress again as though you hadn't washed it at all. And yet it looks and carries off every bit of excess oiliness, dust, dirt, or dandruff scurf.*** Copyright.

WHEN they reached London—for in between times they came to Charing Street to repack and collect mail—Gretchen and her father had a long conversation on the telephone, which ended in Mr. Barnhardt's giving his consent. He did not ask to speak to Brenda. So when the rest of the party turned southward—to Devon, Cornwall and Wales—they did not take Gretchen with them. She went back to Cambridge a full-fledged assistant-editor.

"That's something at my age—that will make them sit up at home," she exclaimed triumphantly.

Brenda felt anxious and angry. All she could do was to secure the services of an elderly maid—half-dragon and half-mother—and deeply doubting, she sent the girl off.

"Well, it's a pretty title—Lady Claude Purvyn-Vynes," said Stella. "Can't you see Gretchen's fat face in all the English weeklies?"

"I think she would prefer being Mrs. Herbert Dixon," said Mary.

Stella didn't answer—she was deep in her American mail. An incredible number of young men wrote to Stella by every boat, although, as far as Brenda could see, she never answered them. But her main interest in her letters was to get news of the great Orme investigation, which was now nearing its close. Her mother sent brown envelopes full of clippings which Stella distributed with a liberal hand. Orme had succeeded in putting a State treasurer behind bars; he had been shot at; he had conducted his investigation the next day with his arm in a sling. There were photographs of him, leaving the court with one foot uplifted to show the whole sole of his foot; threatening a recalcitrant witness; smiling at a friend.

As the educational tour swept southward, to Stella's passionate interest in getting her mail was added Celestine's. Celestine existed entirely on communications from Bruno. "Upon my word," Brenda exclaimed, "we might as well make our beds in the post office!" Only Mary remained calm, intelligent and interested in sightseeing.

They were in Wales for the August bank holiday when they were recalled to London by the news that Mrs. Oliver, just released from Reno, was on her way. Stella was delighted—at least you could get your letters regularly in London. She was now especially eager for letters, for it

FIVE Little HEIRESES

seemed there was some possibility of Orme's coming to England as soon as he was free.

"But, oh dear, it won't do me much good," said Stella. "If I have to be dragged away to Scotland!"

"Don't you want to see Scotland?"

"Not as much as I want to see Maitland."

"You can always see him at home," Brenda answered firmly.

With deep reluctance she had accepted her sister's invitation. There was no decent reason for declining, now there were but three in the party. For Mrs. Oliver, playing for time until she came to know the Bertlinis better, took her two daughters for a trip to the Continent—France and Northern Italy, Florence at last. Only Stella and Mary were left. Brigochter had been part of the original plan. It was a perfect centre for seeing Edinburgh and some of the loveliest parts of Scotland; the parents had been promised this experience for the girls.

Brenda herself longed to see Oswald, who was coming back just to see her; yet her heart sank. She believed the visit would lead inevitably to a marriage between Stella and Oswald. He was—or so it seemed to her—one of the most attractive of men, and she had seen too much of Stella's devastating effect upon the opposite sex to doubt that Oswald would succumb if Stella wanted him to. Even if she didn't fall in love with him, Brenda thought that she might yield to the spur of competition. The Walfords, of course, would do everything in their power to encourage the marriage—everything in that quiet, dignified, competent English way. Only she herself would be secretly and unalterably opposed—and in bawdy moments she told herself she had a great deal of influence with her nephew.

SHE hired a great brass-bound, rattling old English car with a driver as dignified as an archbishop, and she and the two girls motored north, stopping at all the places of interest, crossed the border at Gretna Green, and arrived late in the afternoon at Brigochter.

The house was a large, sensible, red-brick house set on a carpet of green lawn with a brawling river running past its bay windows. The gardens,

Continued from Page 5

like those of so many Scotch houses, were of surpassing beauty—all red and white and blue and pink set in a deep green frame. They arrived to find Elizabeth Walford sitting over a ruffled tea table—or, rather, over several tables, more like the remains of a supper party than an American's meagre notion of afternoon tea. The men had come in from shooting and were now bathing and dressing for dinner.

The girls, with an eagerness that does not look like greed in young and lovely creatures, fell upon toast and jam and scones and cake.

"WERE a small party," said Lady Walford. "Just Twelfth Stewart and one of the Bryces, and, of course, old Mr. McIvor, who never misses a day—and your girls."

Brenda smiled. She saw that her sister had invited no possible rival to Oswald—the men she mentioned were all over fifty. She had hardly reached her room—one of those typical English bedrooms, all deep chintz-covered chairs, an open fire and the dressing-table set in the window—when there was a knock at her door and Oswald, in a dark red dressing-gown tied tightly about his very slim waist, came in, grabbed her in his arms and executed a short jig. His hair was still wet, and he exhaled a slight perfume of suds and hot water. One of the reasons why she preferred her nephew to anyone now living was that he was so different with her from what he was with the rest of the world. Most people thought him reserved and rather critical.

"Brenda, darling," he said. "I'm so glad to see you. You're just as beautiful as ever in spite of these wretched girls. What a bore it must be for you, dear—though my mother insists that they are quite presentable."

"Presentable," Oswald? Don't for heaven's sake be so English. Why in the world shouldn't they be presentable? As a matter of fact the two I have here are extremely good-looking."

"Nice for them, dear. Now sit down and let's talk about ourselves."

They sat down and talked—more about Oswald than about Brenda, for perhaps the only inequality in their affection for each other was that Brenda understood better how to make him talk about himself than he understood a similar art in regard to her. She heard about his trip with the chocolate king, and the gaieties of Cannes and Antibes, and his financial situation, which was not good, and his relations with his father, which were rarely satisfactory. Oswald was a Liberal in politics, whereas Lord Walford believed that the empire could be saved only by returning to the days of Queen Victoria's jubilee. He would have disapproved of his eldest son, if he could have disapproved of anyone who shot as beautifully as Oswald did.

They were interrupted by Amelle, who came with Brenda's lilac tea gown all beautifully pressed, to say that mademoiselle would certainly be late for dinner. She and Oswald, who were old friends, had a long conversation in Oswald's excellent French about this or that—for so they referred to Brenda's profession.

Brenda wasn't late. She reached the drawing-room in time to see the immense impression made upon the girls by the entrance of the men in the kilts of their respective clans. She was glad Gretchen wasn't there—Gretchen might have screamed or giggled, as she did whenever she saw anything unexpected.

Stella, after a moment of observation, said, in her best shy manner, "You don't mind my staring, do you? I never saw kilts before—at least not with evening dress—and they are so beautiful."

THE impression made by Stella's beauty on the gentlemen was even more marked than the impression made on her by their costume. "The English," Brenda thought, "have an extraordinary appreciation of the very best of anything—all the best wines and cigars and teas and coffees come to England; all the most beautiful places in the world are filled with English people; and so, too, the highest beauty and the best talent are sure of a recognition in London." Stella was at once recognised as someone eminent—important. She sat at Lord Walford's right.

Mary, dressed in pure white, which became her better than anything, with every hair of her dark head smooth, and her bright dark eyes sparkling, won golden opinions from the two Scotchmen by her enthusiasm for things Scotch, and her knowledge of Sir Walter and Stevenson.

Please turn to Page 43



THE GHOST OF AN ONION

ruins

Pleasant Breath

Have Pure Breath Instantly

A bridge—at the theatre—wherever you are in association with others, unpleasant breath is an unforgivable fault. Be certain always that you are not an offender—destroy all odours of food, smoking or drinking with May Breath. May Breath tablets are pleasant-tasting, refreshing and instantly banish objectionable breath.

Get a tin from your chemist, and carry May Breath always in your pocket or purse—the tin is small and convenient.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

May-Breath

An Antiseptic Mouthwash in Tablet Form



Ugly, irritating blackheads ruin your skin completely, and mar your charm. Get rid of them NOW. If blackheads remain in your skin, sooner or later they cause painful pimples and eruptions... because blackheads are the accumulation of tiny, dead skin cells, which are blocking up the pores. Rexona Ointment is the simplest remedy of all for blackheads. It will clear them away completely in a day or two—and soothe and heal the blighted skin. TREATMENT: Cover the head with a towel and steam the face over a basin of hot water, till the skin perspires. Then gently squeeze out the blackhead—avoid pricking or bruising the skin. Massage Rexona Ointment into the affected part and leave on the face overnight. Wash next morning with Rexona Medicated Soap and warm water. Always use Rexona Medicated Soap for your skin. It is the mildest of skin soaps and contains the same healing medications as Rexona Ointment.

Rexona

The Rapid Healer

OINTMENT 1/6 per tin - SOAP 1/4 per tablet (City and Suburbs)

W.100.32



DON'T NEGLECT A CUT
DALZO
STICKING PLASTER
FOR FIRST AID
ALL CHEMISTS

£50 Cash May Be Won

"SEARCH FOR FILM STARS" PUZZLE No. 30

£25 Cash will be awarded to the competitor with the greatest number of names correct. In the event of ties, prize money will be divided.

T	R	H	N	E	L	H	C	W	O
O	A	C	B	A	E	P	B	M	E
M	S	Y	E	N	R	O	O	N	C
W	L	L	C	A	L	Y	C	S	A
A	K	G	A	G	L	M	S	R	G
N	R	E	T	H	O	I	A	N	O
N	V	O	N	A	C	R	E	S	T
E	D	A	M	D	R	L	B	A	F
D	E	C	L	I	D	O	R	Y	W
D	I	L	X	B	J	C	M	A	R

RONALD COLMAN
EDDIE CANTOR
BILLIE DOVE
ANN DYORAK
LOIS MORAN
POLLY MORAN
MYRNA LOY
BEN LYON
MARY BRIAN
FAY WRAY
NANCY CARROLL
GARY COOPER
GRETA GARBO

RICHARD DIX
WALLACE BERRY
CARY GRANT
TOM MIX
HELEN HAYES
TOM WALLS
CARL BRISSON
GRACE MOORE
MARY ASTOR
MAY ROBSON
RICHARD ARLEN
OWEN MOORE

All you have to do to solve this puzzle is to discover how many of these names are traceable in the diagram, by passing from one letter-square to the next adjoining in any direction in sequence. See example No. 1. "Ronald Colman," in the puzzle in heavy type.

No letter-square may be used more than once in any one film-star's name, but any letter may be used any number of times in the forming of different names. Not all the above names are traceable. Only the names found to be traceable in the puzzle are to be included in the solution.

IMPORTANT: When you have completed your solution, write your list of names traceable in the puzzle on a plain sheet of paper, together with the number in plain figures. Enclose a postal note for 1/- entry fee, also a stamped addressed envelope for prompt results, and mail your solution, together with your name and residential address, not later than Friday April 17, 1936, to "FILM-STARS COMPETITION" G.P.O. BOX 38347, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

The decision of the adjudicator must be accepted

Search For Film Stars Competition No. 27

RESULT

One competitor submitted an entry containing twenty-five correct names of featured players. This was the greatest number of correct names received, and the prize £25 cash is awarded to him.

W. THOMPSON, 369 BONDI RD., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Names obtained by winning competitor:—
1. Charles Norris; 2. Charles Morris; 3. Bruce Drummond; 4. Jan Kiepura; 5. Sonnie Hale; 6. Shirley Dale; 7. Jessie Matthews; 8. Jo Matthews; 9. John Kelly; 10. Judy Kelly; 11. George Barr; 12. Herbert Marshall; 13. Alan Miller; 14. Marylyn Miller; 15. George Raft; 16. June Knight; 17. James Knight; 18. Jack Knight; 19. Mital Green; 20. Mary Treen; 21. Jack Holt; 22. Jack O'Brien; 23. Noah Berry; 24. Elaine Landi; 25. Enrico Vailati.

RHEUMATISM 'GROWS ON YOU'

Rheumatic Aches and Pains, starting as little twinges, soon become serious, if allowed to gather their own force. At the first attack of the uric acid crystals on nerves and muscles take Harrison's Pills and get IMMEDIATE relief. It is through neglect, agonising pain, tortured muscles, crippling stiffness, or cemented joints make life unbearable for you—YOU—until you throw off your burden with HARRISON'S PILLS. This remedy is the proven perfect way to dissolve and banish the harmful uric acid. Harrison's Pills strengthen kidneys and bladder to healthy functioning, thus safeguarding the future besides giving best immediate relief. Harrison's Pills are sold by all good Chemists, 2/ 3/ 5/ Money back if the first bottle doesn't do you more good than anything else you've ever tried. It is not a Chemist, not order to Owl Pharmacy, Marlin Place, Sydney.

HARRISON'S PILLS
Get You Well by Removing the Cause of Your Pains

LONDON'S Leading Hotels

Make a note of these addresses for yourself and your friends.

Within 3 minutes Hyde Park and Tube. Daily terms as required. Passenger lifts. Garage. Central Heating. Hot and Cold Running Water. Exchange Telephone and Gas Pipes in All Bedrooms. Vegetarians catered for if desired. BRIDGE, MILLARDS, TABLE TURNER, and DANCING.

HOTEL INVERNESS COURT,

1-3, Inverness Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Is one of London's most old Mansions. Personal attention and first-class cuisine guaranteed. Accommodation for 120 guests. Terms: Single from 4 gns.; Double from 7 gns. Tel.: Daywater 1444.

LANCASTER COURT HOTEL,

64-65, Lancaster Gate, Hyde Park, W.2. 115 New Entrances of 16 rooms adds many spacious and attractive reception-rooms. Terms from 3 1/2 gns. Single; 6 1/2 gns. Double. Tel.: Padd. 0901.

BERKELEY COURT HOTEL,

29-31, Leicester Gardens, Hyde Park, W.2. Tel.: Padd. 4022. Accommodation for 80 guests.

PARK ROYAL HOTEL,

25-29, Leicester Gardens, Hyde Park, W.2. Tel.: Padd. 4421. Accommodation for 100 guests.

Hotels of refinement, with young and cheerful society. Delightful rooms arranged as Bed-Sitting Rooms. Owing to their popularity you are advised to secure accommodation—if possible—in advance. Terms: Single from 3 gns.; Double from 5 gns. The above hotels are under the personal supervision of the Managing Director, Mrs. J. E. Stevenson.

Mother Told Her!

It always happened! Appointments she had to "break"—week-ends spoiled—work suffered—... every first day tied to her bed in agony. All so needless! At last mother persuaded her to do something about it. Wise woman—she got a box of those amazing little Myzone tablets... (you take one with your morning cup of tea). She took one... got up, and went about! A thing never before possible. She did not need a second tablet, and did not have any more pain or distress! The next two times—again one tablet... and she did not even need to lie down! The last five occasions she has not even had a headache!—Says Mrs. B.M. of Mosman. Almost like magic! But doctors say these wonderful new drugless, headache tablets "regulate the circulation"—banish those back-aches—cramps—that awful bearing-down feeling. And no "doping" after-effects. Girls say, too. Myzone drives away all those horrible pimples that "tell the world." Keep a box handy in your bag for any headache, toothache, etc. Every chemist shop and most pharmacy counters have them.*** Copyright.

Four "VAREX" Applications... Heal Bad Leg

W.E.M. states that an ulcer which had given him pain for five years was completely healed after four applications of Varex. A simple, soothing, home treatment for various ulcers at any stage of development. No rest required. Permanent results. Write to-day for free booklet and all information to Ernest Healey, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varex Ltd., 3rd Floor, Croydon's Building, 424-1, George Street, Sydney 925 Collins Street, Melbourne 40-41.

Soothe Itching Sores

Nasty cuts often become dangerous if left untreated. Tiger Salve soothes all irritation and purifies the angry flesh. For bites, burns, stings and eczema, Tiger Salve brings quick and happy relief. Grateful mother writes: "It is a wonderful remedy for all the hurts of children and grown-ups, too." Send 3d. stamps to Tiger Salve Pty., 185 George St., Sydney, and receive trial tin.

TIGER SALVE
At chemists & stores

"I THINK you're almost a Scotchwoman," said Mr. Stewart. "Oh, I've a lot of Scotch blood."

It appeared, however, that the clan of her ancestor was the hereditary enemy of the Melvours. The two men spoke gravely across her on the subject of a murder and its terrible reprisals.

Mr. Stewart said, "I don't really think he meant to kill Melvor that night he came to the castle."

"My dear fellow, my poor ancestor got out of bed to let him in and had his hand cut off at the door."

They argued about it with restrained passion. Mary was surprised to find that the incident had taken place in the sixteenth century.

Meanwhile, Oswald, sitting next to Brenda, leaned his forearms on the table, and stared at Stella. "To think, Brenda," he murmured under cover of the general conversation, "that you have been secretly plotting my downfall."

"I haven't plotted anything, Oswald, and if you regard marriage as a downfall, my advice would be to let it alone."

"As you have so cleverly, my dear aunt."

"I have not married, Oswald, because no one I loved has asked me to."

"Oh, to love them! That's the worst bondage of all—to love your heiress. But this girl is pretty, Brenda, uncommonly pretty. When she turns those limpid light blue eyes on a man—"

"She's so very young, Oswald." She nestled a moment, and then an inspiration came to her. "If you are really sincere," she said, "in wanting to find a way out of this, I'll tell you one. Take her over to Hollinger House and let her see a future Duke—she might prefer him."

He nodded slowly. "Yes, I see the idea. She ought to be allowed to look over all our goods before purchas-

Childless

They bring me their broken playthings
To mend and make whole again.
They come with their hurts and bruises
To kiss and be eased of pain.
They fill my garden with laughter;
They pick white clover and sing;
They put their wee heads all together,
Like flow'rs in a nodding ring.

Then come their smiling-eyed mothers,
To claim, with a kiss or scold,
Brown Donald, or dimpled Phyllis,
For night is setting in cold.

I gather forgotten play-toys,
And pass through the quiet door;
But there is only a dream child
At play on my polished floor.

—Margaret Email.

ing. I'll do that. I'll tell her that the old Duke is getting very shaky—if she married Hollinger she might be a Duchess within a year. That might save me."

"You might be saved by her not liking you."

"OF course I might. Brenda, I count on that, too. If she should come to you for advice, what shall you say? An awkward position for you, darling—twixt love and duty: Miss Angell, your nephew has asked me to marry him." "Do you love him, my dear?" "Not at all." "Does he love you?" "He hasn't said so." If you are candid, Brenda, you will tell her that she would do much better by marrying a young American with determined jaw and his hair slicked back."

"As a matter of fact, I suspect her of being rather in love with an American—her guardian."

"Her guardian? Isn't that too old for a child of her age?"

"He doesn't seem old to me. Forty, perhaps; but there is something romantic about him—he is one of these lanky, hollow-eyed Americans with a deep, gentle voice and the will-power and drive of a dynamo. Besides, he's doing something heroic now—getting shot and bringing criminals to justice." She launched into an account of the investigation, about which Oswald knew nothing. The English papers allotted but little space to it, under the heading, "Political Corrup-

FIVE Little HEIRESSES

Continued from Page 42

tion in the United States." She made it sound intensely dramatic, and Oswald listened attentively. When she stopped he said:

"You sound as if you were a little in love with him yourself, my dear aunt."

BRENDA laughed. "I've only seen him once in my life."

"And love at first sight doesn't exist?"

"Not for anyone as old and wise as I."

"Ah, my dear, the wiser you are, the sooner you know."

She wondered if he meant this to apply to his own case. If he really did not want to fall in love with Stella he seemed to be taking grave risks; for, as soon as the men had finished their port and come into the drawing-room he carried Stella away to the billiard-room, where he said he would teach her billiards, though no clicking of balls was ever heard. He did not bring her back until the sportsmen had

gone to bed and Lady Walford was yawning.

Brenda went upstairs feeling depressed. "After all," she thought, "the English are different—an American boy in Oswald's position would not even admit the possibility of marrying for money." Then she was obliged to admit that no American could be in exactly the same position as Oswald: An inherited responsibility, an inherited share in the government, a duty to a line instead of just a duty as an individual. Still, she was resolved he should not marry Stella. He must behave in the grand manner; he must be above worldly considerations.

The next morning, to his mother's intense irritation, he telephoned to Hollinger House and secured an invitation for himself and Stella to luncheon. Brenda had put in a little time explaining to Stella what a great old title the Hollinger title was—the power of a Duke, the romantic situation of a Duchess.

Please turn to Page 47

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—Air Mail photo.

COUNTRY LULLABY

Continued from Page 30

DOT returned to Mrs. Bramley, who had retreated into a rancorous silence. "I'll go and have a look at Bick," she said humbly.

Mrs. Bramley uttered the suggestion of a sniff. "He must be a very hardy child," she said.

The next two hours were a bleak and devastating nightmare. Dot moved nervously about and tried to manufacture conversation. She had pulled the bed out of most of the leaks and had set pans under all she could definitely locate. Once, she suggested that Mrs. Bramley might try to sleep, but Mrs. Bramley had rejected the suggestion coldly.

Voices, lordly, triumphant, reached her. The warriors returning to camp. The door surged open and they bounced in, wearing broad grins of victory. Mrs. Bramley looked at them and screamed.

It would have been impossible for two human creatures to have collected more mud and water and have continued to move about at all. Their hands, their feet and legs, even their faces, were covered with mud. For a moment Dot remembered the figure of discreet perfection Mr. Bramley had been on arrival, and could hardly believe her eyes.

"Oh, you poor dears," she cried. "Take off those clothes—quick. I've got hot coffee and sandwiches."

"Perhaps it would not be amiss if I added a little something to the refreshments," Mr. Bramley offered gaily, and walked past them into the bedroom.

Dot looked at Bill anxiously. There was nothing in his face but satisfaction, the relaxation that follows a successful tussle with angry opposing forces.

"You should have seen that man, Dot," he said gleefully. "Best hand with a spade you ever saw—I'd have been out there till morning, but he knew just what to do. We saved all the feed, and the ditch is carrying the water away as pretty as anything."

"Two minutes later and your meal would have been a goner," came a cheerful voice from the bedroom. "It wouldn't hurt to bring that stuff indoors in the morning and set it near the fire. It ferments easily." Mr. Bramley reappeared, in trousers and dressing-gown, bearing a small and hospitable-looking bottle.

Bill dived, whistling, into the store-room and Mr. Bramley opened his bottle. "Nothing like the country," he said. He poured generous drinks into four glasses. "Come on now, Olivia, be a sport. You don't want us to take cold, do you?"

BILL joined them, bathrobed, his hair slick on his head. He looked so happy. Dot's heart sank. "That she-devil's not going to let him offer you a job, boy," she thought miserably. She yearned over him, poor dear, he tried so hard. She picked up her glass and sipped at the whisky. Mr. Bramley winked at her jauntily.

"We had a lot of fun when I was a boy," he began, "down on the farm."

It was noon and a bland sun shone on all. In the back yard, the pullets scratched and clucked busily at the delightful morsels, the storm had abated to the earth's friendly surface.

Bick, plump legs scurrying below his blue play-suit, was carrying his collection of rocks from one side of the yard to the other, the usual white feather in one corner of his mouth.

The big motor car stood, leashed and impatient to be off.

Mr. Bramley shook their hands again. "Only way to live," he assured them heartily. "You're a smart fellow, Bill. When I think I've got to go back to London—well, I'll be remembering you, boy, and your little place. You, you're free—and I'm just another slave. You're your own boss—you make your life with your own two hands. Well—good-bye, and thanks for a jolly fine time."

They got into the car. Baker stowed away the bags and climbed behind the wheel. The car started up, then stopped. Mr. Bramley leaned out. "I say," he called, "I'd like to do something for you, if you won't think I'm presuming." Dot and Bill held their breaths. "You really ought to have a cow—a nice heifer. I'll look round."

In silence they turned back to the house. Dot looked at Bill. His face wore again that look of strained defeat. "Well," he said, "that's that." He turned and stalked out to the hen-house.

Dot walked slowly into the house. The wreckage of the breakfast-table greeted her. Well, she had done the best she could—made the beds again last night, dry sheets and all, after the rain finally stopped—got the company to sleep at last.

The outcome—could anything be more madly ironical? Defeat—not because of the things that had presaged their defeat, but because a millionaire engineer remembered, through a bright cloud of self-delusion, the happy days of his youth. "I notice he didn't stay on his farm," she told herself viciously.

The afternoon dragged on. Bill had finished in the hen-house and was hoeing his tomatoes. His back looked stooped, older. Two tears ran down Dot's cheeks. The old sense of futility caught at her.

Out on the road a bicycle stopped, and a boy got off. A telegram. With nervous fingers, she tore open the envelope. The telegram said:

Wheeler, Crossroads Farm. Mrs. Bramley thinks most unwise keep child in country cottage this winter. Feels you should go back to work in London or provide tighter quarters. Think I should suggest your joining my company. Plan to add two to staff anyway for renovation job we discussed. Glad to have you if you feel you can leave farm. Hope you'll excuse interference. Mrs. Bramley very determined person. If you accept offer don't take less than three shillings for those pullets. Letter follows.—Bramley.

"Bill," she screamed, "Bill—" "Bill," she screamed, "Bill—" A week later they sat in the dismantled cottage, ready for the village cab that would take them to the train. Bick, charming in his best suit, strolled out over the yard and picked up a white feather.

Bill reached over and patted her hand. With a happy thrill, she saw that his eyes looked at her lovingly, approvingly, as they used to do. She squeezed his hand. "Glad to be going back?" she asked in a low voice.

"Glad!" he said. "When you've been so nice, worked so hard."

A wave of joy and relief rushed over her, and the horrible nagging fear died for ever. He had not thought her a failure—he had been miserably convicted in his own mind, of his own inadequacy. Had felt that he was failing her, just as she had worried over failing him.

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FIVE Little HEIRESESSES

"Of course," Elizabeth Walford exclaimed as she and Brenda watched them drive away, "this shows he isn't a bit serious—he never is!" "Oh, I don't know," Brenda answered consolingly. "As I remember, the young marquess isn't anything like as attractive as Oswald."

"No, of course he isn't as attractive as Oswald," Lady Walford refrained from adding that, nevertheless, Dukes were not entirely without charms. Presently she said gravely, "I must say I don't think you are very co-operative, Brenda. I believe in your heart you think that little chit on an American girl is too good for Oswald."

"I don't think anyone in the world too good for Oswald, but you don't consider my position—a great heiress like that and my own nephew. What will her mother think?"

"That you've done the child a great kindness, I should say."

Well, there was that point of view. Possibly Mrs. Converse might approve of the marriage—yet for some reason that possibility made Brenda feel no better. She wished that she could have some advice from a friend of Stella's. If Orme were really coming over she would ask Elizabeth to invite him to come to Brigochter. After luncheon she went for a long walk alone, through the park by the edge of the river. She felt suddenly entirely alone. Everyone who in old times had been so close was, for one reason or another, alienated. Elizabeth was cross; Tom, Bruno, even Oswald, all absorbed in other women. She quickened her pace and finally walked herself into a better humor.

WHEN she came in she found a letter from Gretchen. If Gretchen were falling in love with Lord Claude, the romance was not going well—she sounded unhappy. Lonely or homesick. Brenda felt sure something was wrong, though her only complaint was that the Duchess disapproved of motion pictures; and the only excitement of the day was taking the dogs to walk in the meadows by the river. As the dogs were a greyhound and a couple of Pekingeses, Gretchen found the task difficult and not very interesting.

"Of course," she went on, "editing the magazine is fun. There is a new man the Duchess has just discovered whom she considers very great. He leaves out all his verbs."

She was interrupted by the entrance of Oswald and Stella. He pushed her into the room. "Here is a remarkable young woman," he said. "She does not care for future Dukes," Brenda thought there was a hint of triumph in his tone.

"I certainly didn't care for that one," "After all all the trouble I took for her," said Oswald.

"For me. I think you went to see that big blonde girl—the one who calls you 'Oswald darling.'"

Lady Walford looked up. "Oh, was Cynthia there?"

BRENDA gave an inner groan. Her diplomacy had evidently had exactly the opposite result from that she had desired. If Lady Cynthia Dawkins had been there, of course she had made a fuss about Oswald; and Stella would not be all the more interested in him. Many people thought Lady Cynthia was destined to be the future Lady Walford.

The next morning—a shooting day—everyone was down for an early breakfast. The dining-room at Brigochter was a pleasant room, facing east to catch the morning sun. Over the mantelpiece hung a Lawrence portrait of the Prince Regent given to the fifth Earl—or, rather, to his Countess; and on the other walls highly finished Victorian portraits of various members of the Walford family. A long side table bore hot dishes above alcohol lamps—tea and coffee eggs, kippered herrings, kidneys, and, of course, porridge, which was eaten by those who ate it while they walked about the room. One a round table in the bay window were such minor delicacies as cold ham and cold grouse. Outside on the lawn, the gamekeeper with guns and dogs and loaders could be seen—reminding late sleepers that it was already time to be off.

Most people had finished breakfast when Stella came in, looking lovely in a robin's-egg blue coat and skirt with pale grey lizard-skin shoes. In London Brenda had taken the girls to a tailor to get tweeds suitable for the moors. Mary had selected a weather-colored mixture, but Stella, in spite of Brenda's advice, had insisted on robin's-egg blue. "They won't let you go on the moors in those things,"

Continued from Page 43

Stella," Brenda had warned her, out Stella had only smiled and answered that she rather thought they would, or if they didn't she'd stay at home and look all fresh and nice when everyone else came in cold and bedraggled.

NOW as she entered the sunny room Oswald gave an exclamation—not of admiration but of disappointment. "Oh," he said, "I thought you were coming shooting with me."

"I am."

Lady Walford came to her son's assistance. "You couldn't wear that pretty color on the moors, my dear—you would frighten the birds. There is no reason why you should know these things, but we always wear clothes as nearly like the weather as possible. Miss Hyde, for instance, is perfectly dressed. But don't worry. I'll lend you an old green mackintosh of mine that you can slip on."

"I don't think I could wear your things, Lady Walford," said Stella coldly.

"Good Lord," said Walford, "you weren't thinking of going on the moor in high heels and silk stockings?" He threw back his head and laughed.

Stella colored, not with shame, but rage. She was not accustomed to being laughed at—especially where dress was concerned.

"It's getting too complicated for me. I'd rather give the whole thing up."

Oswald turned at once to Mary. "Will you come with me?"

"Mary apparently won't frighten the birds," said Stella.

All the other men spoke up: Oh, no, Miss Hyde was perfectly dressed—so smart—quite as if she had done it all her life—quite like an Englishwoman—even her gloves were right.

Brenda and Elizabeth Walford went out on the steps to see the party start. The latter whispered, "She isn't very adaptable."

"It's rather hard to be criticised before the whole room like that."

"Oh, my dear, an Englishman's wife must learn that she had better commit suicide than interfere with his sport."

"But Stella is not an Englishman's wife."

"Not likely to be if she is so self-willed."

Brenda did not answer. She found herself annoyed by her sister's assumption that the match depended entirely upon Oswald's inclinations. How could she make her see that Stella, in her own country, was even more desirable than Oswald in his? She went back to the dining-room, where Stella was finishing her breakfast alone.

IT'S like being at school again," Stella broke out, "being dictated to as to what you should wear—a uniform, I suppose. I hope Mary was flattered by being told she looked like an Englishwoman. I shouldn't be."

Brenda smiled. "Mary certainly stole the centre of the stage this morning."

Instead of being angry, Stella laughed. "Do you think I couldn't steal it back again?" she asked. "Watch me."

The shooting at Brigochter was arranged so that the morning's drive ended near a passable road; luncheon could be brought out by car. The three remaining women drove out with it. Stella had recovered her temper and was so gentle and helpful that Brenda could see that Elizabeth forgave her.

Without apparent effort a delicious meal was spread ready for the guns—not soup, cold chicken, the inevitable meat pie, sandwiches, sherry and whisky and water. The men came tramping in in high spirits—a good day. Mary, it appeared, had done something brilliant in marking the position of a fallen bird of Oswald's that the dog didn't find.

It all seemed very beautiful to Brenda—the great sweep of purple and green with blue hills behind, and overhead a characteristic Scotch sky; here and there pale blue sky; here and there billowing clouds and here and there long curtains of rain.

Stella had added a robin's-egg blue coat to her costume. Brenda noticed that like many beauties, Stella could turn her beauty up or down like a lamp. She had turned it up now, and when she did she simply wiped out everyone else. Mary was good-looking in a near smart, vital way; yet Brenda Stella was like a line drawing next to a gorgeous painting—no one except an expert would ever see her.

Please turn to Page 49

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A Few Weeks of Kruschen—No Pain Now

A woman's gratitude at being rid of "such dreadful pains" caused her to write this letter:—

"I used to have such dreadful pains in my knees, ankles and shoulders, to say nothing of my back, which used to feel as though it would break. I had no peace, especially at night, but since taking Kruschen Salts for a few weeks only, I feel a different woman, thank goodness. I have no pains now. I feel much brighter and better in every way, and so shall continue with Kruschen regularly." (Mrs.) M. H.

Most rheumatic pain and swelling is caused by too much uric acid in the body. Uric acid is composed of sharp, needle-like crystals which settle in the muscles, joints, and tendons, pierce the nerves, and inflame the tissues. Keep down the excess of uric acid from day to day, and it stands to reason you'll never have to suffer any more.



Other ingredients of these salts assist Nature to wash out these dissolved crystals through the natural channel. And as they go, there's no doubt about those aches and pains going too!

Nor is that all. Kruschen keeps your inside so regular, so free from stagnating waste matter, that no such body poisons as uric acid ever get the chance to accumulate again. One of the secrets of the effectiveness of Kruschen is the exact proportion of the six different salts it contains. Every batch of Kruschen Salts is tested and standardised by a staff of qualified chemists, before it is passed for bottling.

Kruschen Salts is stocked by Chemists and Stores at 2/6 and 1/6 per bottle.

Too fat, and had poor skin

WHATEVER Mrs. B— did seemed to make no difference. She remained far too fat; her complexion was really shocking—sallow, freckly, unhealthy altogether. Then one day she read of Cynol berries, the one reducing remedy she hadn't tried. Goodness, the change was marvellous. In a short time the extra fat disappeared—it is, after all, a simple matter with Cynol berries.

Overjoyed at her success, she set about improving her complexion, applied cucumber regularly for a few nights and at morning. The sallowness and freckles quickly vanished. Now her skin is fresh and smooth and lovely as a pearl. But Mrs. B— had more sense than to dye it. Instead, she used tamalite. This lotion restored her grey hairs to their pretty natural colour. To wash her hair this new attractive woman uses stallan granules. So quick, so pleasantly fragrant, so very cleansing. A light, downy moustache growth was easily removed with pure powdered phenol. As a finishing touch, a light application of the delightful new Dearsbury Face Powder and she was indeed a new woman.***

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 2d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 40 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years.***

"GREYHOUND" OPERATION ON HUMAN HEART

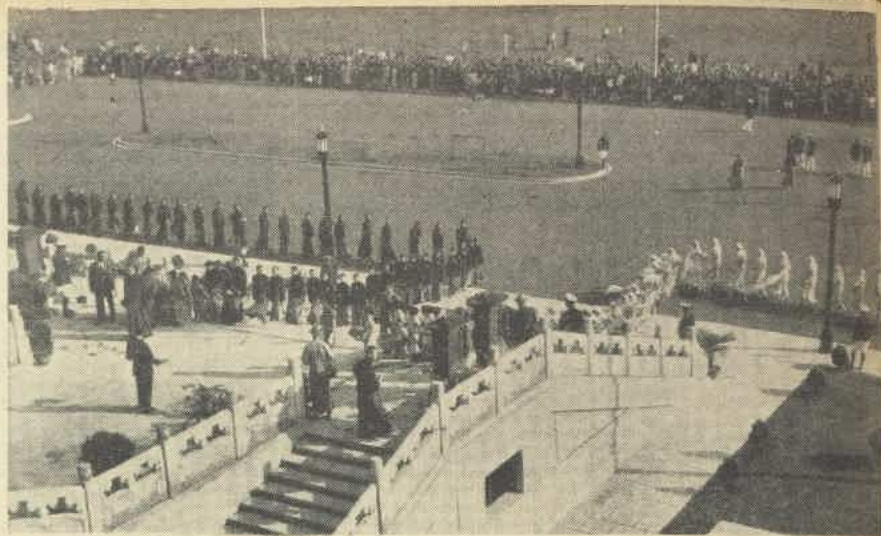
(By Air Mail From Our London Office).

A WONDERFUL heart operation, by which greyhounds strained in racing have been restored to winning form, has for the first time been performed on a human being.

The patient, a man of sixty-four, is "still going strong," and it is believed that the operation will open up new avenues in surgery.

Professor James McCunn, of the Royal Veterinary College, London, shared with a Harley Street specialist the ownership of a number of greyhounds in order to carry out the original operations.

"The operation on the man lasted about twenty-five minutes," he said. "The same technique was used as in the case of the greyhounds, and the operation appears to have been a success."



MASS MARRIAGE IN CHINA.—The Chinese have taken to mass marriage. Pictured above is the parade of the brides and their bridegrooms into the temple grounds for the marriage ritual at a recent multiple wedding. There were 130 couples married, and they are seen here, brides in one line, grooms in another, in the wedding march.

BLEEDING GUMS

Film combines with minerals in the saliva... to form hard, sharp deposits, which may cause soreness and bleeding of the gums.

TOOTH DECAY

Film is judged one of the chief contributing causes of tooth decay. It 'glues decay' germs to the tooth enamel.

STUBBORN STAINS

Film absorbs stains from food and smoking. To remove these stains you must remove the film.



When FILM may lead to all three remove film this special way

Don't fool yourself about film! It can be the forerunner of one or all of the troubles pictured above.

"But in removing film, why use one dentifrice rather than another?" you may ask. On that point, too, you need have no doubts. Many tooth pastes and tooth powders may claim to attack film. Pepsodent's sole duty is to REMOVE FILM—and to keep film off teeth safely. To both the dental profession and the public alike, Pepsodent is known as the 'special film-removing tooth paste'.

Common sense reason for effectiveness and safety

To convince you of film-removing power, Pepsodent depends neither on advertising tricks nor "hard-to-believe" claims. We state facts only—facts brought out in scientific study. You know about that sticky coating that constantly forms on your teeth. Dental authorities agree that this stubborn coating, which we call film, should be removed daily. And now, in Pepsodent, is a revolutionary cleansing and polishing material, recently developed. This material is unexcelled in film-removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it. And is it safe? So safe that in impartial tests Pepsodent has been proved the least abrasive... therefore softer—of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders.

To help keep breath pure

So, between visits to your dentist, remove ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepsodent. No grit in Pepsodent. No risk of harming precious enamel as with mere "bargain" ways. In many cases, offensive breath may be traced to decaying food particles between the teeth. Daily brushing with Pepsodent Tooth Paste helps remove these food particles... thus acts to combat one of the most common causes of unpleasant breath.

PEPSODENT

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste—IN NEW LARGER TUBES



MORE PEPSODENT—SAME PRICE

New processes have cut costs, and we are passing the savings on to you. The identical time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you in the new larger tubes, at no increase in price. 7-388.

DRINKS Sixty Cups of Tea A DAY

Almost Only Nourishment of Tireless Woman

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

More than 60 cups of tea a day and a few slices of bread and butter are the only nourishment of Miss Southwell Piper of Bristol.

And on this diet this remarkable woman does from 16 to 20 hours' hard work every day in her florist's shop.

NO assistant can keep pace with her tireless energy. She never takes a holiday, never stops to have a solid meal, and, although elderly, her appearance is amazingly youthful.

She teems with vitality and has never known a single day's illness. And all this she ascribes to her sixty cups of tea.

"I drink fifteen cups at every meal," she said. "First thing in the morning I have a cup of tea. I couldn't exist without it."

"I have been doing this since I was a little girl, when mother used to say, 'Let her have another cup to keep her quiet!'"

"I don't like it strong, but it must be boiling. It seems as if I have a strange power. I have never had a cold, ache or pain in my life. I am never tired."

"I have worked from eleven o'clock on

a Sunday night until eleven o'clock on the following Tuesday night without going to bed or sitting down. That was forty-eight hours non-stop.

Work a Comfort

"WORK is a comfort to me. Work never kills you. If I didn't have my flowers to play with I shouldn't care to go on living any more. I love my work and I love my flowers. I don't do it for the money. I don't want that."

"I never want a holiday. I don't go to the seaside like other people and sit on the sands. I couldn't do it."

"When I was a nurse I was never worried nor tired. And the children I looked after never caught measles or whooping cough."

"Tea doesn't make you nervy. The only thing that makes you nervy is worry."

"But I hardly ever drink tea on Sun-

HEALTH Certificates Before MARRIAGE

Lovers' Schedule of Fitness

By Air Mail from Our London Office

An important step towards ensuring healthier marriages will shortly be taken by the Eugenics Society, which, owing to the increasing number of young men and women voluntarily exchanging "health certificates" before they marry, is to issue a schedule which can be used by doctors.

THIS is a sequel to prolonged investigations made by the society, and every possible point relating to a man's or a woman's fitness to marry has been carefully studied and incorporated in the schedule.

A man or woman contemplating marriage will take the schedule to the doctor, who may then use it as the basis of his examination.

The schedule is likely, the society believes, to have the effect of encouraging even more prospective brides and bridegrooms to get "health certificates" before their marriage certificates.

Such a scheme, it is hoped, will help to dispel shyness and reserve which in many cases prevent apparently healthy young people from discussing such intimate matters even with medical men.

ADORABLE
YOUTHFUL
BEAUTY

POWDER
ROUGE
LIPSTICK
EYEBROW PENCIL
VANISHING CREAM
PERFUME

Blue Hyacinth
Cosmetics

Here is longer-lasting and glamor-
ous makeup! Only these popu-
larly "sold out" cosmetics, the
amazingly low prices of these "once
a day" and lovely cosmetics. Ask
for them at your favourite store.
Think of it—only six pence for
beauty.

6^p each
At your favourite store

Weak Bladder Sleepless Nights Relieved in 24 Hours

If your sleep is broken by Bladder Weakness, Irritation, Scalding Sensation, Backache, Nervousness and Bad Dreams—due to kidneys clogged by "burning" acid, Prostatic Troubles, or inflammation of the Bladder Urinary Tract, you should try the amazing new Urodyne tablets at once to clean out your 35,000 yards of kidney tubes! Urodyne tablets, which any good chemist can now furnish in the new sealed packages, are especially designed by a world-famous specialist to soothe and strengthen the kidneys and bladder, and bring quick relief and comfort to those people near or past middle life who are almost constantly troubled by Backaches, Bladder Weakness, Irritation and restless, troublesome nights. On a strict guarantee of lasting relief or money back in even stubborn cases you are invited to prove, in your own case, the wonderful benefit of these remarkable new Urodyne tablets.***

Modern Rooms . . . all rooms . . . respond to the quiet
artistry of Marbled Feltex, the new all wool floor covering.
Supplied in many beautiful dual tonings, it is soft, resilient,
luxurious, hard wearing and wonderfully economical.

Write to Box 3261 FF, G.P.O., Sydney, for
FREE samples and beautiful folder.
See the Feltex Stand in the Borders
Pavilion, R.A.S. Show.

MARBLD
FELTEX
GUARANTEED MOTH-PROOF FOR LIFE

F46D.

FIVE Little HEIRESSSES

Continued from Page 47

AFTER luncheon was comfortably over, the girls started away across the road to other moors. Stella insisted on accompanying them a little way—"just to prove that I can walk as well in my heels as anyone else in clothe-hoppers," and she gave a glance at Mary's stout brogues.

The two sisters left alone, sat talking.

"Everyone likes the little Hyde girl," Lady Walford said, while the luncheon was cleared away, and packed back into one of the cars. "I really think Twizzle would propose to her to-morrow, if it weren't for poor Kathleen."

"You don't mean to say that that's still going on?"

"Oh, yes, my dear, she won't let him go. They say that last Christmas there was the most dreadful scene."

But Brenda was not to hear about the scene, for at that moment, over the brow of a small hill, a party of three could be seen approaching—Oswald carrying Stella in his arms, and Mary walking beside him carrying Stella's hat. Stella's arms were wrapped tightly about his neck, and her soft hair was blowing like a golden fog in his eyes.

She waved bravely, and called from a distance, "I've been so stupid. I put my foot into one of those little gullies you have in the moors—I'd have done it if I had had on the thickest boots in the world, but I suppose no one will believe that I'm afraid I've sprained my ankle."

Elizabeth Walford was all kindness at once. "My poor child, does it hurt very much?"

Stella smiled bravely. "Yes—it hurts."

"The trouble is her feet are too small," said Mary. "They just fit into the gullies."

Stella poked out a tiny foot and a slim ankle. "Well, they're not very big."

Brenda opened the door of the car in grim silence, and Oswald set Stella carefully on the back seat. Brenda was thinking, "She hasn't sprained her ankle—she is hardly even pretending that she has. She almost winked at me—such a commonplace trick—and yet Oswald is probably all melted with pity and admiration." She couldn't

be sure about him. He had stepped back and he and Mary were talking in undertones.

This is what they were saying:

Oswald said, "Let's go back to the butts."

Mary answered, "No, I think I had better go home with Stella."

"Don't do that."

"Why not?"

"She hasn't sprained her ankle—she hasn't even twisted it. There is nothing the matter with it at all."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. I know a lot about sprained ankles. When I touched any of the places that couldn't possibly hurt, she screamed like the dickens, and when I pressed on places that ought to have hurt, she didn't."

"You mean you think she's lying?"

"I think she wanted to make up to me for this morning, and she thought letting me carry her a couple of hundred yards was a good way of doing it."

Mary started at him a moment, and then she said, "It's astonishing. You are the first man I ever met who saw through Stella's tricks. I knew all along she hadn't really sprained her ankle."

"But you weren't going to betray her?"

"Oh, no, I never betray her. It's too much fun to watch her. But don't be smug about seeing through her. It's when you see through her most clearly that you love her the most. I know her like a book—there isn't any trick she can pull that I don't know all about—and yes I like her better than almost anyone I know."

Oswald looked at her thoughtfully for several seconds, and then he said, "I think you are the nicest girl I ever met."

Stella leaned forward from the car. "Aren't you coming home with me, Mary?"

"No," said Oswald. "Miss Hyde is going on with me."

Stella looked surprised, but said nothing more. Brenda found it suddenly possible to be sympathetic. After all, nothing mattered if Oswald was not quite a fool. She had not heard his words, but she had seen his actions.

I

In the course of the

next few days Oswald's actions con-

fused Brenda. The Walfords jubilantly assumed that he was paying his court to Stella, but Brenda noticed that as a matter of fact he spent more hours of every day with Mary; they shot, fished, and walked together all day long. Only in the evening Brenda was conscious of something deeply disturbed and emotional in him as soon as he and Stella were together. Her hopes and fears went up and down. She felt inclined to send for Orme, who, she heard from Stella, had arrived in London.

One evening after she had gone upstairs, Mary knocked at her door. "May I come in and have a little private conversation, Miss Angeli?" she asked.

She was wrapped in a soft, warm, white dressing-gown, and looked unusually soft and approachable. She sat down on a little footstool before Brenda's fire, and clasped her hands about her knees. "I want to ask you how you feel about Stella and your nephew."

She had been asked and she would speak the truth. "I don't like it, Mary."

"Don't say that, Miss Angeli—at least not without being sure. You've been awfully kind and understanding about Stella, but you don't really understand her. No one could, who didn't know her mother. Mrs. Converse is responsible for a lot of the silliness in Stella—all the competition and the playing tricks on men. Mrs. Converse talks like that all day long—is he an orchid bean, or a gardenia bean? And which of them sends the longest-stemmed roses? Most of us expect our parents to teach us to be more sensible, but that's all poor Stella gets. Oswald would be wonderful for her. She'd find it hard to play tricks on him—indeed, on any Englishman—they have such definite ideas about how they are to be treated. They don't worship, like an American man. Stella can't stand being worshipped—I mean it isn't good for her."

"Do you think she cares for Oswald?"

Mary shook her head. "Not yet, but I think she would if she got herself engaged to him. I don't really think she could help it. What I came to say was that I'm sure it depends a good deal on what I do whether she gets engaged or not."

"On what you do, Mary?"

M

MARY smiled at her

surprise. "Yes, on what I do. You know the spur that Stella cannot resist is competition, and it has particularly been the dream of her life to take a man away from me. No, don't say that's contemptible—it's human. She's never been able to do it because I'm so prudent I never let her know anything at all about my little affairs. Now my guess is that though she is attracted by Oswald she's holding off."

Please turn to Page 51

"I LOVE MY GROATS" says Peter

and Mother agrees that Peter's weaning was no trouble at all. Nurse had told her that the best way was the cheapest—Groats and milk . . .



ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS

You will be interested in the publication "My Book" a full and reliable guide to the rearing of children. Free on application to Colman-Keen (A/ia) Ltd., G.P.O., Box 2503 MM, Sydney, N.S.W.

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THE 1936 LUX BOOK



48 pages packed with all that's new in knitting. Not a woolly amongst them that doesn't make your fingers itch for the needles. The pick of the 1000 hand-knits—with the subtle lines, the simple stitches and the style that proclaims their Continental inspiration.

Such a Variety of Designs

Full-back cardigan, Hostess jumper, Fringed jumpers Short-sleeved pull-on, Jumper with tie-neck, Angora vestee, Nightgown, Little girl's coat and beret, Singlets for grown-ups and youngsters, Babies' set, Girl's jumper, Pram cover, Man's cardigan and socks, Collars and a leaf scarf.

How To Get Your 1936 LUX BOOK Save the Washing Instruction Panels from two LARGE packets of Lux. Take them to the Lintas Free Gift Depot, 147 York Street (opposite Town Hall) or post them with your name and address written in block letters and 1d. stamp to cover cost of postage on the Lux Book, to: LUX DEPARTMENT, Box 4310 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

A LEVER PRODUCT.



A MEDICAL EYE SERVICE

We have now established a Medical Eye Service, at a moderate fee, by an Oculist, late of Moorfields Eye Hospital, London.

This service will meet the needs of those whose eyes require medical treatment, and who dislike going to a public hospital and cannot afford the private fees now charged.

Parents with children whose eyes need medical attention, will welcome this service, which eliminates the long, tedious waiting before being attended to in the already overcrowded public hospitals.

THE OCULIST MAY BE CONSULTED AT OUR ROOMS AT 378 PITT STREET

We have just published an illustrated booklet entitled, "Vision and the Care of the Eyes." Should you like a copy, one will be posted free to you on application.

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"COLD" OR "HOT"
ITS MORE THAN A DRINK... ITS A FOOD

11



Why IS THAT GIRL SO LOVELY?

Why? Because she uses Oatine Powder Base—the powder and cream in one—every day. Not only is it good for her skin—making it daily finer and lovelier—but it gives her confidence in the knowledge that her complexion is always just right. No more fear of a shiny nose or blotchy complexion. No more need for frequent powdering in public, now that she knows the secret of modern make-up. . . . Oatine Powder Base.

Why don't you use Oatine Powder Base, too? Apply it in the mornings and your complexion will at once acquire that soft, velvety bloom which is a joy to yourself, and to everyone you meet.



In two shades, Rachelle and Naturelle—1/2 a tube.

Use Oatine Cream at night to feed and cleanse the skin. Tubes 1/-, Jars 2/6 and 4/6.

If you think you need an astrigent vanishing cream, try Oatine Snow. Tubes 9d. and 1/6. Jars 2/-.



Obtainable at all chemists, or from Oatine (Aust.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2478 M.M. Sydney.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH will Make History!

Amazing Horoscope of a Strong Personality

By JUNE MARSDEN, President of the Astrological Research Society

The horoscope of Princess Elizabeth is a remarkable one. It indicates that she will make history in some way or another; that she will not only govern her own life almost entirely, but the lives of many others.

As the years go by, she will develop an individuality which will partake of the strength of Queen Elizabeth and the charm of Queen Victoria.

PRINCESS ELIZABETH was born early on April 21, 1926, and at the moment of her birth the stars were so strongly placed in the heavens that the word "destiny" is likely to prove synonymous with the position of power and importance which she is likely to hold in world affairs.

Perhaps the most remarkable part of this individual horoscope is the fact that at the hour of her birth most of the really important planets were crowded together in the heavens, and just about to appear over the eastern horizon.

This depicts an intensely strong personality. It will be found that Princess Elizabeth knows exactly what she wants—and when she wants it—and will not hesitate to go after the matter if it seems disinclined to come to her.

She is naturally forceful and forthright, capable, proud, and inclined at times to dominate. She is a born leader, capable of guiding the destinies of others, and delighting in the consequent activities.

She will attract to herself an amazing degree of service, loyalty, and love, and gain the admiration of others because of her courageous and pioneering spirit. She will inaugurate many new and unusual ideas and regulations, not only in her own affairs, but also in the activities of humane institutions.

Princess Elizabeth's birth on April 21, just when the Sun changes from the sign Aries to that of Taurus, depicts a duality of character. As a result, it is possible that no one will ever know the real Elizabeth.

The Taurian aspect of her star-map increases her determination and love of practical and material affairs, and when she once makes up her mind, it is almost impossible to change it. Those who know her well, however, will learn that an appeal to her affections and sympathies will work wonders. In short, she can be guided, but not driven.

As the years go by, she will desire to express her artistic abilities, and should develop an exceptionally nice speaking and singing voice. Tedious artistic work, such as sewing, drawing, painting, and arranging flowers will arouse her enthusiasm.

In short, Princess Elizabeth will be loving and lovable, for love and good-will are absolutely essential to her happiness, and she will do much to earn them.

There is an element of the unusual and unpredictable in her make-up, and of the subtle and piquant in her personal appearance and manner. Through these things she can attract to herself much that is desirable in life, but she should strive to avoid a tendency to dominate and argue.

Won't Bow to Tradition

IN regard to marriage, the horoscope of Princess Elizabeth is exceedingly interesting, for some exceptional condition is likely to arise. It is not unlikely that Princess Elizabeth will refuse to bow to the usual traditions regarding Royal marriages. Still, her horoscope shows her to be well able to look after her own affairs, and rule her own destiny.

During the forthcoming year, much good fortune should come to Princess Elizabeth's life. The planetary configurations are particularly lavish in her favor, and should bring her much excitement, many changes, advancement or happiness through Royalty and others in high positions.

An unfriendly planetary influence occurring as 1936 merges into 1937 bespeaks another short period of upset for the Princess. In this case, however, it is likely to be nothing more than enforced changes in her life—changes she does not desire.

Immediately following this comes a splendid time in her life, when her happiness, popularity, well-being and prominence will all increase. At this time (early 1937) she will be much more in the limelight than can at present be foreseen.

The Daily Diary

THIS daily diary is given in order that you may test the possibilities of astrology for yourself. It will be found interesting:

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Live quietly on the 7th and early 8th, but start important matters you have in mind on April 11 and 12.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Live quietly on the 8th, 9th, and 10th.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): The 7th and a.m. of the 8th are very fair, but try to avoid losses, upsets, and opposition on the 11th and 12th.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Not a



PRINCESS ELIZABETH (with her sister, Princess Margaret Rose), for whom astrologists predict an exceptionally interesting future.

good week for you. Begins badly and ends badly, so live quietly, especially on the 7th, early 8th, 13th, and 14th.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Make the most of your opportunities, especially on April 11 and 12.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Nothing exciting. 13th and 14th best.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Live very quietly. Make no important ventures or changes. Try to avoid losses, especially on the 7th, 8th (a.m.), 13th, and 14th.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Spend your affairs on April 8, 9, and 10.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 23): A splendid time to begin matters, especially the 11th, 12th, and early 13th.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Go slow this week, especially on the 7th, early 8th, 13th, and 14th.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Quite fair on the 7th, and a.m. of 8th.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Fair enough on the 8th, 9th, and 10th.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this article on astrology as a matter of interest and entertainment without endorsing it in any way—Editor, A.W.W.]

REDUCE SAFELY



with FORD'S CORPOREAL CAPSULES
A Kensington lady writes: "I have reduced from 11 stone to 8 stone 2 lbs." This is a scientifically correct treatment endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 5/6; six weeks, 10/-; at all Chemists, or post free from NOEL F. FORD, M.B.S. (Sydney, N.S.W.), Chemist, 247 King Street, Newtown, N.S.W. Tel. L1712.

CATARRH

Destroys Personal Charm

Yet countless numbers of women and men go on day after day with catarrh sapping their vitality. They do not realize that catarrh is rapidly destroying their health—killing their ambition—only to leave them in time haggard—nervous—weak. If you have catarrh in any form—don't just put up with it because you have tried dozens of remedies without effect. The Clymax treatment has scored a home to thousands, and it will do the same for you. You will become more attractive—you will regain that vitality you once enjoyed; you will be able to breathe pure fresh air and moreover, those sticky pains in the region of the eyes will soon disappear. Ringing noises in the head and even deafness caused through catarrh will yield slowly but surely to the Clymax treatment.

Be fair to yourself and to those near you—commence this guaranteed Clymax treatment to-day. All chemists sell Catarrh-Clymax for 1s 9d. s.d.

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If you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Diarrhoea, Headaches, Loss of Vigour, Burning, Frequent Urinary, Kidney or Bladder troubles, get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (pink-text). Must end troubles in 8 days or money back. At chemists.



"YOUR DAUGHTER'S TEETH ARE MARVELLOUS, TED—I WISH JOAN'S WERE!"



MY DENTIST SAID LACK OF EXERCISE HELPS TO CAUSE POOR TEETH AND GUMS.

SO I STARTED BETTY CHEWING WRIGLEY'S GUM—IT EXERCISES, CLEANSSES AND MASSAGES!

THAT'S LOGICAL! I'LL TAKE SOME HOME TO JOAN TONIGHT! THANKS FOR THE TIP!

TAKE YOUR CHANGE IN

WRIGLEY'S

A.Q.19

FIVE Little HEIRESSSES

Continued from Page 49

"SHE'S a little afraid of him—she's afraid of the discipline of English life—she knows he can't be treated the way she has always treated other men. But if she thought he was at all interested in me, she wouldn't be able to resist—she'd feel an obligation to charm him, and in the process she might get caught herself. Do you see the idea?"

"Mary, you think of Stella, but not of Oswald."

"Oh, but I do, Miss Angell. Think how lovely she is—how dazzling!"

Brenda put her hand on the girl's shoulder. "I wish it were you, my dear." Mary looked grave—almost angry. "There's no question of that," she said. "He and I are very good friends, but I don't make his head spin as Stella does. All my life I've worried about Stella's future. This way I should feel she would be safe. He's pretty wonderful—Oswald is."

In the face of such unselfish devotion, Brenda felt ashamed to plead that one of her reasons for opposing the marriage was that she felt her own reputation was involved. She said instead: "I had always imagined Stella cared more for Mr. Orme than for anyone else."

Mary, who a second before had seemed such a friend and contemporary, suddenly became a member of another generation. "Mr. Orme! Why, Miss Angell, he must be forty at least!"

"At least." "And yet she might at that," Mary continued; "especially if he becomes very important politically. I never thought of it. But no, it wouldn't do. He's a little too kind, and he might worship, and then Stella would begin to think that he was twenty years older than she, and that she had done him a big favor marrying him—that wouldn't work."

In the short silence that followed, Brenda dealt with herself. She noticed that she had been pleased at the news that Mary didn't think a marriage between Orme and Stella would work—why was she pleased? Was she merely vindictive about a child who had been put under her care? Was that the true reason why she opposed Oswald's marriage—that she hated Stella? She was frightened at the depth of emotion she was experiencing.

That night, long after Mary had left her, she made up her mind that she would send for Orme—at least if she saw any prospect of an engagement. He should share the responsibility. The Walfords would be delighted to show civility to Stella's guardian. She fell asleep composing appropriate telegrams.

THE next day—the fifth of September—was Oswald's birthday. As they were shooting, no demonstration was possible until dinner-time. Then a few neighbors were asked in—the young marquise and his party from Hollinger House, among them Lady Cynthia Dawkins; twelve in all. Presents were piled about Oswald's plate, which he opened slowly, one or two with each course.

None of them were of much value: Two pairs of golf stockings, knitted by his mother; a book from Brenda; a stout leather wallet from Lord Walford; and a tiny memorandum book and pencil from Mary. In between times he was giving a great deal of attention to his neighbor, Lady Cynthia, a lovely, rather majestic girl. Her father was a man of great weight in the county, and she was well up on all political questions. She was now urging Oswald to get his life into such shape that he could stand for Parliament in the near future.

"The duke would like it, and so would my father. I was speaking to him about it yesterday."

Oswald showed that he felt flattered. "But wouldn't this present man be hard to beat? They elected him by a tremendous majority."

"They wouldn't re-elect him by the same—they're disgusted with his stand on the new roads."

"I'm afraid I agree with him—the roads are good for the country as a whole, even though we pay rather more than our share."

STELLA, across the table, watched this absorbed conversation with a cold eye. She could not hear that it was all about politics. She only saw that he never turned to his left-hand neighbor at all, and that Lady Cynthia was lovely. She said to the young man next to her:

"Is Lady Cynthia considered to be a great beauty?"

"Yes—rather," said the young man.

"There is certainly a great deal of her to admire."

"We think in the family, that we can't have too much of a good thing."

"In the family? Are you a relation?"

"She's my sister."

Stella gave a slight exclamation of annoyance. It really did seem as if she couldn't do anything right in this irritating country. She turned her attention to Oswald, who was reaching out for his last present—a flat box bearing the name of a great Bond Street jeweller. He opened it, read the card; he looked across the table at Stella, under drawn brows; his face flushed.

"Oh, I say!"—that exclamation that serves Englishmen in great crises.

IN a satin lining, a gold-and-platinum cigarette case was lying, smooth, heavy, and very beautifully made.

"How very pretty," said Lady Cynthia, taking it into her large, well-shaped hands. It was passed round the table to the sound of admiring observations. Brenda knew that under all the polite phrases was the universal opinion that it was too handsome—too expensive—not in good taste—very American. She wished Stella had consulted her before sending for it. It reached Walford, who put in his eyeglass, stared and said, "Oh, I say."

Fortunately, at this moment the pantry door opened and the birthday cake was carried in, radiating an orange light from twenty-three candles. Healths were drunk, Oswald's health was proposed by his father; he rose, without the slightest embarrassment, to reply. For a moment the cigarette case was disposed of.

After dinner, Elizabeth had a word with her sister, Lady Cynthia, with a mediocre contralto voice, which no American woman would have dreamed of cultivating, but with which she managed to give a great deal of pleasure, was singing Scotch ballads for Mary.

"Brenda," whispered Elizabeth, "it must mean an engagement."

"It means nothing, Elizabeth," answered Brenda bitterly, "except that Americans go in rather more for birthday presents than the English do."

"It's rather embarrassing for poor Oswald."

"Nonsense. The girls feel under deep obligations to you for putting them up for so long. Stella probably thought of it as a way of repaying some of the debt." In her heart she felt uncertain that Stella's motives had been so creditable. She wanted to speak to Mary, but Mary was hanging over the piano, asking for another verse and another; and Lady Cynthia's low and perfectly true voice was singing:

"Ah, lang will his ledgy
Look frae the Castle Downe . . ."

Presently the men came in; and when the disturbances of getting them settled had passed, Brenda noted that Stella and Oswald were not in the room.

Please turn to Page 52

NERVY WOMEN Get well again Quick!



BIDOMAK

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THE AMAZING TRUTH!

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ADELAIDE: Shell House, North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House, 201 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age" Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne C1.

NEWCASTLE: Carrington Chambers, Watt Street, Newcastle.

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

TASMANIA: The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Gordon and Gotsch (Asia) Ltd., 63 Cameron Street, Launceston.

LONDON: 20 New Bridge Street, London EC4.

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All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1331E, G.P.O., Sydney.

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(a) Forward a shipping of matter published, commencing on a sheet of newspaper, showing date and page to which part was published.

(b) Give full name and address and State. Unsatisfactory contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

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Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

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See special notice on the Pattern Page. Readers desirous of posting The Australian Women's Weekly to friends should make sure they provide the correct postage, which is 1d for every box.

My Husband Says I LOOK YOUNGER



"Your real age doesn't matter—it's how young you look! When 20,000 beauty experts unite to tell me a way to keep my skin soft, smooth and youthful, I listen with respect. Here's their advice: 'Use Palmolive Soap'."

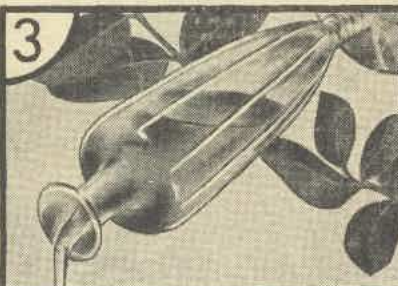


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WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL AND HOLIDAY BUREAU

NOTE NEW ADDRESS—ST. JAMES BUILDINGS (Next St. James Theatre) TEL.: MA4496

FIVE Little HEIRESSSES

Continued from Page 51

ONE pleasant feature of dinner parties during the shooting season is that everyone goes home early. The guests had departed, Walford had gone to bed. Finally no one was left but Brenda and her sister, and still Oswald and Stella were missing.

At last Elizabeth rose. "I can't keep my eyes open any longer," she said, "and after all it's your job to chaperon them—not mine."

Brenda could feel a certain exultation under her words. She evidently had no doubt what the absence of her son and Stella foretold. Brenda herself was inclined to agree.

It was after midnight when she felt she could bear it no longer. She crossed the hall and opened the billiard-room door. Oswald and Stella were standing beside the green table—she was in his arms and crying.

"Oh, Miss Angell," Stella said, "he's so horrid, he's so unkind."

"It doesn't look as if he were being very unkind at the moment, Stella."

Stella stepped away from him. "Oh now—now he's trying to make up for all the hateful things he has been saying."

"I only said I could not take the cigarette case, Stella."

"What could be more hateful than that? I sent all the way to London for it. I took such a lot of trouble, and to have you fling it back in my face—"

"Not in your face, dear Stella."

Stella was much the least embarrassed of the three. She turned to Brenda. "Do you see any reason why he shouldn't take it, Miss Angell? Have I done something awful? I know a girl at home who gave a man a much handsomer case than that—only, of course, I remember now that they were engaged."

"That does make a difference doesn't it?"

Stella smiled. "Shall we be engaged, Oswald? Then you can take the case, and it will be all right."

"You don't mean that you want to marry me, Stella?"

"I might, I might," she answered. She was suddenly happy again, entirely in her element. "He doesn't look very cheerful about it, does he, Miss Angell?" She slipped her arm through Brenda's and smiled at Oswald.

"I'm not very cheerful," he returned. "I don't know whether you care a penny for me or not. Or even whether you want me to think you do."

"Perhaps I don't know myself, Oswald. You're attractive—very do you think I'm attractive too?"

"You know I think you the loveliest, most head-turning creature—but—"

Brenda disengaged her arm from Stella's and left the room. The billiard room was next to the pantry, where, against the wall, was the only telephone in Brigochter. She had made up her mind that she would send for Orme. She saw only too clearly what Stella was doing—she was jockeying to that she could be in a position to say yes or no to a man who had not actually asked her to marry him. The pantry was dark, all the servants had gone to bed. Brenda rang vainly. She could not rouse an operator. Still, action had steeled her resolution. Orme must come—Orme could save the situation. She would send a wire in the morning.

After she went up to her room. Brenda hoped that Oswald would come to her, asking advice or help, telling her that he was being trapped into a marriage he did not really desire. A knock came at her door but it was Stella, not Oswald.

"MAY I come in, Miss Angell? I want to talk, and I don't like to wake poor Mary up. Just think, I may have decided my whole life this evening. I wonder what my mother would think—and Mr Orme. Do you suppose the Walfords would ask Mr Orme to come here? I should like him to see Oswald. Do you suppose it's any fun, really, to be a countess? Stella, Countess of Walford—oh, that's only what you call yourself when you're a widow, isn't it? I like Oswald. He lectures a good deal. He always thinks he knows just exactly what you ought to do. The English are like that—they know how everything should be done, and if they don't happen to know how something should be done, then they are sure no one ought to do it. Yes, he's attractive. In some ways the most attractive man I ever met—only of course I'm sorry if I'm going to ruin poor Mary's life."

Brenda was brushing out her long, thick, pale-brown hair and stopped at it frozen. "Mary's life?"

"Yes, didn't you know? Mary has a big passion for Oswald. How could you miss it? I never saw anyone give herself away so completely. She thinks the sun rises and sets for him. She's always explaining him to me—for fear I might miss some of the nobility of his character. She tells me that it's just a friendship between him and her

Of course it is—on his side; but does she love him—oh, boy!"

"I'm sure you're wrong, Stella. You want to think so."

"I'm not wrong, Miss Angell. I know Mary through and through. She never cared for any man before but she cares for him all right. It's rather hard on her—but when you think it out, it wouldn't do her any good if I did give him up. He wouldn't turn to Mary necessarily."

"Mary would like nothing better than to see you and Oswald married," Stella laughed. "She put something over—if she made you believe that I tell you she loves him. She nearly faints with joy if he speaks to her. Naturally she doesn't want me to have him."

"You're sure he loves you, Stella?"

Stella looked surprised. "You mean you think that he doesn't?"

"I don't know anything about it. I only ask. I always assume that a man doesn't love me, until—I mean I always used to assume—"

Stella stopped, ashamed of having put herself on the same plane of youth with Stella—she, the chaperon. And yet at thirty-three it was not quite natural to speak as if love were entirely a thing of the past.

STELLA was too much interested in her own reactions to notice her chaperon's slip of the tongue. She spoke now with that entire candor that made Brenda almost like her, no matter what she said. "Well, I always assume the opposite—that men do love me. You see, if I make a mistake about that, the worst people can say is that I'm vain; but if I make a mistake the other way—I mean if I assume a man does not care when it turns out he was ready to commit suicide, like that silly boy at Warwick—then everyone is cross and calls me heartless. No, no, Miss Angell; I've learned by experience to assume that men do care, and I hope you won't think me vain for saying that I'm usually right."

"I think you are probably right now. I suppose Oswald loves you."

"Well, I suppose he does," said Stella calmly. "But shall I be happy? I simply hate Scotland, but then I needn't come here much. I like London and all those beautiful, wide, solemn houses that look as if they were made for parties with footmen lining the stairs and red carpets. And I like racing and trips to Paris, and a lot of mind house parties, like a novel by Aldous Huxley or Evelyn Waugh."

"But, Stella—"

"I know, I know, Miss Angell. That is not the correct basis for a happy marriage. I should be thinking of four feet on the fender and raising a family. Well, I'm not like that, and there is no use in pretending I want to be amused." Every word she uttered convinced Brenda more and more that for Oswald the marriage would be a disaster.

THE joy of the Walfords at the news of their son's engagement was so great that they did not notice Brenda's despair. Oswald, who did notice it, kept out of her way. Stella would not let it be called an engagement until she had had time to think it over; she would go home and talk to her mother—Oswald might follow her, if all went well. She would be married at home, of course. For the present it must be kept a profound secret.

Brenda made no comment, but with the Walfords' consent she drove into Edinburgh and sent a telegram to Orme at his London hotel, begging him to come to Brigochter, as "Stella is entering into an engagement of which I do not wholly approve."

She did not dare say more. She was a traitor, perhaps, to say as much. The Walfords, comfortably secure that an engagement to their son must meet with approval, welcomed a visit from Stella's guardian.

Telegrams at Brigochter were received over the telephone, written out and left in neatly-folded papers on the hall table. Brenda, on returning, found one directed to her. She thought, "Can it be an answer already?" and tore it open. Her startled cry brought Lady Walford out of the drawing-room, and arrested Stella who was just coming downstairs.

The message said, "Herbert and I were married yesterday and are going to the Continent for two weeks. Hope to see you in London on return. Blissfully happy. Gretchen Dixon."

Brenda handed the telegram to Stella, who read it and said, "Blissfully happy— isn't that Gretchen all over? She is too!"

To Be Continued

All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

April 11, 1936.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

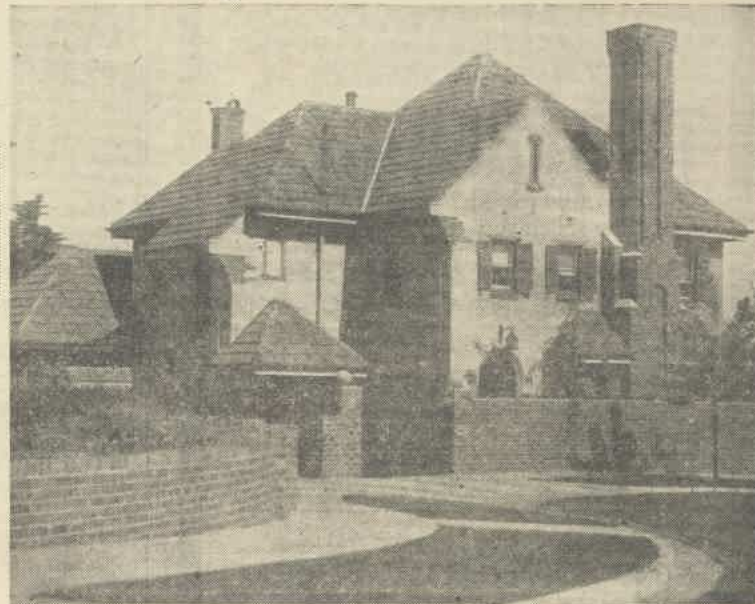
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Another Beautiful Home Opens Its Doors!

This is a Georgian House with cream walls, orange shutters and a tall brick chimney reaching for the sky.

TO-DAY, architecturally speaking, houses are amazingly different. Some are planned on lines generally described as "modern"; some on ultra-modern, picturesque lines; others a skilful and pleasing combination of old and new. The home pictured here falls into the last-named category . . . Read all about it.

By . . .
**Our Home
Decorator**



VIEW OF MR. AND MRS. DOUGLAS JOHNSON'S Georgian home, Montalto Avenue, Toorak, Melbourne. Note the tall chimney, which suggests a ship's funnel.

LEFT: A corner of the lounge. Floor is carpeted a dull mushroom-pink. Cream frilly window curtains match the walls. Lovely walnut antique pieces may be observed here.

SOMEONE has said that the newly-opened Montalto Avenue, Toorak, Victoria, rather resembles in its unconventional curves the illustration to a fairy-tale! It was also said that none of the homes that line its curves is more fitting to illustrate a fairy tale than No. 16, the Georgian home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Johnson.

This Georgian house, set in a formal garden behind a high wall, has cream walls with splashes of warm brick here and there, orange shutters, and a wrought-iron door; but the most impressive feature is a tall brick chimney reaching for the sky—a chimney that has just a suggestion of a ship's funnel.

Once inside the high gates there is another smaller gate that gives access to the diminutive front garden. This gate, in wrought iron, is a spider web, spider and all, swung between two sun-flowers and, with a little imagination, looks much as though it had been petrified by a spell.

Lively Guardian

THERE is nothing petrified about the ancient magpie who guards this gate. He wandered in some months ago and, finding it a comfortable home, has remained ever since.

A flagged path leads to the front door, where lobelias grow in carefree clumps under the door-step. Across the lawn from the door is a semi-circular pond for fish and lilies, with a wall fountain that is really a satanic head, and a couple of green frogs guard the lily blooms. Each side of this pool Roman cypress, scarlet oaks, and other colorful trees line the wall.

Indoors the whole of the ground floor is carpeted in that dull pink tone known as mushroom-pink. The living-room, with frilled curtains of cream muslin to match the walls, and side curtains a shade deeper than the carpet, has some lovely old walnut pieces, including a graceful china cupboard and a tallboy brought out from England.

All the flowers are arranged in large



MRS. DOUGLAS JOHNSON (who, it will be remembered, was Mary Winter-Irving before her marriage), in her red-and-white plaid cotton frock, fits into the setting of cream walls and warm bricks outside her front door. Tennis and golf occupy much of Mrs. Johnson's time, and she is noted for her smart dressing, but her main hobby is her house and garden.

—Women's Weekly photo.

mixed bunches that immediately call up visions of wool pictures and samplers. Some of the chairs and the couch are covered in a quaint old floral pattern on a cream ground, while others are quite modern in faint green.

The huge, square, unframed mirror over the fireplace is the last word in modernity, but is flanked by a pair of old china vases with crystal pendants, holding tight bunches of flowers.

The small dining-room has cream walls and wine-red velvet curtains. The dark oak cottage furniture is set off by a regiment of pewter mugs arranged along the mantelpiece, and on the side-board that holds some lovely crystal pieces are several colorful Wedgwood plates.

A Place of Delight

FROM here a door leads to the delightful piazza, where velvet-like turf relieves the flagged floor. A weeping elm will soon provide a roof for the piazza, which is rich in dwarfed trees growing in tubs, with here and there a large old Italian wine-gourd in green glass.

Semi-circular steps made colorful with scraps of all manner of stone—marble, granite, slate, anything for variety—lead down to the formal garden, and still more of these delightful steps, with here and there casual clumps of lobelias, pansies,

and other small flowers, growing out of their crates, lead down to the oblong sunken garden.

Here are roses and old-fashioned flowers. A sundial centres the smooth lawn. Some day the sundial will be moved to the end of a secluded walk to make room for a lily pond.

More Interior Glimpses

COMING indoors again we mount the mushroom-pink carpeted stairway—tucked round a corner so as not to be seen from the front door.

This is indeed a house of muted pink tones, for every room but the kitchen has its note of pink. Mrs. Johnson's bedroom, with its choice old mahogany furniture, including a four-poster bed, has a plain, dusky-pink carpet. The curtains and bed-cover are of glazed chints—bright little flowers on a dusky-pink ground.

Even the bathroom, the last word in streamlined comfort, is entirely of pale pink and primrose tiles.

The primrose tone, by the way, is echoed in the cool, tiled kitchen, which has a green line to give the walls character. It is a typical modern work-room, with enough cupboards to suit any housewife. They reach right to the ceiling!

CLEVER IDEAS

NEW CASSEROLES: Before using your casserole dish rub it with a raw onion, which will prevent the pottery from sweating. Then fill with cold water and bring gradually to the boil. Allow the water to cool inside the casserole. This prevents the dish from cracking.

BORAX FOR TEA AND COFFEE: Put a teaspoonful of powdered borax in cold water, and bring it slowly to the boil. Pour it into tea and coffee pots, and let it stand a while. This will keep them fresh and sweet.

KEEP SANDWICHES MOIST: If you are having a party, and want to cut sandwiches early and keep them moist, wring out a clean cloth in cold water, wrap round sandwiches, fasten by elastic band, and put them all in a tin box with a tightly-fitting lid.

COUNTERACTING ACID: The best way to counteract the effect of acid on clothes—and men are always tinkering about with cars, photography, where acid is likely to spill—is to moisten the spot immediately with spirits of ammonia.

FOR YOUR RECIPE BOOK: Make a bag of cellophane, the size of the pages of your recipe book, with an opening on the long side. Slip over the page you are using, and this will keep each page that you use clean and bright.

DISH CLOTHS: Make dish cloths from old bath-towels which you no longer use for the bathroom. Bind the edges to prevent pieces of the Turkish towelling from fraying off into the water.

MARKED PLATES: To remove the brown marks on plates caused by their having been left in a too-hot oven, rub the marks with a damp cloth dipped in salt or powdered whiting. Rub hard, and they will disappear completely.

WASHING BLANKETS: Soak blankets to be washed for an hour or so in cold water. This will help to remove the dressing from the blankets. If new, and will make their washing much easier as well. Then add one tablespoonful of borax to every gallon of water used, dissolving the borax in a small bowl of boiling water first, and adding to the main supply.

Sensational Offer!

To Thrifty Housewives

During the month of April, FOUNTAIN FLOUR COUPONS have a DOUBLE VALUE. You will receive

TWO FREE GIFTS

in exchange for the usual number of Coupons required for a single gift.

For instance, if it were necessary to save 20 Coupons to secure your favourite FREE GIFT—during this special offer you would receive TWO FREE GIFTS instead of one!

This offer applies to 'Fountain' Flour Coupons only!

If you prefer Baking Powder use only "FOUNTAIN" Brand, which is a pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. You also receive valuable Gifts for Baking Powder Coupons

Thousands of thrifty housewives are taking advantage of this generous offer every week!

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LIQUID METAL POLISH makes light work

A HECKITT'S PRODUCT — MADE IN AUSTRALIA

SIX Clever Recipes from OUR READERS

Become Prizewinners in Our Recipe Competition

Housewives will welcome this splendid weekly recipe competition, furthering as it does the culinary art and introducing unusual new recipes to them.

BELOW you will find the prizewinners for this week—winning, respectively, £1, 10/-, and four 2/6 prizes, and these will serve as fine examples of what makes for a prize-winning recipe. Send in unusual, economical, and tasty dishes, to win a prize.

A SACK OF NEW POTATOES

Make an oval sponge cake, using any good recipe. Cut out the centre, brush over the cake with whipped egg-white and cover with a layer of thin almond paste. Add a little roll of almond paste round the top to imitate the roll-back of the sack. Cut small pieces of the portion of cake that was removed from centre, cover them with almond paste in the shape of potatoes, roll them in chocolate powder, and make a few eyes on each. Fill the sack with these, and to complete the effect pipe in chocolate icing "Darling Downs" on the side of the cake.

Almond Paste

Mix 1lb. ground almonds with 1lb. icing sugar and 1lb. castor sugar. Add 1 dessertspoon lemon juice and enough beaten egg to form a smooth paste. Roll out thinly.

First Prize of £1 to Miss J. McGinley, Warwick, Qld.

CHRISTMAS SALMON LOAF

One lb. tin of salmon, 1oz. butter, a little cold water, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 beaten egg-yolks, 1oz. gelatine, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 4 tablespoons vinegar, dash of cayenne, 1oz. castor sugar, 1 pint milk, cucumber and beetroot to garnish.

Remove any skin and bones from salmon, and flake. Melt butter. Sift flour, mustard, cayenne, and sugar. Stir into melted butter and milk, and boil for a few minutes. Cool, then add egg-yolks. Turn into the top of a double saucepan, and cook, stirring constantly, till thick. Cool. Stir in vinegar and gelatine dissolved in 1/2 cup of water (hot) and allowed to cool. Add salmon, mix well, and pour into wet mould. When set, turn out and serve garnished with overlapping slices of cucumber and beetroot. Enough for five or six persons.

Second Prize of 10/- to Miss Dorothy McBean, Sunrise, Scottsdale, Tas.

MUSHROOM TART

Line a tart plate with puff paste. Boil 2 eggs till hard, shell them, and rub them through a sieve; add salt and pepper to taste, and a little finely-chopped parsley. Peel and mince the mushrooms and fry in butter with a little pepper and salt. Add some bechamel sauce or a couple of table-spoons of cream, and set aside to cool. Put the eggs in the bottom of the tart, fill up with the mushroom mixture, cover with crossed strips of pastry, glaze with egg, and cook in a quick oven. If cooked in party tins or paper containers the little patties are excellent for savories.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Murray, Donaldson St., Braddon, Canberra, F.C.T.

PICKLED GRAPES

One quart vinegar, 1 tablespoon cloves, 1 tablespoon cinnamon bark, 2lb. sugar.

Boil all together for 15 minutes, and when nearly cold pour over prepared grapes in jars or bottles. To prepare the grapes: Choose late, fleshy fruit either dark or light. Clip from the stems so that a piece of the stem is left in each grape. They must be perfectly sound and not broken in any way. Pack closely into jars. This makes an unusual and delicious pickle for cold meats and improves with keeping.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. Richmond, 45 Argyle St., Moonee Ponds, Melbourne.

LEMON CHEESE WITHOUT LEMONS

One level tablespoon of butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon tartaric acid, essence of lemon, 4 table-spoons of warm water.

Put sugar, butter, acid, and water into saucepan; add eggs (well beaten), and, lastly, essence of lemon. Stir briskly over fire until you notice the mixture is thickening slightly (it will curdle if allowed to boil). Take from fire and

Suggested Menu for Any Week Day

BREAKFAST:

Rolls Oats and Honey
Fried Fish
Coffee Toast Jam

LUNCHEON:

Macaroni Cheese
Tapioza, Cream and Stewed Fruit
Tea Scones Jam

DINNER:

Braised Steak and Walnuts
Mashed Potatoes, Cauliflower and Sauce
Pancakes and Lemon

set aside to cool, when it will be found nice and thick. This will prove handy to those unable to procure lemons.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Gregg, Montrose, Murrumbidgee, N.S.W.

FRANKFURT SAUSAGES IN NIGHTGOWNS

Stew required number of sausages in gently-boiling water for 10 minutes until they attain an unwrinkled fullness and roundness, spread them with mustard, roll in breadcrumbs, and, starting from the ends and rolling towards the middle, wrap in thin strips of bacon. Fasten bacon with toothpicks, and fry rolls in pan for a few minutes until they acquire a glazed appearance.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to P. O'Donnell, 66 King William St., Kent Town, S.A.

DIABETICS

From M. McF., Newtown.

To Symond's Diabetin:—"I suffered from Diabetes for over twelve months, and I tried several remedies but I continued to get worse. I heard of your remedy, and after taking two bottles I am now completely cured. I discontinued the treatment over two months ago, and feel in the best of health."

"Symonds Diabetin" is a medicine, not an injection.

Copies of testimonials on request, originals can be seen at the DIABETIC CLINIC, 14 MARTIN PLACE, SYDNEY. Mention this paper please. 4444

MOSQUITOES Inject poison



While you sleep, tormenting mosquitoes inject poison into the blood stream. Protect yourself—Kill them and all other insects with genuine Fly-Tox. No other is as effective. 74

FLY-TOX

Young in Spirit but TISSUES are old

For all women whose blood needs nourishing and tissues need revitalising . . . WINCARNIS! This fine old tonic wine renews vitality and restores vivacity. Take Wincarnis regularly—morning, afternoon and evening! 'Nerves' will very soon leave you! Over 20,000 recommendations from Medical men. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day. Pints 4/3. Quarts 7/3.

WINCARNIS

Puts Young Blood in your veins

REDUCE!

Drink EL-HERBA TEA for Safe Slimming

YOU may now lose up to 3lbs. in a week, 14lbs. in a month! Overfat men and women everywhere are astounded at the marvellously successful results of inexpensive, healthful HERBAL TEA to dispel fat and win back youthful slenderness, health and energy.

EL-HERBA TEA consists of fat-dispelling, non-injurious herbs. Contains no dangerous drugs or gland extracts. Not only improves your appearance, but acts also as a systemic cleanser, tonic, and health builder.

Take EL-HERBA TEA and gradually, but by steady and constant degrees, the sub-epidermal waste tissue (called fat) disappears like magic. Your weight will decrease; double chin will disappear; your waist measure will become less; abnormal hips will assume their proper shape; you will LOOK YEARS YOUNGER!

Use EL-HERBA TEA at Our Expense

Send the Coupon at once for our Special Advertising offer—EL-HERBA TEA must reduce your weight or it COSTS YOU NOTHING. SEND NO MONEY—just mail the Coupon and be sure to write your name and address very plainly



With slenderness comes energy! With the restoration of beauty and charm comes also the revitalization of health and life. Once more you can take your rightful place in the World of Fashion. . . . One more you can enter into enjoyments and pleasures which are now denied you!

10 DAYS' TRIAL COUPON

Herbal Tea Company, (Box 3398, G.P.O.), London Bank Chambers, Martin Place, Sydney, N.S.W.

Without charge or obligation, tell me how I may use EL-HERBA—the HERBAL TEA, for 10 days at your expense to reduce my weight and improve my health. I enclose 3d. in stamps.

Name:

Address:

..... 138

WORTH Its Weight IN GOLD!

THE LEMON, in addition to its countless other uses, is unbeatable for flavoring cakes, jams, jellies, icings, puddings, custards, biscuits etc. . . . Just try these expert recipes!

It is common knowledge that lemons possess great dietetic and medicinal value, and so should be used plentifully. Every home-owner should grow a lemon tree or two, however small their garden area. Easy to grow, a prolific bearer, it is a health investment transcending all other fruits.



HAVE YOU EVER tried lemon scones? In Hollywood they're great favorites. Here you see Una Merkel, M.-G.-M. player, cutting the mixture into fancy shapes—a good idea for a special afternoon tea.

THERE is more in the lemon than "tickles the palate." It is rich in anti-scorbutic vitamins which prevent scurvy, clear the skin, improve the complexion and help to purify the blood.

When fresh greens are scarce, lemon-juice will supply an adequate amount of vitamin C. It is rich in minerals as phosphorus, magnesium, and iron. The acid-juice will not, as is supposed, cause acidity, as it is changed in the body into carbonates, which preserve the alkalinity of the blood.

PRESERVED LEMON JUICE

Slightly warm the lemons in the oven (this helps to extract every drop of the juice). Squeeze the lemons. Strain the juice. Put into a glass bottle. Stand in

By RUTH FURST

Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

saucepan of water. Leave uncovered. Bring slowly to the boil. Boil quickly for 10 minutes. Remove bottle from water and cork down tightly at once. When cold, store in cool, dry place.

LEMON CAKE

Four ounces butter, 3oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons milk, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, rind of half a lemon, 3oz. self-raising flour, lemon glaze.

Cream the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten eggs, lemon rind and juice, milk, and lastly, sifted flour. Pour into 6-inch round cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn on to cake cooler. When cold, cover with lemon glaze. Leave till set before cutting.

LEMON FRUIT ROLL

Six ounces suet crust, mince-meat mixture, lemon marmalade.

Make the suet crust in the usual way. Roll out into an oblong, keeping the edges quite square. Spread with mince-meat, then a layer of marmalade. Roll up. Pinch ends, tie firmly in cloth. Plunge into boiling water. Boil 2 hours. Remove from water and cloth. Serve on hot dish with sweet white sauce.

LEMON SCONES

Eight ounces plain flour, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon carb. soda, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 egg, rind 1 lemon, 11 dessertspoons butter, milk, salt.

Sift flour, salt, carb. soda, and cream of tartar. Rub in the butter. Add lemon rind and sugar. Mix into scone dough with milk. Turn on to floured board. Knead till smooth. Roll out. Cut with knife or cutter. Place on greased tin. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Turn on to sieve to cool.

LEMON OVALS

Half a pound self-raising flour, 4oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, little milk, 1lb. icing sugar, juice 1 lemon.

Sift flour, rub in butter, add sugar. Mix into a stiff dough with beaten egg and little milk. Turn on to floured board. Roll out into thin sheet. Cut out with plain oval cutter. Bake in a slow oven till a pale straw color. Leave on the tin. When cold, form a rosette on each biscuit, using forcing bag and pipe, with icing made from sugar and lemon juice. Leave till set.

LEMON CUSTARD

Two cups sugar, rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon butter, 11 tablespoons cornflour, 2 cups water, 1 egg.

Put the water, sugar, rind, juice lemon and butter into a saucepan. Bring to the boil. Then pour carefully on to the blended cornflour. Return to the sauce-

pan and stir over heat until clear and thick, stirring all the time. Allow to become almost cold, then add the well-beaten egg. Serve with stewed fruit.

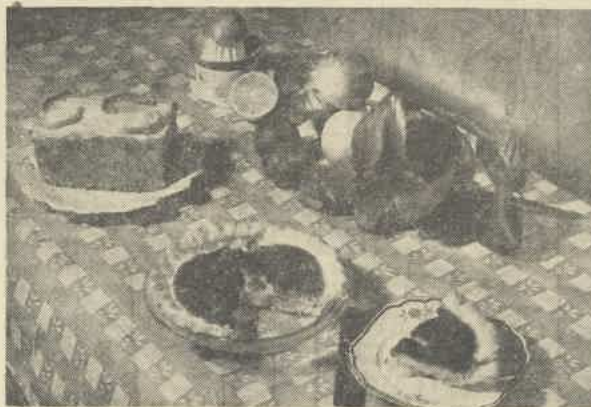
SPECIAL MENU FOR THE EASTER FEAST

Breakfast	Dinner	Supper
Porridge	Cream Celery Soup	Tomato Cocktail
with Brown Sugar	Roast Chicken	Moulded Pork
and Milk	Saute Potatoes	with Salads
Crumb Cutlet	Rolls Bacon	and Mayonnaise
and Bacon	French Beans	Spanish Cream
Tea or Coffee	Watercress	and Stewed Prunes
Toast	Southport Pudding	and Cream
Marmalade	and Wine Sauce	Tea Hot Scones
	Coffee Cheese Fruit	

LEMON CUSTARD PUDDING

One tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, rind and juice 1 lemon, 11 cups milk, 2 eggs.

Cream butter and sugar, add rind and juice lemon, sifted flour, milk, yolks, and lastly the stiffly-beaten whites. Pour into a well-greased piedish. Stand in a baking dish of cold water. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Serve hot with cream.



HERE YOU SEE lemon cake and lemon tart made according to the recipes given on this page. The cake is decorated with strips of lemon peel.

Hot Cross Buns

Ingredients: 1 pint warm milk, 1oz. compressed yeast, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons plain flour, 1lb. plain flour, 3oz. butter, 3oz. sugar, 4oz. sultanas 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg.

Method: Mix the yeast, 2 teaspoons sugar, 2 teaspoons flour, and warm milk together, and stand in warm place 20 minutes. Rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar and sultanas. Beat the egg well, add it to the yeast mixture, then add to the dry ingredients. Mix well. Place in basin and stand 20 minutes. Knead and cut into the required number, make into rounds. Place on greased tin. Mark with back of a knife. Glaze. Stand for 10 minutes to rise. Place in hot oven. Bake 10 to 12 minutes according to the size. Turn on to a cake cooler.

LEMON CREAM PIE

Four ounces shortcrust, 1 pint milk, 4oz. breadcrumbs, rind and juice of 1 lemon, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 eggs.

Make shortcrust, turn on to a floured board. Roll out into a long strip, line edge and part of the side of a greased piedish. Ornament edge with spoon or scissors. Pour the boiling milk on to the crumbs, sugar, and rind, then add yolks and lemon juice. Pour into prepared piedish and bake in slow oven till set. Heap the meringue roughly over the top, return to slow oven to brown slightly. Serve either hot or cold.

LEMON TART

Six ounces shortcrust, 1 cup sugar, 2 lemons, 2 eggs.

Beat the eggs very well, add the sugar, and beat till thick and till the sugar is

dissolved, then add the lemon juice. Make the shortcrust. Roll this into a round and line a greased sandwich tin with it. Pinch the edges to form a rim. Pour the lemon mixture into the centre. Place in a moderate oven till the pastry is brown and the lemon mixture brown on top. Lessen the heat and allow to cook very slowly till the mixture is set. Serve cold with cream or custard.

LEMON MERINGUE TART

Four ounces shortcrust, 1 cup water, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup sugar, rind and juice 1 lemon, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 eggs, 4oz. sugar for meringue.

Make shortcrust, roll out into a round



A GOOD IDEA when making a lemon tart for dinner is to double the quantities and make a batch of tartlets. They'll never go to waste!

LEMON ICING

Half pound icing sugar, 11 table-spoons water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Sift the sugar into a basin. Add the water and lemon juice till mixture is of a thick consistency. Mix well. Stir over heat till warm, but not boiling. Pour over cake.

LEMON SPONGE

One and a quarter pints water, 4oz. sugar, 2 lemons, whites of 2 eggs, 1oz. gelatine.

Soak gelatine in half water for 1 hour. Put remainder of water on to boil with sugar, rind, and juice lemon. When boiling, pour on to gelatine. Stir till dissolved, and allow to become nearly cold. Beat the whites to a stiff froth. Beat into the syrup till it becomes a firm, white froth. Color half pink. Put into rough pieces in a glass dish.

LEMON BISCUITS

Four ounces butter, 4oz. sugar, 1 egg, 3oz. self-raising flour, essence of lemon.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg and essence, then the flour well sifted. Turn on to a floured board Roll into a thin sheet. Stamp into rounds with plain cutter. Place on greased tin. Glaze. Bake in moderate oven till a pale brown, leave on the tin till cold, store in airtight tin.

(All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchen.)

TRY THIS ANCHOVETTE RECIPE

SAVOURY EGGS

Hard boil as many eggs as required. Shell and cut them in half, remove the yolks carefully and cut a very small portion off the ends of the whites so that they will stand firmly. Mix the yolks with a little butter and Peck's Anchovette Paste until smooth, season to taste and fill the white of egg cases with this preparation. Garnish with watercress or lettuce hearts.

Anchovette is splendid, too, for all sandwich meals. Never be without a jar in the house.



Tough Old Cough Yields To New Canadiol Mixture

His relief almost overnight from Bronchitis of thirty years' standing is regarded as nothing short of a miracle by his friends and neighbours. Read what Mr. Oull says:

"From the time I was a small boy until the age of thirty-two, I was never free from a hacking cough night and day. Doctors told me I was suffering from chronic bronchitis—that there was no permanent relief. One day I saw an advertisement for BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE. The word Bronchitis arrested my attention. I purchased a bottle. It gave me relief. I bought two more, and my cough left me completely. That happened six years ago, and the cough has never returned." BUCKLEY'S CANADIOL MIXTURE will give you the same instant relief from the strangling torture of Bronchitis. It acts like a flash on coughs and colds. Why not get a bottle to-day? Buckley's is far the "biggest-selling" cough medicine in all of blizzardily-cold Canada—in sold by chemists everywhere and guaranteed.

SOUPS

Highly concentrated
Therefore economical

Rosella Soups are nourishing and sustaining. Enjoyed by all, they offer much needed variety to our everyday meals.

Prepared from the finest vegetables by experts in the art of soup-making, the following fine range is available:—

TOMATO, PEA, SCOTCH BROTH, VEGETABLE, ASPARAGUS,	CHICKEN, OX-TAIL, MUSHROOM, OYSTER,	KIDNEY, CELERY, GAME, MULLIGATAWNY, MUTTON BROTH.
--	-------------------------------------	---

14 varieties

Rosella

OVER 100 PURE FOODS

Our FASHION SERVICE and FREE PATTERN

Women seeking authentic styles for autumn and winter wear will welcome these!

THIS week, in addition to patterns for the average-sized figure, the woman of larger proportions (36 to 46-inch bust) has been splendidly catered for, with a dressy coat, cut on slimming lines. Note, too, the stunning evening dress below.

SIMPLE STYLE

WW1145.—A frock for many occasions, in a simple, girlish style. Note interesting bodice cuts. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SWEET, WELL-CUT FROCK

WW1146.—You will find this charming little frock very simple to make and very becoming to wear. Use smart, modern buttons. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garments illustrated below, center, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 3d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSURE. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
BREKIDANE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 407, G.P.O., Brisbane.
MELBOURNE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 122, G.P.O., Melbourne.
NEWCASTLE.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
SYDNEY.—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 3907, G.P.O., Sydney.
TASMANIA.—The Australian Women's Weekly, c/o Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 100-110 Liverpool St., Hobart.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Pattern Coupon, 11/4/36.

SOFT JABOT EFFECT

WW1147.—This front, falling in soft folds, gives a very dressy touch to this simple autumn mode. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

INTERESTING NECKLINE

WW1148.—An unusual and efficient-looking dress with softly-folded collar effect. Observe the belt at the back only, and the interesting cuts. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



WW1149



WW1150

Send For This Week's Free Three-in-one Pattern!

An Autumn Special!

COATS, for three different occasions, make up our three-in-one pattern for this week.

Pattern is cut to fit 34-inch bust.

No. 1, tailored sports model, very smart in wool-decline, requires 3 yards, 54-inch wide material.

No. 2 is a dressing-gown for cool mornings, and requires 3½ yards, 54-inch wide material.

No. 3, short sports coat, snappy with contrast skirt, or made for tennis days, requires 1½ yards, 54-inch wide material.

To obtain the pattern for these three complete styles, use coupon above right, and send to our Pattern Department.



1

2

3



WW1151

CHILD'S TAILORED COAT

WW1151.—Diminutive coat, smart and up-to-the-minute child fashion, for the little girl aged 5 to 10 years. Material required: 2 yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

FOR THE NOT-SO-SLIM

WW1152.—One of the new winter woollens will make up admirably in this style—very useful for cool days. Bust sizes, 38 to 46 inches. Material required for 38-inch bust: 3½ yards, 54 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

PLEASE NOTE!

TO ENSURE prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern state age of child.

FORMAL EVENING GOWN

WW1149.—This is a lovely evening gown for all ages. Fashion's latest, most becoming decrees are shown. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

CHILD'S PYJAMA SUIT

WW1150.—Simple pyjama suit for little girls aged 7 to 12 years. Very smart and roomy. Material required: 3½ yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

WELCOME YOUR GUESTS With YOUR NEEDLE-CHARM!

SERVE tea or supper with really exquisitely worked pieces of linen. Bertha Maxwell shows most attractive ways and this week concentrates on an enchanting group of d'oyleys.

ONE of the happiest ways of showing a true welcome to your guests is to serve tea or supper with really good little pieces of linen. Nothing is better than the d'oyley or cake-mat for imparting a festive air to these occasions; for all its daintiness it is capable of hard service, and when well made of good materials will give years of delightful service. It is a boon to the hostess, and a very good friend to the show-worker who enjoys working small things.



SO MANY USES for dainty linens . . . These unusually lovely designs will intrigue the girl who is getting her glory-box together; the expert needle-worker who is seeking a suitable entry for show work; also the homemaker who is forever striving to acquire beautiful linens for the home she loves so well.

Stamped in readiness for work, these d'oyleys cost 1/- each. Note attractive colors in addition to cream and white.

This allows the cutting out of the tiny bits inside the pattern and the cutting away of the outer edge, so that when all your buttonholing is finished, there is no more to do.

The small curved lines which are stamped about the inner parts of the design are buttonholed in the same manner, with a picot for enrichment; by keeping the buttonholing inwards, these little bits may be snipped out to produce the cut effect shown in the picture.

Watch the illustration if you are new to the work.

The Gay Poppies

JUST four large poppies trailed around the edge of the d'oyley make up this complete circle of work. They also are buttonholed over one thread where there are single lines, and over several padding threads where there are double lines.

If this buttonholing is kept smoothlike or all different as shown here.

WHEN ORDERING these d'oyleys, please state clearly whether you require the poppy design, peach and leaves design, or conventional design. Why not buy the complete set?

Immaculate whiteness which is very attractive in connection with food display.

COLORS: Cream linen worked in ecru cotton, either P.809 or P.610, is very much the vogue, and makes a charming ivory-like piece of linen very suitable as a setting for small browned cakes or colored savories.

Colored linens worked with a matching thread or a thread a few shades deeper than the linen make lovely monotone effects.

Peaches and Leaves

THE fruits may be treated as late peaches, deep yellow or orange in tone, with medium green leaves. Run a foundation thread round each fruit and each leaf, then buttonhole all over it with a fresh piece of thread, keeping the knotted edge of the stitching on the outside.

THESE ready-to-work linen sandwich d'oyleys cost 9d. each; in Cesarine, 6d.

The Linens

THE colored linens are delightful to work on, and so are the very useful Cesarine pieces. You will find the cream linen very handsome, and a lovely background for any color scheme in the working of the patterns.

The fine white linen is of improved quality, and makes a beautiful piece of

SEND FOR THESE, ALSO

WOULDN'T you like some smart collar and cuff sets to give new life and charm to your frocks? We are offering three types:

- (1) Collar and cuff set in cream or white linen, jabot effect, with simple cutwork and solid embroidery design. Traced ready for working. Price, 2/6 the set.
- (2) Peter Pan shape collar and cuff set in cream or white linen, decorated with tiny apples and all ready for swift embroidery. Price, 2/6 the set.
- (3) Long, slender shape collar for V-neck, and matching cuffs, stamped with smart design, ready for working. Cream or white linen. Price, 2/6 the set.

and even, its effect is quite like a good satin-stitching, very lustrous and perfect. Add tiny bits of cutwork as shown, or fill in these curved triangles thickly with french knots or seed stitches for a solid effect of rich stitching.

You will think of red for the poppies, but all pinks, yellows, and orange tones are just as lovely, with the cut pieces worked in green. The centre fillings are handsome in black or deep brown.

The third d'oyley shows conventional needle flowers with leaves and cut pieces, surrounded by scallops. All these parts lend themselves to very handsome satin-stitching, buttonholing, and eye-letting. This design, when well worked, will shine up in a truly needleworked manner and will be welcomed by those workers who like to introduce plenty of good cotton into their stitching.

The Sandwich D'oyleys

THESE have ends to match the round d'oyleys, the patterns being worked in the same manner. The long connecting lines down each side should be run with two running threads, and then finely buttonholed and cut away. This makes a very neat, strong finish to the work.

Those who have become expert at making picots may add some to these buttonholed lines by taking a ruler and pencil and marking on the linen before starting; make the first mark in the middle of each side, and then space the picots an inch or so apart. Just a pencil dot is sufficient indication for a picot.

They are worth doing, as they add a brightness which is very pleasant to the eye.

If you are lucky enough to possess one of those old three-decker cake-stands which have returned to fashion, make a set of three d'oyleys either all

Mr. LEO FRANKLYN PRAISES

HEENZO

the famous family remedy for

COUGHS COLDS

CROUP—BRONCHITIS INFLUENZA

COSTS 2/-—SAVES £s

8 Bottles of Cough Remedy for Cost of One.



Mr. LEO FRANKLYN uses and recommends HEENZO.

Cough remedies, if bought ready-mixed, cost a lot of money, but the following recipe gives you eight bottles for the cost of one. To sweetened water add a two-shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO, thus making a supply equal to about £1's worth of the best remedies money can buy for banishing coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, and influenza. HEENZO is delightful to take, and wonderfully good for both adults and children.

HEENZO HOMES ARE HEALTHIEST



IT'S
EASY..

After SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT, has endowed young bodies with an extra fund of vigour and vitality, it is easy to maintain untiring energy. The minerals and vitamins of pure Malt Barley, which this Health Food supplies, are readily absorbed into the system, to build bone, muscle, strength and growth. Every spoonful, after meals, assures perfect assimilation of other foods, and also prevents INDIGESTION.

after
SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT
AIDS DIGESTION—
BUILDS THE BODY

FAIRY ICE:

1 Packet White's Champagne Jelly dissolved in 1 pint (3 cups) Boiling Water, 1 cup firm Green Grapes seeded and halved. When Jelly is thickening fold in grapes and chill until firm. Remove by spoonfuls into glasses. It looks like Ice and is delicious.

free

Send your name and address to White's Jelly Crystals, Box 2104 S, G.P.O., Melbourne, for White's Free Recipe Book in which you can paste the recipes that will be published regularly in this Journal.



WHITE'S Pure Fruit JELLY CRYSTALS



A FINE, HEALTHY INFANT, who enjoys the freedom of the one-piece suit.

FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS

A Medley of Questions Answered

By MARY TRUBY KING

The following questions from mothers seeking individual advice are of so general a nature that a summary of the replies sent to them by post should be of interest to all young mothers.

Orange Instead of Juice?

My son is two years old. May he be given an orange now instead of just the juice?

Yes, but do not let him eat any pith or pips.

The Afternoon Nap?

At what age may baby go to sleep in the afternoon instead of in the morning? The best time for the child's daytime sleep is just before the midday meal; but if it is very much more convenient for the mother, a child of over two may have its sleep in the afternoon instead. Few children under five years can do without a short daytime sleep. Even a rest on the bed, without actually going to sleep, is very beneficial.

Wholemeal or White Bread?

When may baby be given wholemeal instead of white bread? If it is toasted, he may commence wholemeal bread when he has completed his thirteenth month.

Weaning Age?

Is it best to wean baby during his ninth month or when he has completed his ninth month? Weaning should start when baby has completed his ninth month and is beginning his tenth month, provided the weather is not too hot. Take six weeks over the weaning.

Stimulants Not Good

I am an expectant mother and very anxious to do the best for my coming baby. Is it really bad for the baby if I take a little wine daily? The tender, growing cells of the baby are directly nourished by your blood. Alcohol flows as a poison in the blood, thus the cells cannot grow so well as if the blood is pure. No beer, stout, or any other form of alcohol should be taken.

Should Adenoids Be Removed?

The doctor says my child is suffering from adenoids and wishes to remove them. The child is just two years old. Don't you think he is too young to have the operation?

No. Adenoids should be removed immediately. They obstruct the passage of air through the nose, and will only grow worse the longer they are left.

Short Weight Worries

My mothercraft text-book says that a baby of eight months should weigh 17lb. My baby, though healthy in every way, turns the scales at only 16lb. This worries me, as she is not as fat as my cousin's child of the same age. She sleeps well, and has been breast fed up to date. How can I get her to put on more weight?

If baby is well, takes her food well and sleeps well, there is no necessity for you to worry. The figure given in your text-book is probably the AVERAGE normal weight, and it would be unwise of you to try to increase baby's weight when she is doing so well. All babies cannot weigh exactly the same.

Recipe For Whey

Baby has been ordered a whey addition to my milk. How should this be made?

Heat the milk to just above blood heat (i.e. to 103 degrees Fahr.). Add fluid rennet according to the directions on the rennet bottle. Stand in a basin of cold water till set. Break up the curd with a fork, then bring to the boil, breaking up the curds all the time. Strain the whey through boiled butter-muslin and throw away the curd. Boil again for one minute. Strain, cool, and keep cool.

Morning Milk Drink

I have been told to give my year-old son a drink of milk-mixture when waking in the morning, in addition to his three meals a day. How much milk drink should I give at this hour?

Offer the child eight ounces of milk-mixture at this hour. As soon as the little boy can take all his milk-mixture at the three meals, give fruit-juice and water when he wakes, in place of the milk.

Cure For Dandruff

What is the best treatment for dandruff?

Apply medicinal liquid paraffin to the baby's scalp night and morning for a week. At the end of this time, wash baby's head well with Castile soap, and rinse very thoroughly.

Addition to Diet

Will you supply me with the recipes for semolina pudding and oatcakes? I have been recommended to add them to baby's diet.

SEMOLINA PUDDING.—One dessert-spoon of semolina mixed with a little milk. Add 8 ounces of boiling milk. Boil for a few minutes, then bake in a small bowl, standing the bowl in a dish of water to prevent burning.

RECIPE FOR OATCAKE.—Oatmeal, 2 cups; flour, 1 cup; sugar, 1 teaspoon; salt, 1 teaspoon; baking soda, 1 teaspoon; 2 tablespoons of butter dissolved in 11 cups of boiling water.

Mix all together, roll out a portion at a time (very thinly) on a board dusted with oatmeal; cut into pieces; sprinkle a little oatmeal on the hot oven tray; place cake on this; put in a warm oven and bake until slightly brown. Keep crisp in an airtight tin.

HANDICAPPED by Sluggish Liver

Health Restored by Mother Seigel's Syrup

"For several years I was always ailing and feeling more or less seedy and unfit. I was subject to bilious attacks, severe headaches and pains in the back and right side. All this was due to a torpid or Sluggish Liver. Needless to say I found this chronic ill health a great drawback and handicap in many ways. My wife having previously benefited by your medicine, I too, commenced to use the Syrup. After a couple of doses the pain in the back became less acute, so I continued with the remedy and as I did so all symptoms of liver trouble left me. I took four bottles and my wife and I cured us both so thoroughly, that we have been in excellent health ever since."

Mother Seigel's Syrup has proved its value in thousands of cases the world over. For toning up and strengthening the stomach and stimulating the liver, it is unsurpassed. At all Chemists and Stockholders. Trial size 1/8. Large size 3/- (contains more than three times the quantity of total solids).

Makes Frail Kids "fat as butter"

Little Girl Gains 7 lbs.—Eats Well.

Mothers!—here's news about raising strong, rugged children! Doctor says Cod Liver Oil is 350 times as rich in vital health-building elements as butter, eggs—and it's the most powerful health-producing agent ever known! And now you can give your kiddie all its wonderful benefits, triple-concentrated, in tiny tasteless tablets that are a treat to take as follows: Ask your chemist for McCoy's Cod Liver Compound Tablets, which are guaranteed to put 1 pound of flesh a week on any thin, puny, rickety or sickly child, and make him strong and healthy.

Don't doubt it! These happy Australian mothers now are proud of their children—"My little boy, aged 7, was real run-down, had no appetite, was all fits and starts in his sleep," says Mrs. A.L.G.—"My sister advised me to give him McCoy's and in a week he began to live up, and in a month was quite a different child." While A.E.H., of 3 Australia, says: "Our little girl, 3 years, increased 7 lbs. in one month with McCoy's Tablets, and now she eats with relish, and always asks for her 'milk afterwards'." After sickness in men, women or children (and where rickets are suspected), McCoy's Cod Liver Compound Tablets are invaluable. In fact, they are sold only on the condition that they help any underweight person gain 5 lbs. in 30 days, and you feel completely satisfied with the marked improvement in health—or their cost is refunded. Every careful mother will insist on the original and genuine McCoy's. Why not get a box to-day?*** Copyright

Powerful Skin Remedy Discovered

Dries up Eczema, Barbers' Itch, and All Skin Eruptions in a Few Days. Must Give Results in 7 Days or Money back.

This wonderful surgeon's prescription now known all over the world as Moore's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that it cures of eczema alone with one application.

A few applications and the most persistent case of Eczema is healed never to return.

Moore's Emerald Oil is safe and pleasant to use. It is so powerfully antiseptic that odors arising from ulcers, cancer, and cancer are instantly killed.

Moore's Emerald Oil in the original bottle is dispensed by chemists. It is not a patent medicine, but a wonderful prescription of a practicing surgeon.***

No More Piles

Thousands Bless Dr. Leonhardt, the Specialist Who Discovered This Commonsense Remedy.

If you think that the surgeon's knife is the only method of escape from the misery of piles, it's because you haven't heard of the new treatment known as Dr. Leonhardt's Vachoid.

This doctor's treatment is internal. By experimenting for years he discovered the exact cause of piles, and then went further and compounded a remedy that would remove the cause.

Dr. Leonhardt wants every sufferer to benefit by his discoveries, and so that there will be no doubt as to delay all chemists are authorized to sell Vachoid with guarantee that it will do as stated or money back.

On that honourable basis every sufferer should secure a package of Dr. Leonhardt's Vachoid to-day.***

THE BODY By EVELYN BEAUTIFUL

OFF for the Easter HOLIDAYS?

May they be happy days... and may you look your best wherever you go!

PROVIDING old King Sol turns a jolly eye on this "scrap of good earth," a happy time will be spent by thousands upon thousands of holiday-seekers this coming week-end. Naturally, every girl and woman will want to look her loveliest. And here are some beauty hints that should be noted by one and all—even the stay-at-homes!

DON'T give all your attention to hair, skin, and make-up. Remember a clever girl adds to her personality and appearance by intelligent interest in her finger-nails. What is more, well-manicured hands create a feeling of well-being that goes a long way towards establishing a sureness of self that every girl and woman wants to have.

Modern manufacturers have done much to make the care of the hands a pleasure instead of a bore. They have made so wide a range of shades in liquid polishes, for instance, that the most critical among us can find the one that seems to add piquancy to the new dress, a certain glamor to the evening ensemble.

The necessary materials for complete care of the finger-tips are simple. File, emery boards, orange stick, a good cuticle remover, and nail cleanser (to keep the cuticle smooth and unbroken and to bleach under the nail); also liquid polish and a reputable oily polish remover.

Remember This!

BY using an oily polish remover you do not dry the cuticle or make the nails brittle no matter the number of times you change the polish. And, be it remembered, the "wear" of your liquid polish will be improved if you wipe the nails with the polish remover immediately before applying polish. This precaution removes any dampness or possible soap film from the nails. Liquid polish will not stay put on a surface that is not entirely free from moisture and grease.

Oh, and by the way, use a touch of nail white to increase the contrast in your nails, and a dab of oil or cuticle cream to keep the cuticle soft. For those whose hands naturally are dry, the use of cuticle oil or cream at night is highly beneficial.

A friend of mine, fortunate enough

to possess a car, purposes going on a long motoring trip at Easter.

Here is her usual procedure before a strenuous day—facing wind and sun. I tell it because it may interest those of you who purpose motoring. The night before she bathes her face with warm water and a good soap, and rinses in very warm water. Five minutes after she applies an astringent lotion and allows this to dry on the skin. No cream is used this night.

Before Setting Off

NEXT morning she washes the face in tepid water and rinses in cold—a few drops of simple tincture of benzoin are added to the cold rinsing water—and then she applies make-up carefully.

After the day's motoring the face is not washed. Instead, it is smothered in cleansing cream. Soft tissues (or a soft towel) are used to wipe it off, and then a "second helping" of the cleansing cream is applied and gently massaged in with upward and outward movements of the finger-tips.

This is then wiped off and the skin is clean—not only the surface, but deep into the pores. A little skin food is then patted in, for her skin is inclined to dryness, and this is left on all night. The next morning her skin, she says, feels "lovely."

If your skin should be oily, omit the skin food and dab on an astringent lotion.

Of course, every woman wants to give an occasional touch to her beauty during the day. Don't, for your skin's sake, continually apply make-up over the stale make-up of the morning. Off with the old some time during the day (you can carry a small tube of cleansing cream in your purse), and apply your foundation, powder, lipstick, and rouge. Your skin will thank you; moreover, you'll feel and look fresher.

A couple of weeks ago I gave you some hints on make-up harmony, but lack of space prevented my giving you some tips on applying lipstick. While it may be true that applying lipstick requires

Betty Furness, lovely M.G.M. player, says: When experimenting with lipstick, it is wise to use one that has a soft, creamy base which spreads smoothly.

no great amount of skill, as in every other beauty ritual there are improved ways in which to apply the color.

Suppose, for instance, you feel your mouth is too wide. The concentration of lipstick in the centre will give it a smaller effect. The exact opposite, of course, will make a small mouth look larger—that is, lipstick carried out to the far corners and applied as deeply at the corners as at the centre.

Thin lips will appear fuller if lipstick is carried not only well inside the lips, but a little above and below the lip line itself.

Choosing Lipstick

IT is suggested, also, that you have at least two shades of lipstick available. One a natural color with orange in it, for daytime wear; the other a rose shade with a slightly bluish base, for evening and for frocks of a definite blue, black, or purplish cast. This double lipstick habit is strongly sponsored by fashion experts and by smart women throughout the world. Many lipsticks, it is noted, have a tendency to dry or parch the lips. This can, of course, be counteracted by a pomade, applied at bedtime, but it is much simpler to choose a lipstick with a definitely creamy base.



a day, night, no morning, for five or ten minutes.

Flat-footed persons walk in a characteristic way. The toes are turned outward. Deliberately turning them inward while walking may be of some benefit.

Strapping Helps

IF the foot is properly strapped with adhesive tape, an artificial arch may be built up which relieves discomfort considerably. The right way of doing this, however, must be understood. Care must be taken not to strap the entire foot, and to leave the back of the heel and the back part of the leg free from strapping, so as not to impede the circulation.

Any haphazardly chosen arch support in the shoe will not do. The best plan, of course, is to have a plaster cast made of the foot and then to have the arch-support fashioned after that. No two weak arches are alike. All arches must be thicker on the inner side of the foot than on the outer.

Many children do not learn how to walk properly. Usually they are either "pigeon-toed" or they turn the feet out far too much. Many a weak arch would be prevented if mothers urged their children to walk properly as well as to keep a proper posture of the entire body.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: In my present occupation I am forced to stand all day. Could you advise some treatment to relieve the pain in my legs and feet?

PAINs in the calves of the legs and in the feet themselves are not uncommon among persons whose occupation demands more or less constant standing.

One of the commonest causes for such pains is weak arches, leading to the familiar flat-foot condition. Here the top of the foot or instep, which is built up of small bones in the form of an arch, tends to separate and become flattened. The result is that the sole of the foot also becomes broad and flat, hence the name "flat-foot."

Often the patient complains of pains in the ankle or in the instep. Walking tires him quickly. General discomfort is increased while standing. One way of testing whether the arches of the feet have broken down is to take an imprint of the soles.

For this, the person stands for a minute or so on wet blotting paper and then stands on the floor. In advanced cases, the space between the pads underneath the toes and the heels will not remain dry on the inner side of the feet.

In other words, the entire sole presses

down on the floor; the inner curvature of the foot is not raised up or curved in, as it should be.

In cases where only one foot is weak—and this often occurs in adults—one may make an outline of both feet on a sheet of paper with a pencil. The broadened sole of the flattened foot is often quite marked.

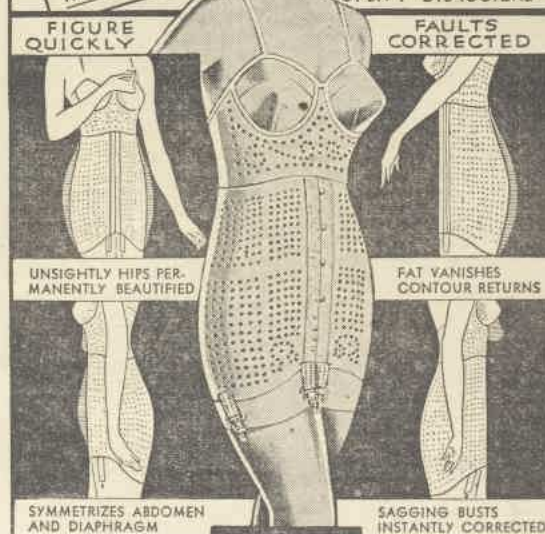
Pains in the legs and feet, however, may be due to nerve inflammation and also to rheumatic conditions. In these states, the nerves in the legs are usually tender when pressure is placed upon the calf of the leg with the finger. If the knees cause pain during walking, especially if they are somewhat swollen, a constitutional rheumatic condition must be suspected.

In all cases of weak arches it is well to practise walking on the ball of the foot, or feet, as the case may be, as much as possible, or to stand that way. It also helps to relieve the strain if the feet are occasionally turned inward while in a standing position. These positions take the body weight off the arches to some extent. Generally speaking a helpful exercise is to tip toe twice

BY A DOCTOR

Slenderize Your Figure TO IDEAL PROPORTIONS

with the "Slimform" PERFORATED LATEX GIRDLE AND UPLIFT BRASSIERE



You can TEST the Slimform Girdle for 10 days Without Cost

DOES excess fat rob you of the grace and charm that you desire?

■ Has unwanted flesh accumulated at waist, thighs and diaphragm in spite of all your efforts to retain that girlish slimmest? Then you will rejoice over the marvellous Slimform Girdle and Uplift Brassiere that Reduce Hips and Waistline to what you desire, by their amazing massage-like action.

No Diet, Drugs, or Exercises! ■ The Slimform Girdle method of reducing is remarkable for its absolute Safety and Comfort. You take

No Drugs . . . No Exercise . . . You Eat Normal Meals . . . and yet we Guarantee you will Reduce at least 3 Inches in 10 Days or it will Cost you Nothing.

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■ This amazing offer is limited, So Do Not Delay, Send 2d. stamp for particulars of the 10 Days' Free Trial Offer and Literature Illustrating the Slimform Garments.

SLIMFORM GIRDLE CO. LTD., 100 NATIONAL BUILDING, 250 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

NO GARDEN COMPLETE WITHOUT ROSES

April and May are the Rose-planting Months

—says the Old Gardener

Follow the Old Gardener's rulings here below, and you will have roses sufficiently beautiful to rival any professionally grown—adequate reward for all your waiting, watching and tending.

WE are now well into the month of April, and that means rose-planting time is with us again. To-day I am going to advise those of you who are planning a rosary or renovating an old rose garden.

It is generally agreed that no garden is complete without a rose bed, and when the last of our autumn roses have gone, and the full black of winter sets in, we feel a real wrench at our loss . . . and I think of a little verse I learnt when quite a lad:

"The last autumn flower is withered and dead,
It has bowed to the tempest its beautiful head,
Its leaves are all faded, its loveliness flown,
In the place where it flourished no more is it known—
"The rose."

We have to be patient and wait through the long, dreary winter for the beautiful rose to return, but is it not worth waiting for? In the meantime plant in April or May, and, indeed, right up to August.

Open, Sunny Position

IN rose culture the first thing we must consider is correct position for planting. See that there is plenty of morning sun in a position facing the north-east,

right out in the open, away from the shelter and roots of trees and shrubs.

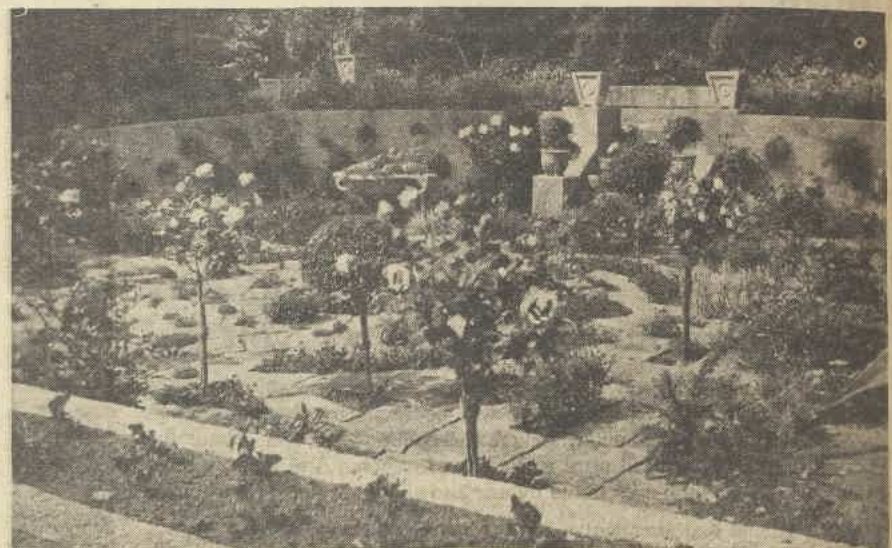
The next thing to watch is soil conditions and drainage. This is a most important factor. Roses like well-drained positions, so, if the place or bed be low-lying, boggy, or sour, you must trench and drain well. Artificial drainage will have to be adhered to, and this can be done either by agricultural drain-pipes, or, cheaper still, a trench dug with an outlet to a lower level. Fill the bottom with rubble, cover the rubble with old grass or straw, and then place the soil on top. This method of drainage is not only cheap, but is most effective.

Most Soils Suitable

ROSES love good, clay loam, but will also grow in most soils, providing the right varieties are selected. In preparing the rose bed deep digging is absolutely essential. Remember that when a rose is planted it is there for many years, and the deeper and more friable the soil is the better chance the rose has of thriving and the greater capacity it has for holding moisture.

Once your rose bed has been planted deep digging cannot be carried on, as you would be likely to injure the roots. Plenty of well-decayed manure, dug in during the trenching, is also beneficial.

In planting, make beds circular for standard roses, as they show up well on the lawn. Long, narrow beds, also, are advisable, as the flowers can be cut without your having to walk on the beds. This is most advisable in heavy



soil districts. The constant tramping over the soil does a lot of harm. The surface few inches of soil should always be kept loose and friable. In sandy soils holes should be dug and plenty of cow manure filled in. If this is done, splendid roses can be grown.

How to Plant Them

WHEN you have the beds ready for their planting, mark out the places where the roses are to grow, then dig the holes, make them big, giving plenty of room for the roots. Place a little soil in the centre of the hole, then, when planting, stand the rose on this mound. All roots will spread out in a natural way and will not become cramped. Fill the hole about one-quarter full, and stamp the soil tight around the roots.

The rose likes firm planting. Give a bucket of water to each one, then fill in the rest of the soil.

ROSES ABLOOM in the sunken garden at Bonnie Brae, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Snow, Wabroonga, N.S.W. The garden is made of stone slabs with flowering plants peeping from the interstices. In the springtime daffodils, jonquils, ranunculi, anemones, and other fragrant and colorful members of the bulb family come to life and add to the picturesque beauty of this haven. Note the evergreen creepers on the wall.

Plant just below the union or graft. Before planting, examine the roots carefully and cut away with a sharp knife all bruised and broken roots. On no account use any chemical fertilisers at planting time, but just before the roses flower fork in lightly a handful of blood and bone.

Here are varieties from which to choose:

E. G. Hill (red), Columbia (deep pink), Hadley (red), Daily Mail (red), Sunny South (pink), Shot Silk (salmon-pink), Golden Dawn (yellow), Mrs. Dunlop's Best (apricot), Radiance (pink and red), Talsman (buttercup-yellow to copper-

red), Etolle de Hollande (red), Sensation (red), Rose Marie (pink), Madam Butterfly (pink, apricot, and gold), Hoople Beauty (red), Mabel Turner (salmon), Clarity (copper-red and pink), Laurent Carl (red), George Dickson (red), Fascination (red), Jonkhoe Mock (pink), Lady Hillingdon (yellow), Golden Ophelia (yellow), Frau Karl Druschki (white), General McArthur (red), Ophelia (yellow), Irish Elegance (orange), Caledonia (white), Mrs. Herbert Stevens (white), America (pink), Edith Clark (red), Warrior (red), Maman Cochet (white), General Gellien (pink).

What to Do for Nervous Indigestion.

When nerves go wrong they always strike at your weakest spot. When this spot happens to be the stomach, nervous symptoms result, appetite vanishes, and is replaced by an uneasy, hollow feeling that keeps up until every nerve in your body seems "on edge." The food you force down won't digest properly, and you're knocked up, down and out for one day at least so far as being really useful to yourself or anyone else is concerned.

It's the height of folly to force the digestion of food with some pepsin pill while the stomach nerves are so much aghast. Nervous indigestion comes from nerves alone. Get your nerves right and you'll feel tip-top, and eat and digest what you eat as any normal, healthy person should. Nothing could be better for such cases than a couple of Phosphated Iron tablets eaten at every meal or whenever you feel blue or depressed and your nerves are working overtime. Phosphated Iron is the greatest nerve tonic ever found, down and out for one day at least so far as being really useful to yourself or anyone else is concerned.

It calms and steadies the nerves when they want to fly. It stimulates and strengthens the nerves when they are dull, tired out, and sluggish, and you cannot concentrate your mind on work. Every tablet seems to go straight to the nerve cells, and puts ambition, vim, vitality confidence and courage in every inch of your body.

All leading chemists sell these Phosphated Iron tablets, 60 to a package, on a positive guarantee that if they do not bring results and give satisfaction the money paid for them will be returned, and notes of people right across the town can testify to their marvellous efficiency.

A Hardy Annual of Rare Beauty!

JACOBIA ELEGANS. Double mixed, is a name that you are going to see and hear a lot of from now onwards. Everybody will talk about it. Everyone will grow it!

The plants grow about 18 inches high; have lovely foliage, and produce dense heads of delicate double flowers, shaped like miniature Dorothy Perkins roses. Each plant is densely covered with blossoms and the color range is so varied that the ground looks like a multi-colored carpet. They bloom for months, and are excellent for cutting. Bouquets, and all floral work.

SOW SEEDS NOW.

They are easy to raise, and easy to grow. Price, 1/- per packet. Post free. Special quotes to Out Flower Growers.

ANDERSON AND CO., LTD.,

280-281 George St., and 289 Pitt St., Sydney. Box 1608 BR. G.P.O. Phone: BW1421-BW1656.



CHILDREN'S CORNER



INTRODUCING JOAN ADCOCK, of Haberfield.

Gonzie's Letter

MY DEAR PAIS—
This week I had an unusual question put to me. Billy Werthington, of Newcastle (N.S.W.), wrote to me and asked why "talk" was invented. Well, Billy, talk was invented because people had to tell things to each other in just the same manner as signalling was invented as a means of conveying messages over a distance. At first, of course, there were only a few words, but, as more things were invented and the world progressed, more words came into existence.

Talk is a useful thing, but some people use it just for the pleasure of hearing themselves speak. Language is to express ideas and to convey information. If you use it just to chatter—just as monkeys do at the Zoo—it isn't of much use. Talk should be used only when there is something to say it for.

The prize of 5/- for the best letter of the week goes to HEATHER WILSON, Barton Vale, Merriwa, N.S.W. Heather's letter was neatly written, well-expressed, and was altogether a pleasure to read.

Good-bye, Pais, for one short week.

From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

Just Chatter

RUBY PASCOE, of Raywood, writes a delightful letter; JEAN McEWAN, of East Nantawong (Qld.), is welcomed as new Pal; VALMA BECK, of Castlemaine (Vic.), is found out painting.

NANCY HILLAR, of Mulverton, Melbourne (Vic.), likes camping out; HILMA HARVEY, Rockhampton (Qld.), writes clever stories; IRINE KNIGHT, of Cunderdun, via Singleton (N.S.W.), lives on a dairy farm.

DENNIS EDEN, of Springfield, via Gosford (N.S.W.), is welcomed as another new Pal; BETTY COOK, of Eastern Darling (N.S.W.), does clever sketches; CATHERINE McCABAN, of Northwood, via Seymour, writes good stories.

JOSEPHINE N. GREEN, of Somers (Tas.), does nice sketches; BILLY WERNER, of Altherton (M.Q.), is a great animal lover; JESSIE ANDERSON, of Dubbo (N.S.W.), celebrated her fourteenth birthday last week.

ALLEN COURTNEY, of Port Augusta, writes an interesting letter; MARIE PEMOTANA, of Hillston (N.S.W.), is found out; BETTY BAKER, of Enping (N.S.W.), is a new member of our happy band.

JESSIE JONES, of South Toowoomba, Brisbane, always reads Mandrake; BILLY RIDGWAY, of Sinton, is welcomed as a new Pal; RUTH BOYS, of Oakley Vale (N.S.W.), does clever sketches.

MARJORIE and ETTA DANIEL, of Snowtown, are two new Pals; TERRY WARREN, of Toowoomba (Qld.), writes a very interesting letter; HEATHER COLLETT, of Orchard Hills, always reads our section.

WINIFRED FITCHEL, of Nana Glen, North Coast (N.S.W.), is found of reading, art, sewing, and music; DIANA BAWN, of Canberrra (N.S.W.), does nice sketches.

IRELLA GREEN, of East Brisbane (Qld.), does good sketches; ANNE BANFIELD, of Lorne, West Maitland (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter; JOAN DAVEY, of Ballarat (Vic.), always reads our section each week.

BETTY BRADSHAW, of Besenudart (Qld.), writes good verses; BILL THOMAS, of Bendigo (Vic.), is eleven years of age; FRANK CUNNINGHAM, of Dubbo (N.S.W.), has three dogs for his pets.

What has good teeth, yet cannot bite—
We use it morning, day and night,
And think it wisest to from home
On visits—yes, it is a comb!

Prize Card to RON FROST, Manangatang, Vic.

How Many Sides?

Boy to a friend "How many sides has a square?" She is sure to say four. Then ask "How many sides has a triangle?" Then your friend will say "Three." Then say "And how many sides has a ball?" Your friend is sure to say "One." Then you laugh and say, "Why, two, of course; the inside and the outside."

Prize Card to REATHIE BROOKING, Toboac, Port Kaituma, T.N.G.

An Enjoyable Hike

By MAVIS SPURATT

I AWOKE at six o'clock, dressed my clothing, had a light breakfast, and set out with two friends for a seven-mile hike. Although we were city folk, we were staying at a country farmhouse, and we loved the simple country life. Taking it in turn to carry the hamper, we trudged along. Through grassy fields and muddy bays we tramped, singing a catchy song. After walking some miles we came upon a quaint little house, where lived an old lady. We gladly accepted her invitation to tea, and we were soon making ourselves at home. After having dined, we sang and danced to the good lady. Thanking her for her hospitality, we tramped home again, happy and contented, but tired. Price of 5/- to MAVIS SPURATT (14), 7 Meeres St., Mudgee, N.S.W., for this original story.

Song of the Waves

By GWEN TYLER

Oh! restless waves, what tales you tell
Of coral reefs and pebbly shells,
Of weeds and rocks and gloomy caves,
Oh! come back and tell us dancing waves.
Blue and glittering in the sun,
Outwards ever your wavelets run;
Just touch the shore and away again,
Back to the ocean from whence you came.
Laughing and dancing, you gaily play,
Never a moment you think to stay,
Light-hearted and happy, yet broken to me—
Drawing me ever towards the sea.
Price of 5/- to GWEN TYLER, Eyre St., Buninyong, Vic., for this original verse.

FOR FUN & FANCY

MOTHER (to Billy): Billy, don't play with that horse. You will burn yourself and then you'll cry.
Billy: But when you burn wood it doesn't cry.

Prize Card to IRENE MOORFIELD, Won Wron, via Traralgon, South Gippsland, Vic.

A REAL ANTIQUE.

"Yes, this axe was made in Nelson's time. Since then it's had eight new handles and five new heads."
Prize Card to BILL R. O'W. E. Comber, South Australia.

Tony: Gee, Dad, there is a man at the circus who jumps on a horse's back, slips underneath, catches hold of his tail, then finishes up on the horse's neck.

Father: That is easy, my boy. I did that the first time I rode a horse.

Prize Card to CNA AYRES, Glenmaggie, Gippsland, Vic.

Jack had stepped away from school to go fishing. On the way home one of his elbows said, "Hallo, Jack. What have you caught?"

"Oh, I haven't caught anything yet," replied Jack solemnly. "Because I haven't been home yet."

Prize Card to J. ENDREBY, St. Kerr St., Mayfield, N.S.W.

DRAPE: These are very strong shorts, madam. They simply laugh at the laundry. Customer: I know that kind. I had one which came back with their sides split.

Prize Card to CORAL REID, 205 Elizabeth St., Croydon, N.S.W.



THE GARDENER. Price of 3/- to BERYL HENDERSON, 120 Holden Street, Ashfield (N.S.W.), for this original sketch in black-and-white.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

Nightdress-Case for Sweet Sixteen

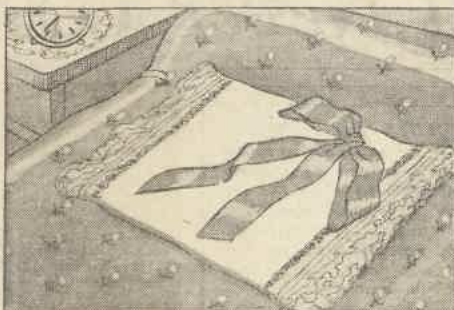
Make it of crisp pastel organdie, and trim it with coffee-colored net frillings, ribbon, and rosebud trimming.

Every girl in her heart of hearts loves dainty, frilly things, despite ultra-modern notions of formality. It isn't her nature to resist them—and so young girls will treasure this charming addition to their bedrooms.

The original from which this sketch was made was carried out in palest pink organdie lined with a silk foundation of deeper shade of rose. The frilling was in coffee-colored net, and it was finished off with pink rosebud trimming and a bow of pink satin ribbon.

Materials required: 1/2 yard organdie, 1/2 yard matching silk slightly deeper shade, 1 1/2 yards of coffee-colored net, 1 1/2 yards rosebud trimming, and 2 yards satin ribbon, 1/2 inch wide.

To make it, cut the organdie and silk 27 inches long and 18 inches wide. Join three pieces separately with a double row into a muff shape by sewing the two short sides together.



This simply-made organdie nightdress-case may serve you both night and day. At night when you don your nightgown (or pyjamas) fold up your undies and tuck them into the case.

Place the lining silk inside the organdie with the wrong sides facing, and tack to keep into position. Then, taking the two materials singly, turn in the raw edges. Make a small turning and tack together.

Now place the net frilling to these edges against the organdie with the right sides facing. See that the join in the frilling corresponds with the seam in the organdie. Over-sew into place, taking in as you sew the three thicknesses of net, organdie, and lining silk. Place rosebud trimming half an inch from edge, and catch into place with neat running stitches.

Remove tacking, and press with a warm iron. Allow the seam to come at centre-back. The satin ribbon loosely into a bow with long ends, and sew into place at the top right-hand corner of the nightdress-case.

Winter Frock For Tiny Tot

Here is the sweetest winter frock for 8 year-olds. Send for the pattern (it costs only 10d.), and make it yourself.

To make this cozy little winter frock you will need 1/2 yard of 36-inch material, 1/2 yard of 18-inch material, and embroidery. There are 5 pattern pieces: half skirt, half bodice, half sleeve, half collar, and half cuff. Allow for seams and 1/2 inch. To cut out, place half skirt on the fold of material, and cut out skirt, cuff, sleeve, and collar. Join shoulder, arm, and skirt seams. Cut front straight instead of scalloped, make a button-hole in each scallop, then 2 inches apart. Sew about 2 1/2 inches apart. Sew with the first. Gather skirt-waist with 3/4 inch of shirring to fit waist. Sew under lower edge of skirt, and sew down on to cuff. Gather lower edge of cuff to fit cuff; fold cuff in machine both ends, turn out, and sew to sleeve. Turn a hem over edge. Outline neck, cuffs, and waistline with red-stitch. Sew on buttons.



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Let EAGLEY Safeguard YOUR health

Eagley all-wool underwear has for more than a generation been a standard of quality, workmanship, and finish. In all Australia, indeed in the whole world, there is nothing superior to Eagley—the finest quality wool, created by the most modern methods, knitted to fit the form by the world's most modern machines.

Yet Eagley costs no more than other underwear. Pure and hygienic, Eagley Underwear will safeguard your health.

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EAGLEY UNDERWEAR
"Twice the wear in every pair"



Facsimile of the London Hygiene Certificate—issued to Eagley since its inception in Australia.

Ask for these "Eagley" Productions by numbers:
147. Light winter weight—all wool. 148. Winter weight—all wool. 75. Winter weight—wool and cotton—branded "Veiga."

Applique Guest Towels

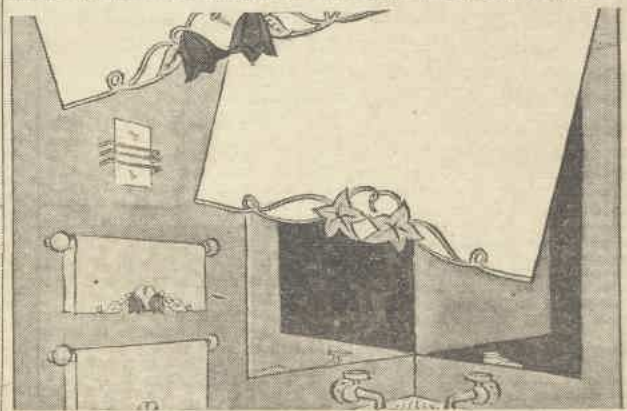
Two delightful guest-towels that, by the use of applique, cleverly combine a minimum of work with a finished effect of rich, heavy embroidery. Obtainable in white huckaback or cream linen from our Needlework Department. For extra despatch, send postal note for amount to Box 2607EE, G.P.O., Sydney.

NOBODY wants to spend a lot of time working a guest-towel. As a gift, it is meant as a slight token of regard. For the use of your own guests you want something that will look pretty and bright, without too much work for you to do.

For that reason, and because of their enchanting designs, the guest-towels pictured here will appeal to you. You may choose between cream linen, 2/-, or white cotton huckaback, 1/6, and two designs—appliqued bluebells in an attractive setting, or appliqued green leaves.

And here are the colors to use for their embroidery: For the bluebell design, buttonhole with Clark's stranded cotton, blue, No. 593; buttonhole the stems with green, No. 406; buttonhole the leaves with green, No. 407.

For the leaf design buttonhole throughout with Clark's green, No. 407. When ordering, be careful to specify what design and material you require.



THESE TWO ATTRACTIVE DESIGNS, bluebell and leaf, for simple applique and embroidery, are obtainable in white cotton huckaback or cream linen for 1/6 and 2/- respectively, postage included.

Somebody's having A BIRTHDAY



Chinaware by Shelby

• If you would like a lovely big recipe book write to "Mother," G.P.O. Box 3764SS, Sydney, enclosing 4d in stamps, and MUMS Famous Recipe Book containing nearly 200 choice recipes from the best cooks all over the world will be posted to you by return.

AN EASILY MADE BIRTHDAY CAKE

Ingredients:

- 1 lb. Flour
- 1 lb. Sugar
- 1 lb. Butter
- 3 Eggs
- 1 lb. Baking Powder
- 1 lb. Currants
- 1 lb. Almonds
- 1/2 cup Brandy
- 1 packet Mixed Spice
- 1 teaspoon MUMS Baking Powder
- 1 pinch Salt

Method:

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs well-beaten, then dry ingredients which have previously been mixed and allowed to stand some hours. Then add brandy. Bake for about 2 hours. Ice and decorate.

MUMS BAKING POWDER

**No RUBBING
No POLISHING**



With the
Amazing NEW

No-Rub
LIQUID FLOOR WAX

Write for a free sample to Dept. "W,"
UPREEM POLISH CO., 477 Kent
Street, Sydney.

For ENGLAND... or From ENGLAND?

Will Women's Tennis Team be Sent Abroad?

*Visit of British Girls Should Not
Interfere with Trip*

By JOAN HARTIGAN, Singles Champion of Australia

The proposal of the Australian Lawn Tennis Council to invite the 1937 English Wightman Cup players to Australia is one that will meet with the approval of all tennis players.

But it is hoped that this invitation will not interfere with the sending of our own women representatives abroad next year.

AS a result of the recent visit of Mrs. Cozens (Miss Louie Bickerton) to England, there seems every chance of the year 1937 being a memorable one for Australian women's tennis.

While in England Mrs. Cozens interviewed various officials of the English Association with respect to the prospect of a visit of an English women's team to Australia at the latter end of 1937, and as a result of her inquiries the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association decided at a meeting this week to ask the English Wightman Cup team to visit Australia after the 1937 Wimbledon competitions.

While the visit of such a team would be a great stimulus to women's tennis in this country it would, in my opinion, be far better to abandon the idea if it is to interfere with the sending of an Australian women's team abroad next year.

While the visit from an overseas team does quite a lot to stimulate enthusiasm in the game, and no doubt has a value from the point of view of improving the technique of one's game, it has not, in my opinion, anything like the same value that would accrue from the sending away of four of our best girls to engage in a series of matches abroad.

These girls would be opposed to the best women players of the world, and the match experience would be invaluable to them, and of the greatest benefit to the girls in this country for when they returned they could impart their knowledge to those anxious to improve their game.

However, I understand from Mrs. Conway, delegate to the N.S.W. Association, that such a visit will not in any way interfere with the sending of a team abroad. This is good news, and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Conway, who has already been such a doughty supporter



MISS KATHLEEN STAMMERS

of women's tennis in Australia, will see that nothing untoward happens to prevent this taking place.

The English women who would probably make the trip to Australia would be selected from Misses Round, Stammers, Hardwick, Dearman, and Lyle. Three of these players we have already had the pleasure of seeing, and I am sure the Australian public would welcome them again.

As regards Miss Stammers, she is a delightful left-handed player with a variety of shots and any amount of pace with them. Miss Hardwick, on the other hand, is more of the solid type with a very careless court manner, but is both a delightful girl and a fine sport. Should she come to Australia she will undoubtedly be very popular.

Still, while we will look forward to the visiting team, we will watch with even greater eagerness the performances of the girls who go abroad.

"Treasury of Knowledge"

Book Offer Re-opened

FOLLOWING the insistent demand from many of our readers still wishing to obtain "The Treasury of Knowledge," we were successful in securing further stocks. Unfortunately, this additional supply is very limited, and early application for copies is necessary.

Below are three tokens, one for this issue of "The Australian Women's Weekly," and one each for the two issues that have been published since the offer was withdrawn. Four tokens in all have to be collected before you can qualify for your copy of "The Treasury of Knowledge," which will then be supplied on the payment of 5/6 (6/6 if to be posted).

TOKEN
K 21

TOKEN
K 22

TOKEN
K 23

Our Other Book Offers

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"BEAUTY" BOOK OFFER
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D28

Here is Token D28 in The Australian Women's Weekly "World's Best Masters Stories."

CUT OUT NOW AND PASTE ON YOUR VOUCHER.

You're A Golfer When You Can Play Bad Lies How to Play Difficult Shots

By JIM FERRIER, Amateur Champion of Australia and Close
Champion of N.S.W.—No. 3

Difficult lies provide the real test of a golfer's skill.

In this article I will endeavor to give a few hints in the playing of sloping, uphill, and downhill lies.

MOST players fail to make any allowance in stance or swing for these shots, and consequently duff them.

A major rule in all cases is that the shot must be played with less effort than ordinarily.

Take the case where the ball is on higher ground than the feet and the feeling is one of restriction! In this position never strive for too much distance.

Watch the Swing!

GRIP the club a little shorter than usual, and swing very easily with a slow backswing.

Gripping the club short gives the feeling of lightness, and the tendency is to swing the club faster than usual. Avoid this.

When the ball is lower than the feet the player should grip the club at the top of the shaft, and here the important thing is to keep the swing within ordinary limits.

The downhill or hanging lie is the most difficult shot of all. The weight must be kept on the front foot, and the swing must be more upright than usual, so as to reduce the common tendency of hitting the ground behind the ball. Keep the clubhead as close to the ground as possible in the follow through. This will help you to get distance from the shot.

Don't try to hit wooden shots from hanging lies. Use a fairly heavy iron

if possible, and play the ball off the front foot. There is a natural tendency to slice this shot, and it is wise to make a slight allowance for it.

The uphill lie is not so difficult. The weight is kept on the back foot and, as the clubhead must come up quickly after impact, a flatter swing is used.

WOMEN Qualify

As Cricket Umpires

The New South Wales Women's Cricket Association is once again to the fore in providing their players with an opportunity of testing their knowledge of the rules of cricket.

LAST week ten members of the association took this examination, the results of which will not be known until later, when the association will issue the successful candidates with certificates showing they are capable of umpiring matches.

Many of the officials of the association are keenly interested in the test, and it is possible that once they pass their services will be utilised for the school matches, which are played on week days.

The method of examination is a novel one. A table is arranged as a miniature cricket oval, showing the wicket with stumps and balls complete. This model was used to demonstrate the various difficulties that might confront an umpire in the course of her duties, and on which she might have to give instant decisions.

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS

CAN now be conquered. RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATISM, NERVES, BLOOD PRESSURE, KIDNEY TROUBLE, INDIGESTION and CONSTIPATION. Amazing results testified. Hundreds satisfied customers. Price 3/- and 4/-; postage 1/- per bottle. RHEUMATOID DISTRIBUTORS, Dept. W., 210 George St., Sydney.

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Win £20 in cash in the Sniets Competition. Entry forms may be obtained from any food store or direct from the manufacturers of Sniets: H. Stein, 14 St. Mary St., Camperdown. Be sure to enter—you will find it highly interesting and very profitable if you win. Also be sure to use Sniets to improve the flavor of your everyday dishes.

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DEAF FOLK

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HEARING IS WITHIN
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There is a new Hearing Aid to suit every form of deafness.

The world-famous British House of F. C. Rein & Son, London, has specialised exclusively in the evolution of Aids for the Deaf for nearly a century and a half. Rein's have supplied five Royal Families and innumerable Hospitals and Institutions.

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FARMERS

Aiders and abettors to you who want Sweaters

Coatee
17/11



Tweed
Skirt
11/6

Figure Standing

Blouse Coatee, 17/11. Knitted
so excitingly of superior wool in
new beige, blue, amber, green.

Tweed Skirt, 11/6. Very practical
centre-fastening tweed, in
brown and grey mixtures.

We try to be impartial in advising you what to wear
for Autumn—but we do go soft over sweaters.
Incidentally, we think we've fulfilled all you sweater-
lovers' expectations with styles too exciting to resist.

At the left, 18/11.
Brushed wool cardigan;
in beige, brown,
cherry. Lay-by now.

At right, 13/9.
Brushed wool pull-
over, in fawn, royal,
green. Lay-by now.



At right, 9/11.
Smart wool pullover.
Powder green, with
self buttons. Lay-by.

At right, 13/6.
All-wool knitted car-
digan. Green, cherry,
natural. A Lay-by!

SECOND FLOOR

Everyone sells Hot — Buns, but it takes Farmer's chefs to turn them out with that "Hot — Bunni-
ness" that makes you know you're eating genuine Easter Hot — Buns. Order a carton of 12, 1/3



Wear this
BRETON
with your Autumn suit
12/11

It's a perfect suit hat! Perfect, naturally,
in line—in size—in fit. It's fashioned
of felt with a wickedly curling brim. It's
gay-giddy—and you'll adore it. In navy,
black, brown and white. Lay-by now!

Millinery — Third Floor

Half
Sizes
2 to 7



12/9

Mail or phone
orders taken.

'Innsbruck'

Swagger leader of the "Ruffians"

Captivating the heart of every Sydney Miss
came the "Ruffians" to Farmer's, a few
weeks ago. Now, here's "Innsbruck," smart-
est of the "Ruffian" band, offering a thrilling
solution to your holiday shoe problem. A
"searproof" suede surface in hunting green,
burgundy, rust, vintage, monastic and navy.

PRIMROSE HOUSE
PRODUCTS HALF

"Dele" twin-purpose cream,
Introductory Beauty Kits . .
Cleansing Cream . . Smooth-
skin Oils — all half price.

4/6 yard

Left: The ideal collar for a pretty Winter
frock. One and three-quarter inches wide. In
wine, beige, red, green, brown, navy, black, white.

Right: An exciting collar in green, navy, red,
wine, brown, black and white. 1 1/2 inches wide.

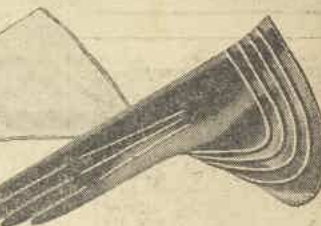
Laces, Collarings on Ground Floor



Simplex 6/11
fabric gloves neatly
sewn throughout
with black. Strong
elastic at wrist. In
white and natural
shades. Just as easy
to Lay-by, too!

**Simplex
and
Glaces**

You'll be 10/6
designing costumes
specially to wear
just with these
glace kid slip-ons,
in black, navy and
brown. Four cords
at gauntlet.

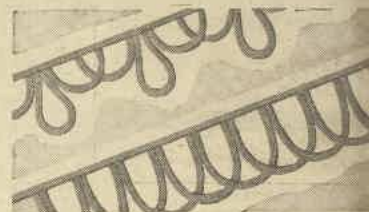


Two New
Autumn styles

Blouses

Above: Breezy little
style with porky bow
and flaunts a soft
pleated front. White,
beige, pink, brown,
blue, navy.
SW. W. — 5/11

At right: Very sporty
style with groups of
fine pin tucks. All
new tones.
SW. W. — 5/11



Braid Collarings

They're fashion's latest conceit—these gallant
swashbuckling braids that you wear, with
dash of the military, on your favourite frock
and blouses. Prices are so very sympathetic